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Men of the Covenant

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MEN OF THE COVENANT

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Alexander Smellie.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

From the Fordel Portrait.

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Men of the Covenant

BY

ALEXANDER SMELLIE
M.A., D.D.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
A. SCOTT RANKIN AND E. A. PIKE

VOLUME ONE

LONDON:
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1908

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IN DEAR MEMORY OF

F. E. S.

A CHILD WHOM GOD LEADS

IN GREEN PASTURES

AND BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

With what Motive . . . ?

What was the driving power behind the persecution of these mostly humble harmless folk? One can understand the desire of the administration for uniformity and the ejection of recalcitrant ministers from their official positions. But with what motive or by what instruments did the Government concern itself for years with the fact that numbers of the Scottish peasantry worshipped when they could on the moors? The answer Mr. Barr suggests, quoting J. King Hewison in support, is that the persecution was a huge financial racket. There was a double fine involved, one that might be taken as a token of the Government's zeal for religion, for non-attendance at church; a second, equally heavy, for attendance at a conventicle. The bankrupt gentry found in the collection of these exorbitant fines a way of retrieving their fortunes at the expense of thriving merchants and farmers. The great nobles and law officers shared with the Crown the plunder of landed estates, for there were men of substance, too, among the Covenanters. As in the Nazi spoliation of the Jews the ferocities of persecution were the technique of greedy, cold-blooded politicians using greedy gangsters as their tools.

R. W. STEWART.

Expository Times, July, 1946.

PREFATORY NOTE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN the march of years, the heroisms of the past, its agonies and triumphs, fade very quickly into a mist of indistinctness. New events, new debates, and new achievements come crowding in, until their predecessors are well-nigh forgotten. That is why this book has been written. It seeks to recall a notable period, and to summon from the shadows which begin to gather about them some stalwart and noble figures in whose fellowship it is good to linger. I have addressed myself to ordinary readers, who have not the opportunity or the leisure to consult for themselves the pages of James Kirkton and Robert Wodrow, of Patrick Walker and Alexander Shields, of Dr. Osmund Airy and Dr. Hay Fleming. Where the portrait at full length is unattainable, the miniature or the pencilled sketch may have its place and use. Surely we, in our time, ought to know, and, knowing, to praise famous men, and women not a whit less famous—those men and women who, in Mr. Kipling's phrase,

> put aside To-day
> All the joys of their To-day,
> And with toil of their To-day
> Bought for us To-morrow.

The twenty-eight years of the Persecution, whilst they have an absorbing and manifold interest, are set with snares and pitfalls; and the pilgrim through them, when he seeks to shun the ditch on the one hand, is ready to tip over into the mire on the other. I do not doubt that errors have crept into my recital; and, indeed, I make no shadow of claim to the fulness and certitude of the expert. But I think I can say that I have done what I could to acquaint myself with the theme which I have striven to expound.

Some may complain that the atmosphere of these chapters is too Whiggish, and that they scarcely so much as try to understand and appreciate the Cavalier. I can but plead that to me it seems evident that the Covenanter, in the main, was incontestably right; although I hope that I have never been conspicuously unfair to his opponent. And, when Mr. Lang and Mr. William Law Mathieson—in whose footsteps Mr. J. H. Millar has but yesterday been following—have recently done so much to glorify those who upheld the Royal prerogative and the Episcopal rule, perhaps one, who only wishes that he knew how to speak their great language, and who holds them in admiration for their shining gifts, may present his humbler brief on behalf of the dogged fighters for freedom in Church and State. This was done for a former generation by writers like James Dodds and George Gilfillan. But their books are not easily to be procured to-day; and, since they were penned, facts have been brought to light which help in the elucidation of the drama. . . .

November 1903.

WITH AN APPENDIX TO THE NEW EDITION

I have little to add to these sentences, which were penned five years ago. The book they prefaced then has been kindly and even generously received; and I am glad to think that it may have done something to keep in memory those "starry gentlemen," the Scottish Covenanters.

In preparing a fresh edition, I have been helped by not a few recent volumes that treat of the period—by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*; by Professor Sanford Terry's scholarly books on *The Pentland Rising* and *John Graham of Claverhouse*; by Mr. Willcock's admirable biography, *A Scots Earl*; and, most of all, by Dr. J. King Hewison's great treatise on *The Covenanters*—a treatise which covers the entire field and seems to leave no word unsaid. First and last, I owe much to a multitude of benefactors. My very special thanks, however, are due, and are heartily given, to the two artists who have illuminated these pages with a galaxy of delightful pictures; readers of them will agree that the work of Miss Pike and Mr. Scott Rankin is beyond praise. And I am so deep in my Publisher's debt that I can discover no language that will properly express my obligation; it was he who conceived, and he who has carried out, the idea of this *Edition de Luxe,* in which you see on Japanese vellum the presentments of men and women *who wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.*

A. S.

October 1908.

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MEN OF THE COVENANT

PROLOGUE.

THE Covenanters were the men and women who uttered the strongest convictions of their souls in two great documents of the seventeenth century, a heroic period in the history of Britain. One of these documents is the National Covenant of Scotland, as it was recast and sworn in 1638. The other is the Solemn League and Covenant, similar in aspiration, but wider in geographical scope, being designed to embrace England and Ireland as well as the smaller country north of the Cheviots and the Solway. In this book there is no intention of depicting the events and persons of the days in which these famous confessions sprang into existence. It begins with the *Annus Mirabilis* of the Restoration, when the National Covenant was two-and-twenty springtimes old, and when some who were prominent in commending it to their fellows had passed from the scene of their earthly battle. Its concern is with the characters and the doings and the sorrows of their immediate successors, who coincided with them in intellectual belief and in religious enthusiasm. It will attempt, once more, to describe the features of an age when, in Scotland, the conflict was even more keenly waged, and the tragedy had become painfuller and more lurid. But, if we are to understand the later epoch, it will be necessary at the outset to recall a few of the incidents in the earlier.

For years the Scottish people had been familiar with the practice of covenanting. By a kind of spiritual instinct they had turned to it, so soon as the First Reformation brought them freedom from the darknesses and enslavements of mediævalism. After long slumber they were at last awake, and the morning was the gladdest in their history.

Hay! now the day dallis,
Now Christ on us callis,
Now welth on our wallis
    Apperis anone:
Now the Word of God regnes,
Quhilk is King of all kingis,
Now Christis flock singis,
    The nycht is neir gone.

And one device by which the enfranchised men gave expression to the joy that was surging within them, and to their firm determination never to let it go, was found in the vows they registered, the "Godly Bands" they wrote and subscribed, pledging themselves to continue faithful to their heavenly Lord and to His Kingdom in their native land. Sometimes the Bands were private and personal, each the oath sworn by a single soldier in the Holy War that, through time and eternity, he would remain by his Captain Christ and by the cause to which he had surrendered himself. "I here," a lady of the Covenant declared, "give my hearty consent, Lord Jesus, to Thy coming in and taking possession of my soul, and to Thy casting out of everything there that stands in opposition to Thee. I desire to take Thee for my All, to be ruled and governed by Thee, acquiescing to whatsoever shall be Thy way of dealing with me. Give me Thyself, and this shall be all my desire." Many such attestations and contracts, couched in terms of the profoundest intimacy, and quivering with a devotion that will not hide, might be quoted. For the lonely flight of the individual spirit to God's breast, its own abode, has numerous illustrations in the Scottish religion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and nothing is more unjust to the facts of the case than to portray that religion as one merely of rigid and untender dogma. If its face seemed hard and severe, the tears were never far from its eyes, and its secret heart was the shrine of love and fire.

But frequently the Covenants, earlier as well as later, were public, signed by a multitude of hands, and concerned with the prosperity and health of the commonwealth at large. There was, for example, the Band of 1557, entered into by the Lords of the Congregation—noblemen like Argyll and Glencairn and Morton and John Erskine of Dun, who had espoused the tenets of Protestantism, and who desired to see the Reformation spread itself throughout the country. A decade later, when Queen Mary was a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, and when the General Assembly was meeting in Edinburgh, those peers, barons, and commissioners of towns, who were members of the high court of the Church, to the number of eighty, agreed to certain Articles, and appended their names to the agreement. They were to destroy the mass and the monuments of idolatry; to set up the true religion through the whole realm; to increase the stipends of the ministers, and improve the schools and colleges, and ease the poor of the teinds; to punish crime and offences, and to defend the young prince, training him in the fear of the Lord. Better still, they consented and offered to "reforme themselves according to the Booke of God." In January 1581, rather more than eight years after Knox had finished his travail, John Craig, once his colleague in St. Giles, a man with a biography as full of colour and a courage as dauntless as his own, drew up a Covenant which had a greater renown than any of its predecessors—"The King's Confession," as it is generally called. In trenchant language it condemned the false teachings and corrupt practices of Roman Catholicism. It "wes the touchstone," as the historian Row affirms, "to try and discern Papists from Protestants." But it was as eager to avow the attachment of its subscribers to their ruler, so long at least as he reigned wisely and as God's vicegerent should. With their "geyr, bodyes and lyves," they protested and promised that they would help the King's Majesty, "in the defence of Christis Evangell, libertie of owre cowntrey, ministration of justice, and punishment of iniquitie, as we desyre owre God to be a strong and mercyfull Defender to us, in the day of owre death, and coming of owre Lord Jesus Christ." These two notes—the resolution to preserve the Church pure from error, and the avouchment of the subject's allegiance to his prince—were to be rung out again and again by the Covenanters of subsequent years.

Thus the men and women of the newer generation were only repeating a habit of their ancestors when they bound themselves, in clearly worded and uncompromising written engagements, to venture and achieve and suffer their uttermost for that which they believed to be the truth committed to them by God.

When we enter this new generation, it is inevitable that we should make our initial pilgrimage to the churchyard of the Greyfriars, in Edinburgh.

Charles the First was in some respects the best of the Stuarts. He was free from the childishness of his father—that pompous and solemn father, who was "deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; the wisest fool in Christendom." He had none of the ribald license of the son who followed him on the throne, nor of the saturnine malignity of the other son who had scarcely grasped the reins of power when he was compelled to lay them down. But less than either James the Sixth or Charles the Second he understood how to govern his people. To the last degree he was opinionative and despotic. He would not bate a jot of his divine right. Never for a moment was he disposed to listen to the voices of sound reason and popular liberty. In Scotland especially, he rode roughshod over the convictions of his subjects, even although, with a persistent and pathetic loyalty, they were ready to shed every drop of their blood in his defence. Matters reached a crisis on that historic Sabbath, the 23rd of July in 1637, when the new liturgy, which the King and Archbishop Laud had gifted to a nation thirled to Calvinistic Presbyterianism, was to be read in the church of St. Giles. Dean Hanna was not permitted to use the "Popish-English-Scottish-Mass-Service Book"; he, and Bishop Lindsay, and the authorities in London and Canterbury, had not calculated on Jenny Geddes and Mrs. Mein and their compeers. At last the Scots were in a white heat of indignation.

"Are we so modest spirits," writes Robert Baillie—and he was himself among the more pliable of the ministers of the Kirk—"and are we so towardly handled, that there is appearance we shall embrace in a clap such a mass of novelties?" The one plea which may be urged for the sovereign and "little Laud" is that they had a totally inadequate conception of the intensity of religious feeling in Scotland; they lived in a fool's paradise, like the French officer in Alphonse Daudet's story, who, up to the very day when the Germans entered Paris, dreamed that it was Prussia which was going down in the cataclysm of 1870. Lord Clarendon tells us how profoundly indifferent the English people and their leaders were in those years to everything which happened on the farther side of the Tweed. "When the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention of one page of any gazette." It was a silly and culpable ignorance, and the awakening was to be swift and stern.

For it was out of the peril in which the Scottish nation found itself that there came the renewal of the National Covenant. Two men, whose names are written bright across the annals of the time, planned this renewal: Archibald Johnston of Wariston, the young advocate of the Edinburgh courts, and Alexander Henderson, foremost and most statesmanlike of the Presbyterian clergymen of the day. Between them they framed the momentous charter. It consisted of three portions. The first was a reproduction of that older Covenant, the King's Confession of 1581; the second enumerated the various Acts of the Scottish Parliament, which condemned Popery and confirmed the privileges of the Reformed Church; the third was a grave and emphatic protest against those alien modes of worship which had provoked the present troubles. Wariston was author of the second portion, Henderson of the third.

We may hearken to the accents of this Magna Charta of offended Presbytery. "Because," its writers say, "we plainly perceive, and undoubtedly believe, that the innovations and evils contained in our supplications, complaints, and protestations, have no warrant of the Word of God, are contrary to the articles of our Confession, to the intention and meaning of the blessed Reformers of religion in this land, to the above-written Acts of Parliament; and do sensibly tend to the re-establishing of the Popish religion and tyranny, and to the subversion and ruin of the true Reformed religion, and of our liberties, laws, and estates: therefore, from the knowledge and conscience of our duty to God, to our King and country, without any worldly respect or inducement, so far as human infirmity will suffer, wishing a further measure of the grace of God for this effect, we promise and swear, by the great name of the Lord our God, to continue in the profession and obedience of the foresaid religion; and that we shall defend the same, and resist all these contrary errors and corruptions, according to our vocation, and to the uttermost of that power that God hath put in our hands, all the days of our life." Here is a trumpet which gives no uncertain sound. But the Covenanters were careful, also, that there should not be the slightest diminution in the reverence they yielded to the monarch. "On the contrary," they assert, "we promise and swear that we shall, to the uttermost of our power, with our means and lives, stand to the defence of our dread sovereign." Surely it was a criminal shortsightedness which drove into opposition citizens so leal.

In the churchyard of the Greyfriars, where once the monastery of the Franciscans had stood, a new resting-ground of the dead in Henderson's time and Wariston's, although already it held the grave of George Buchanan, the Covenant was signed. It is to-day a romantic spot in the most romantic town in the world ; two centuries and a half ago it must have been even more picturesque, for from its slope the view was unbroken over the wide space of the Grassmarket to the crags of the Castle. But the crowds who gathered to it, on this 28th of February 1638, had neither the leisure nor the inclination to admire their natural surroundings. They came from every Lowland county of Scotland, and there were not wanting representatives from the remoter shires beyond the Tay. It is said that there were sixty thousand persons in all ; unconsciously the number was, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated. The great nobles, the lesser barons, the ministers, the burgesses, the common people—from early morning they had been hurrying to the chosen meeting-place. At two o'clock in the afternoon, inside the church, the solemnity commenced. The Earl of Loudoun, famed for his eloquence, addressed the densely packed congregation. After him, Alexander Henderson offered up fervent prayer. Then Archibald Johnston lifted the " fair parchment above an elne in squair," which sometimes has been designated "the Constellation upon the back of Aries," for it was on a splendid ramskin that the Covenant had been inscribed. He read its contents distinctly and firmly, so that all could hear. When this was done, the Earl of Rothes called for objectors ; but who in the ardent multitude had come to object ? Then, in every corner of the church, right hands were uplifted, and the oath to keep the bond was sworn, and many cheeks were wet with weeping. The process of subscribing followed; inside the walls it went forward hour after hour. Some wrote after their autograph, "Until death." Some "did draw their own blood and used it in place of ink." When, at length, the ramskin was carried out to the churchyard, evening had set in after the short spring day. But the people, waiting there excited and expectant, could not be satisfied until many of them too had appended their names. There are flat tombstones close beside the building, on one or other of which the parchment must have been spread. It was "neir eight" ere the work was over and the crowds dispersed.

And this was simply the first step. When the transaction in Greyfriars was ended, the Covenant had still thousands of adherents to win; in a few weeks it became very apparent that it was indubitably the symbol of the nation's will. Noblemen and gentlemen conveyed copies of the pregnant deed from district to district, from town to town, from village to village. The ministers explained and commended its sentences from well-nigh all the pulpits of the land. Virtually the whole of Scotland signed it, the two notable exceptions being the Episcopal capital of St. Andrews and the city of Aberdeen—Aberdeen, which the young Marquis of Montrose, soon to be protagonist for the King, vainly attempted to coerce into acquiescence. Those on the other side stood aghast at the triumphant march of the movement; now and then they tried to disparage it, as if it had no real spontaneity, but was fed and fostered by domineering leaders. "If you knew," one of these opponents wrote, in April, to a friend at Court, "what odd, uncouth, insolent, and ridiculous courses they use to draw in silly, ignorant fools, fearful fasards, women and boys, I can hardly say whether it would afford His Majesty more occasion of laughter or anger." But the uprising was no product of compulsion and imperious management. It was the unforced and resolute answer of the Scottish race to Canterbury and Whitehall.

The answer was one in which patriotism and religion were blended. It was the protest of an indomitable people against the curtailment of political right and freedom, too dear to lose. It was the declaration, also, on the part of a Church, which loved intelligently its own simplicities of creed and worship, that it could not tolerate the imposition of forms which it hated, and from which, not so long before, it had by a mighty effort emancipated itself. Scotland was heartily willing to acknowledge Charles, to fight his battles, and to give him her unstinted allegiance; but he must not filch from her either her civic liberty or her spiritual birthright. If he touched these treasures, he would find her humour "thwarteous" indeed, and he was certain to confront a will yet more decided than his own.

The outlook for the King's party did not brighten as the months wore on. When we halt next, in the Cathedral of Glasgow, to watch the doings of the Assembly which held its meetings within the stately shrine, we discover that the cause of Presbytery has advanced by leaps and bounds.

For a full month, from the 21st of November to the 20th of December, in the same year which witnessed the signing of the Covenant, the Glasgow Assembly was in session. Charles had most reluctantly granted the ministers his permission to come together; so long as he was able he fought against the request of the nation. Through the whole of summer and autumn one obstructive device after another was grasped at by the Court; up to London and back to Edinburgh the Marquis of Hamilton, who was the King's delegate, had journeyed time after time. But nothing except the Assembly would please the people; and in the end the sovereign gave way. In August, letters of direction were sent by the leaders in Edinburgh to the fifty-three Presbyteries of the country, and even to all the Kirk-Sessions, containing explicit instructions as to the representatives who ought to be elected; as far as might be, the tares must be excluded from the wheatfield of Christ. At length everything was ready. There were one hundred and forty-four ministers and ninety-six lay members, some of these last the highest noblemen in the land—Rothes, and Lothian, and Cassillis, and Eglintoun, and Montrose, and Wemyss, and Home. And besides those who were thus commissioned to speak and act, we must think of the vast concourse of interested spectators; during the four weeks when the Assembly was busy at its epoch-making tasks, Glasgow had a great addition to its resident population of twelve thousand souls. No one gives us a more lifelike account of the occurrences of these weeks than Robert Baillie, the vivacious letter-writer of the Covenant; and the trouble occasioned by the thronging crowds is among the themes on which he descants. "The Magistrates, with their toun guard, the noblemen, with the assistance of the gentrie, whyles the Commissioner in person, could not get us entrie to our roomes, use what force, what policie they could, without such delay of tyme and thrumbling through as did grieve and offend us." Nor were the manners of the onlookers all that could be wished. "It is here alone," the minister of Kilwinning is constrained to confess, "where, I think, we might learn from Canterburie, yea, from the Pope, from the Turkes or pagans; at least their deep reverence in the house they call God's ceases not till it have led them to the adoration of the timber and stones of the place. We are so farr the other way that our rascals, without shame, in great numbers, make such dinn and clamour in the house of the true God, that, if they minted to use the like behaviour in my chamber, I could not be content till they were down the stairs." Now and then, it was a sadly turbulent auditory which the High Church housed that memorable winter.

Two figures are prominent in the story of the meeting. One is the Moderator, Alexander Henderson, of Leuchars. Until he was upwards of fifty years of age, he was the studious and hard-working minister of his quiet country parish. It was the urgency of the national crisis which drew him from obscurity. But, when he stepped into the arena of public affairs, his commanding powers and unfailing sagacity made him the helmsman of the Church. He was little of stature, with a pensive face; one would scarcely guess from the exterior of the man what wisdom and what courage resided within. "Every knight," said Tristram of Arthur, "may learn to be a knight of him;" and Dickson, and Rutherfurd, and Cant, and Rollock had the same tribute to pay to Henderson. He was, Baillie wrote, "incomparably the ablest man of us all for all things." "In every strait and conflict"—it is Professor Masson's witness—"he had to be appealed to, and came in at the last as the man of supereminent composure, comprehensiveness, and breadth of brow." We do not wonder that, necessarily and unanimously, he was summoned to the presidency of the Glasgow Assembly.

The other figure is different. It is that of the

Royal Commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton. His portrait has been drawn for us by the friendly hand of Bishop Burnet; and, even when we have allowed for the partialities of an apologist, it remains a courtly and gracious portrait. "An unclouded serenity dwelt always on his looks, and discovered him ever well-pleased;" "one advantage he had beyond all he engaged with in debating, that he was never fretted nor exasperated, and spake at the same rate without clamouring or eagerness;" his tones, like those of Christina Rossetti's Princess, were

> modulated just so much
> As it was meet:

and these were valuable assets in the envoy who was sent to propitiate the militant theologians of his native country. A clinging pathos, too, haunts the person of the ill-fated soldier, who, in March of 1649, somewhat more than ten years after his experiences in Glasgow, laid down his head on the block for his kingly master. On the scaffold he bore himself as bravely as Charles himself had done six weeks previously: "when he was desired to change the Posture he stood in, since the Sun shined full in his Face, he answered pleasantly, 'No, it would not burn it, and he hoped to see a brighter Sun than that very speedily.'" But, with all his winning qualities, there was nothing impressive about the Marquis. His abilities were superficial. He had neither much depth of character nor much strength of will; his mother, one of the most zealous ladies of the Covenant, was endowed with immeasurably more spirit than her son. It might have been predicted beforehand that, in conflict with Alexander Henderson, the Commissioner was destined to defeat.

The defeat came a week after the Assembly met.

On the morning of the 28th of November, the King's spokesman, who had been challenging the conduct of the members ever since they convened, addressed them for the last time. He objected to the presence of the lay elders, the influence of many of whom Charles greatly dreaded: were they all, he asked sarcastically, "fit to judge of the high and deep Mysteries of Predestination, of the Universality of Redemption, of the Sufficiency of Grace given or not given to all men, of the Resistibility of Grace, of total and final Perseverance or Apostasie of the Saints, of the Antelapsarian or Postlapsarian Opinion, of Election and Reprobation?" Still more explicitly, he denied the right which the Assembly claimed, and which it was resolved to exercise, of passing sentence on the Bishops: the citations, commanding the prelates to appear at its bar, had been read in the pulpits of the country, "which is not usual in this Church"; and, moreover, men pledged to the assertions of the Covenant never could deal fairly with the representatives of Episcopacy—"who ever heard of such Judges as have sworn themselves Parties?" If the dogged Presbyterians in front of him intended to persevere in their determination, the Commissioner declared with tears, tears which "drew water from many eyes," that he must leave the Assembly, and must pronounce it dissolved and its enactments invalid and worthless. Yes, the Moderator replied, unruffled and tranquil, they had no choice but to remain until their duty was done. So the Marquis passed out of the Cathedral, and next day issued his proclamation, ordering every person who was not resident in Glasgow to depart from the city within twenty-four hours.

But, unperturbed by the proclamation, the members of Assembly sat on, and pursued their work to its completion. The victory in the duel rested with Henderson—Henderson, "who went all this while for a quiet and calm-spirited man," Laud wrote in a letter of condolence to Hamilton, "but who hath shewed himself a most violent and passionate man, and a Moderator without Moderation." The walls of Jericho, as this intrepid Joshua of the Scottish Church phrased it, were pulled down with a thoroughness which satisfied the Israel of the Covenant. The Acts of previous Assemblies, ratifying Episcopacy, were annulled. The Service Book, and the Canons, and the Court of High Commission, and the Articles of Perth, were swept away. Eight of the Bishops were excommunicated, and the other six were deposed or suspended. The National Covenant was confirmed. On the ruins of the Prelacy, which Scotland found so distasteful, the fabric of Presbyterianism rose again fair and strong.

Close upon five years have passed—years crowded with stirring events, with plots and counterplots, with rumours of battle and actual unsheathings of the sword. When we pause next in our hasty survey, the English Civil War is in progress, and King Charles and his Parliament have abandoned their wordy quarrels for "strenuous trump and drum." The time is Monday, the 25th of September 1643, and the place is St. Margaret's Church at Westminster.

There and then the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn, by two hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons, and by the divines of the great Westminster Assembly, which had now been deliberating for nearly three months. The Solemn League and Covenant—and what was it? Robert Burns sings its eulogy, when he declares that it "sealed

Freedom's sacred cause." Henry Hallam summarises its contents in one long sentence, which yet is admirably clear: "The Covenant consisted in an oath, to be subscribed by all persons in both kingdoms, whereby they bound themselves to preserve the Reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, according to the Word of God and practice of the best Reformed Churches; and to endeavour to bring the Churches of God, in the three kingdoms, to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, Confession of Faith, form of Church government, Directory for Worship, and catechising; to endeavour, without respect of persons, the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, and whatsoever should be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness; to preserve the rights and privileges of the Parliaments, and the liberties of the kingdoms, and the King's person and authority in the preservation and defence of the true religion and liberties of the kingdoms; to endeavour the discovery of incendiaries and malignants, who hinder the reformation of religion and divide the King from his people, that they may be brought to punishment; finally, to assist and defend all such as should enter into this Covenant, and not suffer themselves to be withdrawn from it, whether to revolt to the opposite party, or to give in to a detestable indifference and neutrality." Once we have mastered Hallam's sentence, we understand the aims of the Solemn League.

It takes in a wider area than its forerunner, the National Covenant of Scotland. It is anxious for the spiritual prosperity of England and Ireland, no less than for the welfare of their Northern neighbour. And how has the enlargement of horizon come about? The explanation is not difficult to find. It is due to the ill

ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON.

After a Painting by George Jamesone.

success which, in the opening months of the War, attends the Parliamentary armies. Reverse after reverse has fallen on their standards. The clouds are massed ominously overhead. It is time, the chiefs in London think, to appeal for aid to the Scots. So a deputation goes to the Convention of Estates in Edinburgh and to the General Assembly in St. Andrews—four members of it from the Commons, of whom young Sir Harry Vane is the best known, and two members from the divines in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Stephen Marshall and Philip Nye. Their petition is successful. They secure that Scotland shall not hold aloof from the strife, and shall not attempt to mediate between Royalist and Roundhead, but shall in effective fashion stretch out a hand of succour to the struggling forces of the Parliament. But there must be a formal treaty between the nations. The deputies—Philip Nye, the stout Independent, foremost in the argument—would prefer it to be purely political, occupying itself with nothing more than the liberties of the kingdoms; but the Scots, with whom the affairs of the soul and the interests of the cause of God bulk biggest, want something deeper. "The English were for a civil league, we for a religious covenant," writes Robert Baillie. The suppliants from London have to yield the point; and Alexander Henderson—always, like William of Deloraine, "good at need"—draws up the bond. This bond it is, with a few emendations, which is sworn in St. Margaret's, sworn afterwards throughout the length and breadth of England, as well as in the Scotland where such Covenants have their native air and most congenial home.

Looking at the Solemn League and at its Scottish predecessor, what judgment shall we pronounce upon them? It will be strange if we do not admit that the ends which they sought were sublime and sacred. Above all things else, their framers desired the victory of true religion in the land. No doubt, it was one particular variety of religion which most of these high-thoughted men were eager to have rooted and grounded among their fellow-citizens—the variety which we know as Calvinistic Presbyterianism. The Solemn League may not insist, in so many words, that this shall be the system of dogmatic faith and Church government to be accepted by England and Ireland; but it was the well-defined goal towards which Henderson and his comrades panted with zealous hearts. It was no unworthy goal. The Genevan creed has bred a glorious multitude of stalwart natures. The Presbyterian Church has been a hearth at which many heroes and saints have gained an enriching nurture. For few grander purposes have men ever banded themselves than for the realisation of the Covenanting ideal. But an oath so lofty, if it is to be valid, must always be voluntary. It must utter the conviction of each person who swears it. It must not be imposed on dubious and wavering souls, and far less on souls unfriendly and hostile. This was one respect in which the Covenanters erred, one mistaken course which sowed seeds of weakness in their dedicated ranks. So hungry they were for uniformity in spiritual things—so anxious to see fulfilled the high aspiration of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,

Habitare fratres in unum
Is a blissful thing;
One God, One Faith, One Baptism pure,
One Law, One Land, One King!—

that they were prepared to coerce their countrymen, if these should be unwilling, into nominal agreement with themselves. The method was wrong; there is none to-day who will be its advocate ; and yet the men themselves were crusaders of Jesus Christ. They wished to have Him enthroned over the country which they loved with more than the patriot's affection. It was His crown which was the oriflamme of their holy war. For His inalienable rights they counted no peril too hazardous and no sacrifice too great.

It is easy to accuse them of want of tolerance. We do not pledge ourselves now to "the extirpation" of any form of religious belief ; our minds are too hospitable and catholic. But, with one or two inspiring exceptions, the men of the seventeenth century, whatever their opinion and Church, showed none of the modern comprehensiveness. Oliver Cromwell had it among the Independents, and Jeremy Taylor amongst Episcopalians, until he rose to be Bishop of Down and Connor, and in his day of power dismissed six-and-thirty Presbyterian ministers from their parishes ; but how many agreed with them? The *Liberty of Prophesying* was published four summers after the solemnity in St. Margaret's. It advocated the admission to Christian fellowship of every one who from the heart could repeat the Apostles' Creed. It suggested no more stringent and elaborate test. Few forget the beautiful apologue with which it concludes : how, one evening, Abraham sat at his tent door, waiting to entertain strangers, and saw coming to him a weary old man, who was a hundred years of age ; how he provided supper for him, but, when the wayfarer asked no blessing on his meat, and acknowledged himself a fire-worshipper, the patriarch in his zeal thrust him out of the tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the darkness ; how then God rebuked Abraham—"I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me ; and couldst not thou endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?"—and so Abraham fetched the stranger back, and lodged him kindly, and lavished on him the wisest instruction. The Covenanters would have detected in the apologue a "detestable indifference and neutrality"; but so would nine out of every ten of their compatriots; the era of broad-mindedness had not dawned when they climbed their uphill road. And, after all, there is something to be urged on behalf of their peremptory assertion of principle. Persecution is indefensible and shameful. It is both a blunder and a sin. But men should be fully persuaded in their own minds, and ready to give a sufficient reason for the faith which is in them. There is a poor and pitiful tolerance as well as a tolerance which is magnanimous and Godlike; a pseudo-charity which is not careful to search out the truth, that it may rejoice in it; a shallowness and a cowardice which are destitute of convictions of any sort, and too nerveless to say, "Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

Nothing should commend the adherents of the Covenant to the children of the twentieth century more than their wisely balanced love of freedom. They were invincible haters of despotism. There were prerogatives of Parliament and of the people which they would surrender to no one. They could not find room in their polity for a tyrant. But, on the other hand, they kept, as we have seen, an unbounded loyalty for the monarch who respected their native and proper rights. Not serfs and feudal vassals, but constitutional subjects—that is what they aspired to be. The King's person and authority shall be jealously preserved, they said, if in his turn he preserves the true religion and the liberties of the commonweal. In the Scotland of that day, however it might be in England, there was no-where any craving for a republic ; there was a universal and even a passionate anxiety to guard the name and fame of Charles. It was he who squandered a heritage of devotion and obedience which he might have retained to his latest hour. It was because he was a rebel against justice and law that he drove into rebellion those who would have spent their lives to promote his good.

Beside two deathbeds we may take our stand for a few minutes, our heads bent in reverence. They are the deathbeds of those to whose wisdom and courage and Christliness the distracted Scotland of the time owed an inexpressible debt, and whose absence from her struggle will leave her crippled and poor.

In the spring months of 1637, when he was himself a prisoner in Aberdeen, Samuel Rutherfurd wrote to Alexander Henderson : " As for your case, my reverend and dearest brother, you are the talking of the North and South, and looked to as if you were all crystal glass ; your motes and dust will soon be proclaimed, and trumpets blown at your slips. But I know you have laid help upon One that is Mighty." *All crystal glass* Henderson was to the friends of the Covenant ; although he had little liking for the excitements of public business, and would have preferred the scholar's life of seclusion with his books and the preacher's of devotion to the shepherding of his flock. It was the compulsion of conscience and of his Master which drove him forth, as he said in the preface to one of his sermons, from " soliloquies and contemplations " to " debates and controversies," to " act things which he never determined nor so much as dreamed of." But without him the Church must have been deprived of the strongest of her leaders, and the prelacy she hated might have been foisted upon her despite her loudest protestations that she would have none of it. When the hot wind of the desert smote her, and threatened to smother and engulf her in the choking death it brings, this was the man who was as the shadow of a great boulder in a weary land.

He had himself begun as a prelatist. After spending some winters in teaching philosophy in St. Andrews, he had been thrust in 1612, when he was a man of nearly thirty, upon the unwilling parish of Leuchars. On his ordination day he found the door of the church nailed against him, and he and his brother-clergymen were forced to break into the building by one of the windows. But, a few years later, he went in disguise to hear Robert Bruce preach, being drawn to him, as Augustine was at first to Ambrose, simply by the fame of his oratory; and Bruce became the messenger of God to him. The very text, pronounced with the slow and deliberate emphasis which was the preacher's manner, was a sword-thrust: *Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.* It seemed to the listener as if Christ were in the pulpit, searching him with reproachful eyes, and reproving him in the accents of a righteous Judge for his intrusion into a sphere to which he did not belong. This was the hour when Alexander Henderson's sleeping soul sprang into life and vigour. He returned to Leuchars another man, penitent, believing, dedicated to the Lord Who had made him aware of his sin, and filled with ardour for the Presbytery he had opposed and despised. Year after year passed in the steadfast performance of his unassuming ministry, and in the accumulation of that rich and varied learning which God was yet to turn to manifold use. Only once, in the Perth Assembly of 1618, when the obnoxious

Articles were enacted which imposed kneeling at the Communion, the private celebration of the Sacraments, episcopal confirmation, and the observance of holy days, was the silence of the long time of waiting broken; and one brave voice was lifted against the overbearing wishes of the King. But in the fateful weeks which preceded the signing of the Covenant in Greyfriars, the needs of the country impelled Henderson to take farewell of his restful Nazareth; and henceforth, through the nine years that were left to him, there was to be no pause of leisure and calm. Whether it was as the counsellor of the Tables in Edinburgh, or as the author of the Covenants, or as moderator of three General Assemblies, or as commissioner to the divines at Westminster, he was, as Clarendon tells us, "the principal engine by which the whole nation was moved," and never again was he allowed to escape to the sheltered and "sunny side of the brae."

If we ask how he came to wield so paramount an influence, his own personality is the answer. Since Knox's death and Andrew Melville's, he stood forth as the most distinguished son of the Scottish Church; and probably he was not inferior to either of his stately precursors. Beneath the plainness of his appearance, for he was short in figure and there was nothing striking in his looks, he carried a capacious soul. His speech, whether in preaching or in debate, was singularly weighty. To his auditors it appeared as if he never left any word unsaid which the occasion demanded; and this was true even when he had to declare his opinion on the spur of the moment, and with no breathing-space for reflection. His culture, too, was massive and full. Those years of retirement in the Fifeshire village, consecrated to patient research and brooding thought, bore the noblest harvest. They fashioned him into a theologian who was equipped at every point, and a scholar who, in the endless discussions of the period, seldom met his match. But, more prevailing than his sagacity and his erudition, was his holiness. Men recognised that conscience governed all his decisions and actings—a conscience enlightened by God's Word and Spirit. They felt that he was without a trace of self-seeking. They honoured him as one who loved Christ first and masterfully, and in whom they beheld the reflection of Christ's image. It was not strange that they trusted him without reserve.

An especial and wistful interest clings to Henderson's relations with Charles the First. When the King was in Edinburgh in 1641, he went more than once to hear the preacher who, as president of the Glasgow Assembly, had effectually curbed his own tyrannical designs against the Kirk. He could not but acknowledge the honesty and dignity and power of his antagonist. He selected him, indeed, for one of his chaplains; and on different mornings and evenings, within the palace of Holyrood, the Covenanting minister conducted family worship; and the two, the Stuart sovereign and the subject whose heart was so humble and so regal, knelt together at the throne of God. Five years afterwards, they met again. Charles's sky was overcast with the heaviest clouds. The Civil War had led him and his Cavaliers from disaster to disaster. He was a fugitive in the camp of the Scots at Newcastle. He desired that Mr. Henderson should be summoned to confer with him about the thorny questions of Church government. And, although the sickness was on him which was to issue soon in his death, Henderson hastened from London at the bidding of the monarch; and they talked frequently and earnestly of Presby-

GEORGE GILLESPIE.

From the Portrait in New College, Edinburgh.

terianism and Episcopacy—which might be the will of God, and which was suited to the genius of the Scottish people. They did not agree, but neither did they quarrel. Henderson, says Mr. Hill Burton, was "true throughout to his cause, and true without violence or arrogance"; he was "respectful but not servile." When he parted from his opponent, it must have been in pity more than in anger. Is it not a sign of grace in Charles that he saw and confessed the worth of one who was as manly as he was godly? It was his tragic weird that he had few advisers so sagacious and good.

That was in the summer of 1646. It was the middle of July when Henderson left his lodging in Newcastle and took ship to Leith. He was ill and suffering, and he yearned to be at home. On the 16th of August, the last call came. His friends had dreaded it, and had prayed that it might be delayed yet a while; they feared for the Church and the realm when both should be without him. But to himself the end was sweet and kind, as it was to St. Francis, round whose couch the Little Brothers sang the canticle, "Praise be to my Lord for our sister, the death of the body!" "Never schoolboy more longed for the breaking-up," Henderson cried, "than I do to have leave of this world." It was release, emancipation, harbour after the climbing waves and the open sea.

The other deathbed is that of George Gillespie.

He ran his course more rapidly than Henderson; for he was but thirty-five years of age when his wife said to him, "The time of your relief is near and hard at hand," and he answered her, "I long for that time. O, happy they that are there!" And he is worthy to stand beside the older man, a fit helper and squire of that consummate captain. From his boyhood his zeal for Presbytery had been conspicuous. It had kept him out of a pastoral charge of his own, until the events of 1638 sapped the authority of the Bishops, and the parishioners of Wemyss made supplication that he might be their minister. But already, young as he was, he had won his laurels. While he was tutor in the family of the Earl of Cassillis, he had published *A Dispute against the English Popish Ceremonies,* which filled the Privy Councillors with such indignation that they had it burned in the Edinburgh streets, and which extorted from Robert Baillie, who would have walked more quietly himself and therefore "misliked much of the matter," a tribute of marvelling admiration for the abilities of the writer: "I think," he averred, "he may prove amongst the best wits of this isle." The forecast was abundantly fulfilled. Gillespie was among the youngest members of the Westminster Assembly, and among the shrewdest and most eloquent. The story has often been told of how in debate he vanquished John Selden, the champion of the Erastian party and one of the supreme scholars in Christendom, sweeping away by a single speech, as his mortified adversary admitted, "the learning and the labour of ten years of my life"; and of how, after he sat down, and his friends had possessed themselves of his note-books, in the hope of discovering the outline of his arguments, they found nothing on the page but the *cri du cœur,* again and again repeated, *Da lucem, Domine!* Out of his encounters with the Erastians came Gillespie's crowning book, with its quaint title of *Aaron's Rod Blossoming*—a vindication of the rights of the Lord Jesus Christ to govern, by His Own laws, the Church which He purchased for Himself with His blood. Had he lived, the Covenant would have had no man-at-arms more alert and more unyielding.

But the blade was too keen for the scabbard, and his frail body was wearing itself out. In December 1648, George Gillespie lay dying in his native town of Kirkcaldy. " The time that I have had in the exercise of the ministry," he said, " is but a moment." Yes ! a friend replied, " but your moment hath exceeded the grey heads of others." Rutherfurd came to see him. " Would not Christ be a welcome guest to you ? " Mr. Samuel asked ; and immediately he had the answer, " The welcomest guest that ever I saw." Another spoke of his faithfulness, and of the sure and ample reward to which he was going ; but to Gillespie the King was always better than the kingdom. " I think it reward enough," he responded, " that ever I got leave to do Him any service." He was like that unnamed Huguenot who, himself sorely stricken, lifted the curtain of Coligny's litter, as the Admiral was being carried, wounded in three places, from the calamitous field of Moncontour, and exclaimed, with shining countenance and a catch in his voice, " Si est ce que Dieu est très doux," *Surely God is good to Israel.* George Gillespie wore the true servant's title ; because he never, " for his Lord's gifts, how rich soe'er, his Lord Himself forgot."

Round a scaffold, in the Edinburgh market-place, between the Mercat Cross and the Tron Church, a great multitude is gathered. It is a May afternoon in 1650, and the people have come out to witness the execution of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, and to hear his last words. In reality they hear nothing ; the sufferer is allowed to address himself only to those who stand closest to him, immediately under the gallows thirty feet high. But they see him die with undismayed face, and with that gay and proud bravado which has always marked "the finest gallant in the realm." And then the whole crowd "gave a general groan; and it was very observable that even those who at first appearance had bitterly inveighed against him could not now abstain from tears."

What has brought the Marquis of Montrose, while he is yet in the early prime of his manhood, to this grim scaffold covered with the black cloth?

It is impossible to linger over the incidents of his career, although few histories have such extraordinary fascination. We have seen him with his peers signing the National Covenant in the Greyfriars, and attempting afterwards to school the men of Aberdeen, "that unnatural town," into acquiescence with its terms. To the end he protested his fidelity to the purely Scottish Covenant; it was the Solemn League, he said, which angered him, because it pledged the subjects of the State, under cover of religion, to wrest the regal authority from their King. But his attachment to the popular side never could have been deep; by the summer of 1640, when Charles and the Scots were at war, and when he was himself an officer amongst the Presbyterians, he was in correspondence with the sovereign. Was it because he was displeased that Alexander Leslie had received the supreme command in the army? Or was it that the King, who had not given him at first the notice and regard which he thought due to his quality, was manifestly disposed now to cultivate his friendship? Or was it that he was indignant at the larger respect shown by the Covenanters to Argyll, his hereditary rival?—"The people looked upon them both," Lord Clarendon writes, "as young men of unlimited ambition, and used to say that they were like Cæsar and Pompey: the one would endure no superior, and the other would have no equal."

Perhaps there was a mingling of all three motives, although the last may well have been the strongest; for Montrose never loved Argyll, and could not brook that he should outdistance him in the race. One way or another, it befell that soon King Charles had not a doughtier champion than James Graham.

Not a doughtier; for what an astonishing soldier he proved himself! In the records of war, there are few leaders of a guerilla campaign who have achieved so much, or whose brows better deserve to be encircled with the victor's wreath. At a time when, in England, the Royalist cause was travelling rapidly downward, he gained for it in Scotland, with his Highlanders and Irishmen, one amazing success after another. At Tippermuir, the onset of the mountaineers was irresistible, and at night three hundred Covenanters lay stark on the field. At the Bridge of Dee, his men gave the Gordons, by and by to be allies and not foes, "the broadsword and the butt-end of their muskets," and drove them in headlong flight into the streets of Aberdeen. At Inverlochy, he humbled all the glory of his great antagonist, and fifteen hundred of the clansmen of Argyll were slain either in the battle or in the relentless pursuit which went on for nine long miles. At Auldearn, at Alford, at Kilsyth, each master-stroke following hard after its fellow, the best soldiers whom the Scottish Estates could send against him were mowed down in battalions, and massacred without ruth or regret. Into ten or eleven months in 1644 and 1645, Montrose crowded marches and surprises and triumphs sufficient to last most generals for a lifetime. But then the end came. At Philiphaugh, in September of the later year, in a district which had no love for the cause he maintained, and in which his patrols and scouts could glean little news beforehand, he met David

Leslie and was hopelessly routed. James Graham indisputably had won the right to make the noble boast of Sir Peter Harpdon in the poem—

> I like the straining game
> Of striving well to hold up things that fall.

But, with whatever preternatural skill the chivalrous game is played, the unavoidable doom descends at last.

For rather more than four years he was in exile on the Continent, in Norway and the Netherlands; and then at the bidding of the Second Charles—because, in the interval, the First had fought his last and kingliest fight—he returned to Scotland, to make one endeavour more in defence of that discredited Stuart name whose bravest standard-bearer he was. But his new master was of meaner nature than the old. By the juggling and subterfuge of his conduct he acted the traitor towards his good ally. He was parleying with the Covenanters, all the while that he encouraged their opponent with valiant and unreal promises; he did not deserve a follower so steadfast. It was to death that Montrose had sailed, death in which shame and glory were strangely united. At Carbisdale, in the Kyle of Sutherland, he was defeated by Colonel Strachan, and, after wandering in disguise through the wilds of Assynt, he was made prisoner at Ardvreck Castle. They sent him south to Edinburgh, where he was loaded with a hundred unmerited insults, bearing himself through all the ignominy with the half-contemptuous courage which friends and foes knew so well. At length—and, after the blows he had inflicted and the damage he had done, he could expect nothing else—they condemned him to the gallows of which we have had a glimpse. He arrayed himself for it as he would have done for his wedding. John Nicoll, the notarypublic, was among the eye-witnesses, and this is what he saw: "In his doun going fra the Tolbuith to the place of execution, he was verrie rychlie cled in fyne scarlet, layd over with riche silver lace, his hat in his hand, his goldin hat-ban, his stokingis of incarnet silk, and his schooes with their ribbenes on his feet, and sarkis provydit for him with pearling about; above ten pund the elne. All these war provydit for him be his friendis; and ane prettie cassik put upone him, upone the scaffold, quhairin he was hangit. To be schoirt, nothing was heir deficient to honour his pure carcage, moir beseiming a brydegroom nor a criminall." And thus his death was in consonance with his life; for, to quote Lord Clarendon again, "He was not without vanity; but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated among the most illustrious persons of the age."

One could wish that Neil Macleod of Assynt had surrendered to the kindlier impulses of his soul, and had permitted his princely captive to escape. Assuredly one could wish that Lord Lorne had kept away from the balconies of Moray House, when the cart that carried the Marquis, bareheaded and bound to his seat, was driven up the slope of the Canongate. One almost reverences Bishop Wishart, otherwise by no means very admirable, for his unconquerable affection to his dear patron, *Jacobus Montisrosarum Marchio*; it was his little book of *Montrose's Deeds* which the executioner fastened round the sufferer's neck on the scaffold; and are they not fine lines which close his elegy over his stricken hero?—

Verus amor nullis fortunæ extinguitur undis;
  Nulla timet fati fulmina verus amor;
Immortalis amor verus manet, et sibi semper
  Constat, et æternum, quisquis amavit, amat.

Yet we cannot forget that there are disfiguring blots on James Graham's escutcheon. In many of the features of his character he was a Mediæval knight, who might have stepped out of the chapters of Sir Thomas Malory ; but there was that about him, too, which was far from knightly. The cavalier's ideal of Honour has been resolved into the four constituents of Courage, Loyalty, Truthfulness, and Compassion. In the first two qualities the Marquis was resplendent ; the third we may imagine lacking, when we recall his desertion of the Covenanting ranks for those of the King, until we recollect that in this he answered the summons of his real predilections ; but of the fourth, the quality of mercy, the grace of compassion, he showed scarcely a trace. When the blameless King of romance has beaten his enemies, he takes their dead bodies, and these he " did do balm and gum with many good gums aromatic, and after did do cere them in sixty fold of cered cloth of Sendal, and laid them in chests of lead, because they should not chafe nor savour ; and upon all these bodies were set their shields with their arms and banners." No such gleams of human feeling illumine the story of Montrose's campaigns. His victories were followed by a carnage which was frightful. He does not appear to have imposed any check on the sanguinary vindictiveness of the rough hillmen whom he captained. We pity his sore tragedy ; we kindle at the recollection of the markman safe and sure, " whom neither force nor fawning could unpin " ; but, if he had been cast in a gentler mould, the great Marquis would have been greater still.

Seven months have gone. It is the New Year's Day of 1651. We are in the Parish Church of Scone,

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

After the Portrait by Honthorst, 1649.

spectators of an event no less memorable than the coronation of His Majesty, King Charles the Second. Robert Douglas has preached "a very pertinent, wise, and good sermon" from a text in the Second Book of Kings: *And he brought forth the King's son, and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony; and they made him King, and anointed him; and they clapped their hands, and said, God save the King! And Jehoiada made a covenant between the Lord and the King and the people, that they should be the Lord's people.* He has spoken some home-truths about the bounds and limits of the monarch's power: how he must not use his strength unduly, or break his contract with his subjects; how, if he does, they will be amply justified in resisting his despotism. Charles, we are told, listens "with all appearance of interest." The Covenants, National and Solemn League, are read to him next, and sworn by his lips, and subscribed by his hand. And now Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, places the crown on the young man's brow—he will not see his twenty-first birthday for five months yet; and he is presented to receive the homage of his nobles and people. The Earl of Crawford and Lindsay gives him the sceptre, while Argyll conducts him to the throne, or chair of state, which has been erected some six feet above the floor of the church. As he installs him, the Marquis pronounces the words: "Stand and hold fast from henceforth the place, whereof you are the lawful and righteous heir by a long and lineal succession of your fathers, which is now delivered unto you by authority of Almighty God." After which Robert Douglas has some additional counsels and warnings to give, and the 20th Psalm is sung, and the apostolic benediction ends the service.

It is not a transaction on which we can look back with joy or pride. Seldom in history has there been a more conspicuous example of "faith unfaithful." Both the prince and the leaders of the Covenant were, in this instance, unpardonably in the wrong. Robert Douglas was a man of public spirit and of profound religion; but when one asks whether Alexander Henderson, whose lips had been stilled in death nearly five years before, would have helped Charles the Second to his kingdom, the answer must be, No.

Very keenly the Scots had resented the execution of Charles the First. It snapped the ties which united them with the Parliament of England. With few exceptions, it made them the adherents of the martyred sovereign's son. Within a week of his father's death they proclaimed him, in Edinburgh, "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland." Twice over, in the months which succeeded, they sent embassies across the German Ocean to treat with him. At first he and they could not come to terms. It was hard for him, being what he was, to promise obedience to the Covenants. It was hard, though it should have been infinitely harder, to part with Montrose, whom the Scottish Parliament had outlawed and the Scottish Assembly had excommunicated. There were Royalist noblemen in his retinue who urged him to resist demands so drastic. There was the Queen Mother, of more decided character than himself, who sent message after message, adjuring him never to trammel himself with vows and oaths repugnant to them both, and never to abandon the followers whose sympathies were identical with his own. Moreover, he had the hope that among the Irish Catholics, rather than among dour and precise Presbyterians, he might find the deliverers he needed. So the Commissioners, to their great "discomfort and grief," had to kiss his hands and say their farewells. "It were all the pities in the world bot he were in good companie," wrote Robert Baillie, who was one of them. "He is one of the most gentle, innocent, well-inclyned Princes, so far as yet appears, that lives; a trimme person, and of a manlie carriage; understands prettie well; speaks not much: Would God he were amongst us!"

But Oliver Cromwell and his soldier-saints soon dispelled the vain dream of help from Ireland; and, when the Scots returned, Charles was willing to promise them all. We have seen how, playing a double part with that cool heartlessness of which afterwards he was to furnish many proofs, he had meanwhile sent his best paladin to a cruel death: what price would he not pay to win back his throne? Then, in June 1650, he embarked at Harslaerdyck. On the 23rd of the month, outside the mouth of the Spey, he swore that, in every clause and syllable, he would keep the Covenants. John Livingston, who was among the representatives of the Kirk, heard, indeed, that "the King is minded to speak some words, that his oath should not import any infringeing of the laws of England." But he was at once answered that not a single modifying expression would be tolerated; and he "performed anything that could have been requyred, yet without any evidence of any real change of heart." And why did men, to whom the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom, countenance the hollow mockery and an imposture so fateful and perilous? Why did they, as Livingston phrases it, "take the plague of God to Scotland"? If Charles's honesty was gone, theirs for the moment was sacrificed too.

There is no room here to recount the crookednesses which ensued. At the bidding of his monitors he confessed his sorrow for his father's errors and his mother's idolatry. His life became a weariness, so continually and so closely he was watched. Perhaps, in heart, he rejoiced as much as Oliver did over the rout of the Covenanters at Dunbar, although he declared, in sentences veneered with piety, that "the stroake and tryal is very hard to be borne." Once he made an effort to extricate himself from his bondage—the futile effort which is known in Scottish history as "the Start." We can scarcely wonder that, through all his subsequent life, his hostility against Kirk and Covenant was of the most unforgiving sort. Then came the Coronation scene at Scone, and afterwards, for eight months, he had the simulacrum of royalty; until Worcester fight dissolved the thin phantom, and again Charles was in exile.

The lover of the Covenanters longs with his whole soul that they had not demeaned themselves to traffic with the godless prince. Loyalty prompted them; but they knew that he was unworthy of their loyalty. He gave them his solemn and reiterated assurances that not only had he "the honour and civil liberties of the land to defend, but religion, the Gospel, and the Covenant, against which Hell shall not prevail"; but they felt that in the assurances there was no single grain of truth. They were angry with Cromwell and his doings; but their anger should never have conducted them to this heart-wounding hypocrisy. It is a chapter which their friends would fain erase from their radiant and quickening annals. For, if the crimes of the bad are certain to yield a plentiful harvest of evil, the crimes of the good are unspeakably more mischievous and mournful.

The retribution came quickly. In large measure, it was because of these dallyings and intrigues with Charles that the Covenanting ranks were for many years to be cleft asunder by a melancholy quarrel—the quarrel between Resolutioner and Remonstrant or Protester. The trouble reached its height in the General Assembly of 1651, held at St. Andrews and Dundee. There the Resolutioners were in the ascendant, and nothing would content them but the deposition of their three most active opponents—James Guthrie of Stirling, Patrick Gillespie of Glasgow, and James Simpson of Airth. If the Presbyterian Church had gained a King, "whose word no man relied on," it was sending adrift some of its most valiant sons. The exchange tended wholly to its own impoverishment and loss.

"In large measure," the strife arose out of the entanglement with "the chief Malignant." Yet it had its roots further back, and a momentary retrospect becomes necessary. In the closing hours of 1647, within the walls of Carisbrooke Castle, Charles First had been closeted with certain Scottish noblemen, and had signed with them the bargain which history designates "the Engagement." It promised, on the King's side, that the Solemn League and Covenant should be confirmed by Parliament, and that Presbytery should be established in the country for a period of three years, at the end of which term a definite settlement of the religious question was to be made. On the other side, there were stipulations that the Covenant should not be forced upon those who did not like it, and that within the Royal Household the Episcopal forms of worship should remain unchallenged. It was in consequence of this bargain that the Duke of Hamilton, whom, as Marquis, we saw contending with the Glasgow Assembly, led into England on his master's behalf that army of "raw and undisciplined troopers," on which Cromwell inflicted the bitterest chastisement at Preston. But the Church never approved the Engagement, nor did the stricter of the Covenanting peers, who, after Hamilton's hapless venture, found themselves again at the helm of affairs. So, early in 1649, the Act of Classes was passed. It was an endeavour to bar the Canaanite outside the house of the Lord. It declared that there were persons who had unfitted themselves for occupying places of trust and power—four classes of them, of whom the thoroughgoing Royalists and Episcopalians were one, and the lukewarm Covenanters who had promoted the Engagement were another. For life, for ten years, for five years, for two years, these classes were to be excluded from office. And thus, as one of the Puritan statesmen who defended the Act put the matter in a vigorous metaphor, the teeth of the Malignants were broken.

But dragons' teeth have a troublesome habit of reappearing, sometimes in aggravated size and terribleness. Scarcely had the Act of Classes become law, when Scotland heard, with a shudder, that the King had gone to his doom. The negotiations with his son followed, and Cromwell's invasion, and the catastrophe of Dunbar. The Scottish Parliament took fright. Desirable as it might be to enlist in the service of the country those alone whose shields, like that of Edmund Spenser's hero, were formed of one diamond, "perfect, pure, and clean," there was clamant need that the regiment of her defenders should be largely and immediately reinforced; and new helpers could not be found except among the men who had been tainted and disqualified so brief a time before. The Parliament determined to welcome these men back. In June 1651, it rescinded the Act of Classes, and the Assembly of the Church, meeting in the next month, ratified the decision of the legislators. It framed its "Publick Resolutions, for bringing in the Malignant party first to the army and then to the judicatories." There were some who protested, however, clinging fast to the older and austerer method of fighting God's battles with none but God's soldiery. They had short shrift, as we have noted, from their brethren. These were the Protesters, or Remonstrants; and those who carried things their own way and deposed the dissentients were the Resolutioners.

When Charles, the roof and crown of Malignancy itself, had been rehabilitated and enthroned, it was inevitable that some such relaxation as that adopted by Parliament and Assembly should come. It will be granted, too, that, in the parlous state of the nation's fortunes, the Resolutioners had cogent reasons to allege in their defence; it was difficult to reject good fighters merely because they abhorred the Covenant or held fellowship with men who did. But the Protesters could claim the greater consistency. The cause committed to them was sacred even more emphatically than political, and they felt that its lustre would be tarnished if they intrusted it to unworthy hands; only His reproachless servants should bear the vessels of the King of kings. They might not be careful enough to speak the truth in love; Samuel Rutherfurd and Patrick Gillespie were but too human in the hotness of their tempers; but theirs was the better part, the more straightforward policy, the higher road. And if the Assembly condemned them, they had but to turn to their congregations, and they were surrounded by disciples and friends. So lamentable the breach became that the Church was practically rent in two; and for too long a period the Protester had communion with none but the Protester, the Resolutioner simply with his fellow-Resolutioner. Ephraim distrusted Judah, and Judah vexed Ephraim.

The divergence revealed itself in other matters than the discussion of military and civic appointments. A Resolutioner—Robert Douglas, or Robert Blair, or Robert Baillie, or David Dickson—preached and conducted public worship in a mode distinguishable from that favoured by some in the rival party. He was more methodical and systematic, colder and statelier, than the evangelic and enthusiastic Protester. Baillie, for instance, had scant patience with the "few headie men who waste our Church." Trained in the orthodox school of Dutch divinity, having spent his youth in doing battle against Arminians and Antinomians, he entertained a wholesome dread of all novelties in pulpit or pew. Speaking of Andrew Gray of Glasgow, he says: "He has the new guyse of preaching, which Mr. Hew Binning and Mr. Robert Leighton began, contemning the ordinarie way of exponing and dividing a text, of raising doctrines and uses; bot runs out in a discourse on some common head, in a high, romancing, unscriptural style, tickling the ear for the present, and moving the affections in some, bot leaving, as he confesses, little or nought to the memorie and understanding." Even the tones of voice which, as it seemed to him, the Protester assumed as evidence and expression of his devoutness, offended our staid and custom-bound divine. "The man's vehemencie in his prayer, a strange kind of sighing, the like whereof I had never heard, as a pythonising out of the bellie of a second person, made me amazed." Robert Baillie himself, learned, good, honourable, never offended against the proprieties, nor was much troubled with "vehemencie."

Shall we take an illustration of the varying accents

OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the Painting by Samuel Cooper, in Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

of Resolutioner and Remonstrant? Here are some sentences from *The Sum of Saving Knowledge*, a little book which is no ignoble sample of the more precise and less impassioned theology. "Let the penitent desiring to believe reason thus: What doth suffice to convince all the elect may suffice to convince me also; but what the Spirit has said suffices to convince the elect world; therefore what the Spirit hath said serveth to convince me thereof also. Whereupon, let the penitent desiring to believe take with him words, and say heartily to the Lord, 'Seeing Thou sayest, *Seek ye My face*, my soul answereth to Thee, *Thy face will I seek.* I have hearkened unto the offer of an everlasting covenant of all saving mercies to be had in Christ, and I do heartily embrace Thy offer. Lord, let it be a bargain.' Thus may a man be made an unfeigned believer in Christ." It may be irrefragable; but is it not too icily regular, too statuesque and syllogistic? The soul in its agony craves something simpler, more vital, fuller of the strong consolations of God. But now let us hearken to Hew Binning, the Protester, on whose "new guyse of preaching" Baillie looked with a frown. "He that is in earnest about this question, *How shall I be saved?* I think he should not spend the time in reflecting on and examination of himself, till he find something promising in himself, but from discovered sin and misery pass straightway over to the grace and mercy of Christ, without any intervening search of something in himself to warrant him to come. There should be nothing before the eye of the soul but sin and misery and absolute necessity, compared with superabounding grace and righteousness in Christ; and thus it singly devolves itself over upon Christ, and receives Him as offered freely. I know it is not possible that a soul can receive Christ, till there be some preparatory convincing work of the law; but I hold that to look to any such preparation, and fetch an encouragement or motive therefrom to believe in Christ, is really to give Him a price for His free waters and wine. It is to mix in together Christ and the law in the point of our acceptation." Who is not conscious, when he reads the words, that he is moving in a diviner air? The sentiment is the same as before. But formerly there was a dissonance in uttering it which grated on the ear, and almost made the music of the Gospel harsh. Now the speaker feels no down-dragging influences in his Calvinism; he does not measure his syllables lest he should render the grace of God too large and too accessible; he soars away and aloft, like the lark,

Up in the glory, climbing and ringing;

or like the angel of Bethlehem, throbbing with uncontrollable gladness as he publishes his message, *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*

There is a final picture at which we must glance. It is the picture of two personalities that confront each other. Their attitude is that of antagonism. Their tempers are incompatible. They are for the most part in undisguised and open strife. The personalities are those of the Covenanter and Oliver Cromwell. "The late Usurper": it was the Covenanter's customary name for the great God-fearing Englishman, after that September day in 1658, when, trusting in the promises which are *Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus,* the Lord Protector passed from the world which he had vastly enriched.

We need not wonder at the alienation, however we must lament its vigour and sharpness. "The English

Government of Scotland," says Dr. Samuel Gardiner, "was a good example of the government which fails, in spite of its excellent intentions and excellent practice, simply because it pays no heed to the spirit of nationality." Cromwell stood in many respects at an opposite pole of thinking from the Scots. He was a soldier; and they began to dread that tremendous engine of conquest, the Army of the Parliament, which his genius had designed and compacted, and which menaced their independence more overwhelmingly than Charles had ever been able to do. He was a statesman; but he felt none of their stubborn loyalty towards a King, who had perversely thrown away his right to rule; and they could never forgive the regicide, even if they saw clearly enough the ineradicable faults of the prince whom he helped to lead to the block. He was a man of religion; but they differed radically from him. Oliver signed the Solemn League, it is true; but in his eyes the bond was not the sacred and awful symbol which it was to Presbyterian Scotsmen. He was an Independent; he was in favour of a far wider catholicity and toleration than they could abide; he permitted the growth in his regiments, and by and by in the Commonwealth, of all manner of Sectaries. It was scarcely surprising that they scowled on him, and fought against him, and counted him an enemy rather than a friend. When we recall Dunbar drove, and the subsequent marches and counter-marches of the Ironsides through a subjugated country; the forcible dismissal, too, of the General Assembly of 1653, vexed and noisy with the strife of tongues, and the refusal in succeeding years to sanction the meeting of the supreme court of the Church: we comprehend why Scotland disliked the Puritan captain. Her distrust is more intelligible than that of some others. It has been pointed out that the English peasant of our day, although his ancestors were against the King, and helped in the execution of Cromwell's stern policy, abhors "Old Noll" as if he were an ogre. "Where traces of desecration are visible in a church, where a shattered wall is all that remains of a stately home hallowed by the presence of Gloriana, where an ancient door shows the pattern of bullet-marks," Hodge will have it that the mischief is due to the commander and ruler who raised England to the first rank among the nations of Europe. The Scot of the seventeenth century, although his persevering opposition cannot be justified, had more of reason on his side.

There were exceptions, no doubt. In the West, Colonel Strachan and a little company of his followers joined Oliver. Patrick Gillespie sometimes prayed publicly for the Protector. Dumbartonshire and Wigtown accepted the Tender of Union with England with a degree of enthusiasm, as being "the excellent blessing of God, who by a long-continued series of providences seems to hold out this to be His great design for the common good of the people of this island." After the Union, belated and yet premature, was proclaimed at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh in the Maytime of 1654, and after General Monck had been feasted at a banquet which was "sex dayis in preparing, quhairit the bailleis did stand and serve the haill time," a few Scotsmen sat in Cromwell's Parliaments. But the country as a whole was unfriendly; and the Church, hating that motley troop of sects she saw overspreading England, was more critical still. "As for the Kirkmen and their vassals," we read in a Newsletter sent from Edinburgh on the 27th of December 1651, "they retain their old rugged Obstinacie and currish behaviour."

Yet the strong and stable discipline of Cromwell was an untold blessing to these censorious Kirkmen. The Scotland of the years of the Commonwealth had its grave moral blemishes. There were prominent and repulsive national sins, then as now. There was no little superstition, as we may learn from the hideous story of how the witches were persecuted and done to death. But, side by side with the unlovelier features of the period, there were the blossom and the fruitage of genuine religion. "Then," writes good James Kirkton, "was Scotland a heap of wheat set about with lilies, uniform, or a palace of silver beautifully proportioned; and this seems to me to have been Scotland's high noon." On a later page, he expands and explains his panegyric of the golden season, round which the shades of the prison-house closed all too early. "At the King's return every paroche hade a minister, every village hade a school, every family almost hade a Bible, yea, in most of the countrey, all the children of age could read the Scriptures. Every minister was obliedged to preach thrice a week, to lecture and catechise once, besides other private duties wherein they abounded, according to their proportion of faithfulness and abilities. None of them might be scandalous in their conversation, or negligent in their office, so long as a presbytrie stood; and among them were many holy in conversation and eminent in gifts. In many places the Spirit seemed to be powred out with the Word, both by the multitude of sincere converts, and also by the common work of reformation upon many who never came the length of a Communion; there were no fewer than sixty aged people, men and women, who went to school, that even then they might be able to read the Scriptures with their own eyes. I have lived many years in a paroch where I have never heard ane oath, and you might have ridde many miles before you had heard any. Also you could not for a great part of the countrey have lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshipped by reading, singing, and publick prayer. No body complained more of our church government than our taverners, whose ordinarie lamentation was, their trade was broke, people were become so sober." And the man who, more than any other, helped to secure for the land this Sabbatism of godliness was misunderstood, resisted, denounced. It is one of those pitiful and poignant contradictions of which history provides many an example.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

ENGLAND and Scotland forgot themselves in an ecstasy of sheer delight, when Charles the Second, now thirty years of age, landed at Dover, and made his progress to Whitehall. There had been tiresome negotiations beforehand; but they might have been forborne, for the event proved that they were needless. "It is my own fault," the King laughed, "that I did not come back sooner." From London Bridge to his palace gates the procession advanced through what Evelyn calls "a lane of happy faces." Charles saw little else than the waving of scarfs and the flashing of rapiers, and, behind these, the laughter and tears of his subjects: "the ways strewn all with flowers, bells ringing, steeples hung with tapestries, fountains running with wine, trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking; and two hundred thousand horse and foot brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy." In such a carnival of gaiety, on this 29th of May 1660, birthday as well as Restoration day, the monarch, long discrowned, seated himself again in the home of his fathers.

Can we catch the likeness of the man who was welcomed so deliriously?

His outward features were not attractive. "Until near twenty," one of his friends says, "the figure of his face was very lovely; but he is since grown leaner."

And not leaner merely but grimmer, sombre and forbidding. Merry: that is the adjective which is the Second Charles's property; but in his gaunt visage there was "neither joy nor love nor light." He avowed it himself. "But I'm the ugly fellow!" he sighed, as he stood before his portrait. His skin was as brown as if he had been born under a tropical sun. "Of a tall stature and a sable hue," Andrew Marvell pictures His Majesty; and Bishop Burnet, who, to be sure, had no fondness for him, tells us that he resembled the Emperor Tiberius, *tristissimus ut constat hominum.* It is conceivable that the Bishop intended his readers to carry the comparison further, into more essential qualities of mind and soul. And the exercise would not be difficult or recondite.

The King has been summarised as a compendium of all the vices. The verdict is pitiless; but it cannot be deemed too harsh. Yet there were broken fragments of a better nature to be seen here and there, in the corners of his strange personality—a nature which never had much opportunity of asserting itself, and which was stifled more and more under its owner's incorrigible idlenesses and sins.

It is to his credit that he was a lover of the open air, physically alert and athletic. In Sir Robert Moray's charming letters to Lauderdale, we get many peeps at the prince when he was in the prime of his vigour. He is constantly in the saddle. One day he rides fourteen miles to dinner with Lord Herbert. On another day he covers no less than sixty miles, rising with the summer dawn, and returning to transact business at midnight. Or again, when the statesman wants to discuss some question of politics, he is out with the hounds, and nobody is sure when he will return. Claverhouse, too, had the same experience

CHARLES II. AS A BOY.

From a Painting by Van Dyck.

twenty years later. When he wished to escape from London to his harrying of the Covenanters in the Western shires, his dilatory master detained him. "I walked nine miles this morning with the King," he informed a correspondent in 1683. "The heaven above," and "the road below," and "the bed in the bush with stars to see"—Charles could have appreciated our modern wanderer's satisfaction with these wholesome joys. His friends declared that he would have preferred angling and a life in the country to all the punctilios of Whitehall. Scottish history would have been a calmer and sweeter record if the preference had been granted.

In his earlier and more Spartan years, before the luxuriousness first of Paris and then of London had softened and spoiled him, he had plenty of soldierly courage. At Worcester, he demeaned himself as a true commander of men, and his tenacity and spirit were in bright contrast to David Leslie's curious irresolution. "God preserve him!" one of the Royalists cried, "for a more gallant prince was never born." And then, when the ruinous fight was over, what an indomitable gaiety he flung into all those adventurous hazards which were its sequel! After he had been dressed at Whiteladies in an old leathern doublet, and breeches of coarse green cloth, and grey stockings much darned about the knees, and a steeple-crowned hat, Richard Penderel cut his hair short and trimmed it in the country fashion; "and the King was pleased to take notice of Richard's good barbering, so as to prefer his work before my Lord Wilmot's." In the branches of the Boscobel oak, when "far below the Roundhead rode and hummed a surly hymn," he fell fast asleep in the arms of the officer who was his sole companion; and the sleep was so unperturbed and sound that his comrade had to pinch him before he could be brought back to consciousness. At the inn in Bridport, he encountered Colonel Haynes's regiment of Ironsides, fifteen hundred strong, preparing to embark for Jersey; and for a round hour, with a smiling face and many merry sallies of humour, he stood in the yard, conversing with one and another of his inexorable enemies. Two days before his perils ended, and he sailed from Brighton to Fécamp, he was mistaken for a Puritan, so complete was his disguise, and nobody could be more desirous than he to play the part just then; and so, when the man who had committed the error slipped in his speech into an involuntary oath, the pseudo-pietist reproved him most gravely: "Dear brother," he said, "swear not, I beseech thee." A fortitude so intrepid, so indefatigable, so debonair and lightsome, when the outlook was as black as it could be, captivates us whether we will or no, and is a powerful plea on Charles's behalf.

He was an admirable talker, brimful of repartee and shrewdness and sparkle. A hundred instances of his cleverness have been commemorated, and they show what a nimble intellect played behind the uninviting face. "Was it not a pretty pass," asks Miss Guiney in that *tour de force* of adroitest advocacy, *An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second*—"was it not a pretty pass, between the monarch and his impregnable Quaker who wanted a charter? Penn came to his first audience with his hat, on the principle of unconvention and equality, firmly fixed upon his brows. Presently the King, having moved apart from his attendants, in his gleaming dress, slowly and ceremoniously bared his head. 'Friend Charles, why hast taken off thy hat?' 'Because it has so long been the custom here,' said the other, with that peculiar lenient smile of his, 'for but one person to remain covered at a time.' " His dexterity never forsook him. It taught him how to adapt his conversation to every circle. He could be "a gracious youth" to Robert Baillie, and more vulgar than the most unblushing with courtiers like the Earl of Rochester. Among the bishops he was a scholar, and among the sportsmen at Newmarket he had no thought nor speech for anything but the excitements of the race. "Such ability and understanding has Charles Stuart," one of his intimates said to him in a jest as pointed as it was kind, "that I do long to see him employed as King of England."

There could not be a doubt of the ability. People remarked what a competent judge of men he was; he read the place-hunters who thronged his corridors with unerring skill, and he had an insight as penetrating into the position of the political factions. If he could not claim book-learning, he honoured it in others, being interested especially in science. It was he who founded the Royal Society, and who established the Observatory at Greenwich. To moral excellence as well as to intellectual gifts he threw approving glances and hearty words; he saw and commended the better way, while he followed the worse. Thus he promoted Thomas Ken, the saintly Fellow of Winchester College and Prebendary of its Cathedral, to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, for no other reason than that the brave man had once rebuked him for the gross irregularities of his conduct. He had his fleeting visions of righteousness and transient impulses towards the higher life. It is wholly pleasant, too, to see the constancy of his love for his child-sister, Henrietta of Orleans. "To my deare deare Sister" he wrote letters of beautiful affection. "Pour l'avenir, je vous prie, ne me traitez pas avec tant de ceremonie, en me donnant tant de 'majestés,' car je ne veux pas qu'il y ait autre chose entre nous deux, qu' amitié." And nothing but unbreakable friendship there was until the hour of her too early death.

But, despite his "great talents and great chances and, in a sense, great qualities," Charles was a bad ruler and a bad man. In everything except physical exercise, he was irrecoverably lazy. "When anything is to be done by the King's own hand," his Chancellor once complained, "we must be content to wait, he being brought very unwillingly to the task, which vexes me exceedingly." The stinging satire, which Marvell put into his mouth, depicted His Majesty's aims with too much accuracy—

> I'll have a fine pond, with a pretty decoy,
> Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
> And still in their language quack, *Vive le roy!*

And, under the easy temper, there was a mind governed by selfishness. He appears to have been incapable of steadfast comradeship. We have learned how he abandoned Montrose to his fate, because at the moment he was trafficking with the Covenanters; and the remorseful letter he sent to the dead chieftain's son expressed a penitence which was forgotten almost as soon as it was uttered. The Marquis of Ormonde, who sacrificed himself to uphold his master's cause in Ireland, gained from him nothing but the wintriest acknowledgments. He wearied of that most devoted cavalier, Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon; and the man to whom he owed his throne left the court in disgrace. It was a hateful ingratitude; and the royal libertinism was even worse. Mistress was added to mistress, and each won the loftiest rank for her children; centuries instead of months separated Charles's palace from Oliver's. These astute temptresses grew rich on the nation's money, and he never sought to put boundaries to their cupidity. He starved the Navy, to find dresses and jewels for the Countess of Castlemaine and the Duchess of Portsmouth and Miss Nell Gwyn. In truth, he had no vestige of pride in the good name of his country. By a humiliating treaty, which he dared not divulge except to one or two, he became the paid servant of Louis of France. He made war on Holland, and plunged Britain into a succession of defeats such as she had never before experienced. But the national shame brought no shadow of distress or regret over his careless heart. He spent a long evening hunting moths with his associates while the guns of the Dutch were thundering off Chatham. In warp and in woof his character was bohemian. "He minded nothing but pleasures," Samuel Pepys confesses with a sigh.

The secret was that he had no religion. His father, obstinate and formal as he showed himself, was devout; but the son was a stranger to the life of the soul. He "floated upon that new tide of politeness" which surged in with the Restoration, Mr. G. K. Chesterton pleads in some apologetic paradoxes; he was "perfect in little things"; he "could not keep the Ten Commandments, but he kept the ten thousand commandments." But politeness is a poor substitute for the grace of God, and courtesy has sometimes been divorced from goodness. At the first glance it seems curious that, under the sway of a man without vital faith, there should be much persecution. But the King had counsellors whose Anglicanism was of a determined sort; and he himself, deciding all spiritual problems by the canons of etiquette, was accustomed to protest that "Presbytery is no religion for a gentleman." In truth, those who hunt after the treasures of Egypt are not always lenient and forbearing; as likely as not, they are impatient with any Moses who rejects their prizes and prefers the reproach of Christ. It was so with this representative of the Stuarts. He hated vehemence and ardour wherever he found them, and he hated them most in the sphere of religion. His was the scourge not of the bigot but of the sceptic; he cared not a farthing himself "what the sects might brawl"; but the freethinker's lash can be as merciless as the inquisitor's. Negatives describe him best; nothing pure, nothing serious, nothing worthy, nothing divine, is to be discovered in Charles the Second. They are scathing sentences with which Dr. Osmund Airy concludes his great monograph: "His guide was not duty; it was not even ambition: but his guide was self; it was ease, and amusement, and lust. The cup of pleasure was filled deep for him, and he grasped it with both hands. But pleasure is not happiness. There is no happiness for him who lives and dies without beliefs, without enthusiasms, and without love."

Such was the King, and he brought with him a new era. It was livelier, more jocund, more boisterous, than the old. It had music in it, and dancing, and play-going, and all the hurry and hilarity of Vanity Fair. But the massiveness, the spiritual magnificence, the militant saintliness of Cromwell's time had disappeared. Puritanism was not dead; but it walked in the shadow and spoke in whispers. It worked on as an unobtrusive leaven; it did not peal forth its doctrines and commandments any more. The men who had revolted against the stringent regimen of the Ironsides had their summer of opportunity. The men who had worn a mask of gravity threw off the troublesome disguise and decked themselves in the rainbow colours they loved. Revelry and ribaldry; drinking and dicing; intrigue and adventure; those sins of the flesh and the spirit which, in Stephen Phillips's phrase, are "agony shot through with bliss"—these filled their days and nights. To one famous survivor of the Protectorate, sitting in solitude and blindness, the England of Charles was no longer a puissant nation rousing herself from sleep and shaking her invincible locks, but a province of Belial, than whom a spirit more lewd fell not from heaven.

> In courts and palaces he also reigns,
> And in luxurious cities, where the noise
> Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
> And injury and outrage; and, when night
> Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
> Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Yet the mass of the English people was probably untainted by all the brilliancy and irreligion. If the ruling and fashionable classes were corrupt, the bulk of the citizens in the towns, and the farmers and cottagers in the country, retained sobriety and sense. This was even more emphatically true of Scotland. It clung to its Presbyterianism. The population of the Lowland counties was unhurt by the lax moralities of the leaders in society and legislature and camp. The plodding and insistent Scot stood like a rock, and refused to modify his convictions. He heard of the wild doings in the South; he saw them enacted, on a smaller scale, in Holyrood House and the High Street of Edinburgh; there, a fortnight before his entry into London, Charles had been proclaimed "with all solempnities requisite, by ringing of bellis, roring of cannounes, touking of drumes, dancing about the fyres, and using all uther takins of joy for the advancement and preference of their native King." But the finery, the extravagance, the hard drinking, the iridescent vice, only stirred the Scot, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, into sorrow of soul. They failed to capture him by their enchantments.

None the less, he was a zealot in his loyalty. Occasionally he gave mental harbourage to fantastic legends, which told how the very plants and animals exulted along with him. On the citadel of Perth the arms of the Commonwealth had been carved; but, when the King returned, a thistle, the proud and rugged emblem of the North, grew from the wall and hid the alien insignia. Still more marvellous is that history of the leal swans of Linlithgow, which may be read in the *Mercurius Caledonius* of Friday, January 25th, 1661. "At the town of Linlithgow His Majesty hath a palace upon the skirt of a most beautiful lake; and this same lake hath been ever famous for the number of swans that frequented it. But when this Kingdom, as England, was oppressed with usurpers, they put a garrison in this palace of His Majesty's, which no sooner done but these excellent creatures, scorning to live in the same air with the contemners of His Majesty, they all of them abandoned the lake, and were never seen these ten years, till the 1st of January last. When, just about the same time of the day that His Majesty's Commissioner entered the Parliament House and sat in the chair of state, did a squadron of the royal birds alight in the lake; and, by their extraordinary motions and conceity interweavings, the country people fancied them revelling at a country dance, for joy of our glorious Restoration." When thistles and swans were thus aggressively Carolean, men and women would have scorned to lag behind.

Those were tales, no doubt, born in the breasts of the Malignants. But sober Presbyterians were as frank in their welcome. Here and there, among the Protesters, some might be in sore perplexity about Charles Stuart; since 1650, they could not credit him with virtue or principle or grace. But these, too, deep as their disappointment was with the man, were prepared to obey the monarch. And most of their brethren were unfeignedly cordial. In the last weeks of 1659, before he commenced his great march on London—the march which was the beginning of the Restoration—General Monck had summoned the Scottish shires and burghs to send their delegates to confer with him in Edinburgh. He acquainted them with his plans. He was going South, he said, "to assert and maintaine the liberty and being of Parliaments, our antient constitution, and the freedome and rights of the people of these nations from arbitrary and tyrannicall usurpations upon their consciences, persons, and estates; and for a godly ministry." Nothing was avowed in the diplomatic speech about bringing back the King. But his listeners understood how the tides of sentiment were running; and they bade Monck God-speed, expressing themselves "well satisfied with his Lordshipp's engagement." Their attitude was typical. Scotland, it has been explained, had chafed under the domination of Cromwell: it was anti-national; it was military; it was sectarian. Many an eager thought she had cast over the narrow seas to the banished prince. Next to her religion, she loved the house of Stuart; just as the Vendéans of the next century fought first for their faith and then for the white flag of their sovereign. In 1660, Charles had no subjects more firmly rooted in their fealty than the sons and daughters of the Kirk. It was his own fatuity which transformed numbers of them into foes.

Too quickly the fatuity was revealed; and yet there was something else than short-sightedness, something calculated and intentional, in the rude treatment he measured out to the Covenanters. For long he had cherished a personal grudge against them. He meant to have his revenge on those who, ten years before, had held him in a pupillage he abhorred. During his sojourn in Scotland in 1650 and 1651, he had been a virtual prisoner, debarred from a share in the government, unable to dispose or order anything, cut off from intercourse with his favourites and friends. Sentinels had been stationed round his lodgings at night. Spies had watched his words and actions. In the churches on the Sabbath, and during the week in the houses where he stayed, he listened to discourses, frank to a degree, in which denunciation was poured on his father, his mother, and himself. Tradition has it that once he was condemned to hearken to six of these unpalatable sermons in succession. His amusements were curtailed and scrutinised. His very looks and gestures were made the topic of criticism. He fancied, he said, that he ought almost to apologise for having ever been born. The memory of these irksome experiences, and of all that excess of zeal, was written indelibly on his mind. It bred within him a positive hostility to the Scottish Church. When he returned to his throne, Charles was determined to show no countenance to the religion that had so dogged his footsteps and abridged his delights.

No doubt, the vigilance had been too assiduous, the espionage too vexatious and meddlesome. But the punishment was utterly to outweigh the offence. As in England so on the other side of the Tweed, the worst men came to the front with the advent of the King—men who always had been hostile to Presbytery, or who had hitherto pretended an acquiescence which they did not feel, or who, although they were children of Covenanters, were fired by none of their fathers' ideals. Under their misrule all manner of contumely was to be heaped on beliefs which were dearer than life to multitudes in the nation. Was it astonishing that, in such circumstances, the cords which linked the people with the monarch were loosened and, frequently, were snapped outright ? No other issue was possible. When a ruler derides and wounds those aspirations which are most prized by his subjects, the divinity that hedges him round soon fades away.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRUNKEN PARLIAMENT.

AT the Restoration Lowland Scotland continued essentially Presbyterian. Why, it may be asked, was Presbyterianism practically so helpless from the moment that Charles took the management of affairs? The rulers he chose for his northern dominion, rulers with all his own dislike of religion, mounted to power with scarcely so much as a protest on the part of the people. It seems singular that the transition should be made so smoothly. Hitherto Presbytery had been queenly and forceful. Her sceptre had swayed rich and poor, merchant and soldier, old and young. She had moulded creed and conduct. She had given to the citizens the priceless boon of good education. She had fought successfully against the encroachments of royalty. She had schooled the unruly nobles into apparent decorousness. She had leavened the rank and file of the nation with the truths she taught and the enthusiasms she inspired. Yet the diadem passed from her, as it were in a night. In 1660 Charles did what he pleased with the Church of Scotland; and the old remonstrances and defiances, if they were heard, were but feeble and futile.

But there were reasons for an impotence so remarkable.

One of them, probably the most operative, was that the Church was no longer a unity. Mournful divisions played havoc with her strength. To Resolutioner and Protester the cardinal verities were the same, and there was comparatively little to drive them into antagonism. But they were too apt to concentrate their debates and energies on their disagreements and not on their concords. The Resolutioner regarded his neighbour as a precisian; the Protester saw in his co-religionist a latitudinarian who might join hands with the enemy. Here was an "infatuating and ruining distemper," which intruded into Synod and Presbytery and Kirk-Session; and the very homes were pre-eminently fortunate which were not embittered by its poison.

It must be granted, also, that the Covenanters had failed to gain the affection of numbers of the men of position and title. They had their "princes of the chariot," and these were not few; but the larger proportion of their adherents came from the middle class and from the peasantry. Many of the nobles were hostile. Earls and barons and knights, with lives which were only too ungoverned and rough, and private sins that they wished to keep undisturbed, resented the faithfulness of the Church's rebukes and the supervision she tried to exercise over their households and manners. During her halcyon days they yielded an outward submission; but, with the King's star in the ascendant, they could discard their pretended meekness and could flout their instructress.

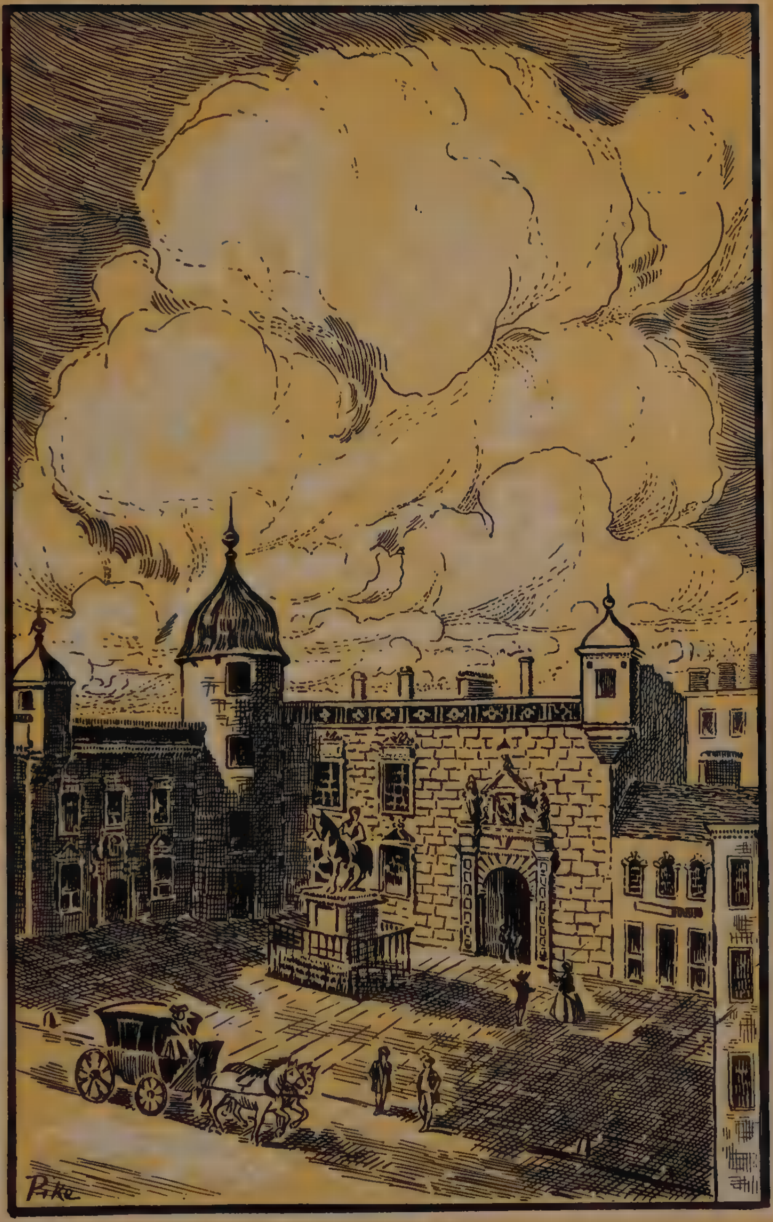
There was a third source from which trouble flowed to the Kirk. It was the desperate poverty of the ruling families in the country. In 1654, Robert Baillie writes with pitiful emphasis of "our wracked Nobilitie." "Dukes Hamilton, the one execute, the other slaine, their state forfault"; "Huntlie —there is more debt on the House nor the land can pay"; "Dowglass and his sonne Angus are quyet men, of no respect" ; "Marschell, Rothes, Eglinton and his three sonnes, Craufurd, Lauderdaill, and others, prisoners in England, and their lands sequestrate or gifted to English sojours" ; "Balmerinoch suddenly dead, and his sonne for publict debt keeps not the causey" :—thus, from one depressing item to another, the black catalogue moves on. But the Restoration brought to these impoverished lords the chance of escape from their bankruptcy. It offered them forfeited estates and places of consequence. We may be sorry, but we cannot be surprised, that some of them were quick to accept the glittering bribe. For a handful of silver, silver that was urgently needed, they abandoned a Church for which they had never entertained any profound regard.

So it came about that Presbytery, whose trumpet had blown such far-sounding blasts, triumphant and admonitory, was all but silent at the crisis when her adversaries prevailed. Their victory was indisputable. For a few months in the autumn of 1660, Charles ruled Scotland through the old Committee of Estates. But, on the New Year's Day of 1661, a Scottish Parliament met in Edinburgh. Nine years had passed since a similar meeting ; and the men who assembled at the King's call—seventy-seven nobles, fifty-six lairds, and sixty-one commissioners of burghs—were vastly different from their predecessors. They had been carefully selected, so that obnoxious members might be excluded ; the House could be trusted to prove itself a pliant instrument. Before this fateful Parliament rose, on the 12th of July, it had turned Scottish history into new channels, as momentously as when Cyrus changed the course of the Euphrates on the night that he and his Persians captured Babylon.

The Commissioner of Charles, who directed the

Parliament, and whose name stands in the forefront of public affairs for a year or two, was John, Earl of Middleton. He was one of those soldiers of fortune, who occupied themselves too busily in national concerns, and who were for the most part without either human pity or religious faith. He had carved his way to office by his military ability. Originally poor, he sought distinction in foreign service; and we hear of him as "a pikeman in Colonel Hepburn's regiment in France." Returning to his own country, he was "so zealous anent the Covenant that, when he took it and held up his right hand, he wished that that right arm might be his death," if ever he should forget his vow. It was under the Blue Banner that he fought in the campaigns of 1644 and 1645, and David Leslie had not many subordinates whom he held in greater esteem. But then he veered round. When Charles was in Scotland in the months preceding Worcester, Major Middleton was his close friend. Throughout the reign of the Commonwealth, he missed no opportunity of striking a blow for the absent prince. He commanded the moss-troopers who for a time kept the flame of revolt blazing in the Highlands; but, in July 1654, at Dalnaspidal, near the head of Loch Garry, he was overtaken and beaten by Colonel Morgan. Now, when Puritanism was shorn of her pride, Middleton became a peer of the realm and the King's representative in Scotland.

He was a fearless officer, and he had gone cheerfully through perils and imprisonments for his sovereign. For proof of it, we may linger over the story of the campaign, always desperate, which had such an untoward close at Dalnaspidal. Under a thousand discouragements he had borne up valorously to the last. The rising had been in progress for eight or nine months, before Charles sent him from his retreat in Holland to shape its course and to be first among those fiery chieftains who each aspired to the leading place. Previous to his arrival it was a Lowland nobleman, William Cunningham, the Earl of Glencairn, who in name had been the commanding officer; but Glencairn's suzerainty was hotly challenged by the Highland Lords, Lorne and Kenmure and Glengarry. By and by the first of these "went away in a great rage," swearing that he would rather lose his life than submit for a day longer to a man whom he distrusted. Lord Balcarres soon followed his example, and hastened to Paris to pour his querulous jealousies and suspicions into the ears of the Queen Mother and the King. Charles was in despair. "The enemy," he told his ill-assorted lieutenants, "more depends upon the divisions and animosities among you than upon his own strength." Those were the jarring discords which Sir John Middleton, as he was then, had to weld into something like unity; and, if he had a very partial success, he managed to accomplish more than any one else could. For many weeks his own cheerfulness breathed a new hope into his little army. He thought that, if he could but coax his royal master across the seas, the King's presence would render victory sure. "Your Majestie," he wrote, "will meet with no such desperat game as be manie is represented." Indeed, had Lilburn, dilatory and hesitating, remained at the head of the forces which Cromwell had stationed in Scotland, Middleton might have been for a considerable period a sufficiently troublesome antagonist. But Monck, a captain made of sterner stuff, was set free soon from his work on the Continent. From the Forth and the Tay he marched steadily northward. Over a boggy and hilly country he kept the Royalists moving from one camping-ground to another, until they were exhausted and



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF EDINBURGH.

weary. Then he sent forward Colonel Morgan, and the unavoidable defeat ensued, and Middleton had to seek refuge with the Macleods in Skye. Charles's general had fought a losing battle ; but he fought it with skill and audacity and stubbornness, and he extorts our admiration. But the man who could use his sword and musket to good purpose, and who understood how to manipulate others as headstrong as himself, was too violent, too arbitrary, too revengeful, to be a wise civil governor. He had a temper which would not bear opposition. His tastes were coarse, and his habits, even in an age not over-nice, were noticeably gross and brutish. He was seldom sober, and rarely away from his boon-companions. "It was a mad roaring time, full of extravagance," Gilbert Burnet writes, "and no wonder it was so, when the men of affairs were almost perpetually drunk." The Commissioner's judgment was beclouded, and his passions inflamed, and his heart hardened, by constant dissipation.

As for living belief, he did not know what it meant. Robert Wodrow has a story which shows him a freethinker, in whom bluster and superstition were commingled. In Hamilton's army in 1648, the minister of Eastwood narrates, Middleton had for bosom-friend a certain Laird of Balbegno, the neighbour of his family in Kincardineshire. It was within a week of the fight at Preston, and the two were talking of the risks in front. "If there is a battle," Middleton suggested, "what if we are killed? what will become of us?" "No matter!" the other answered, "we shall be free from our vexations hereaway." But his comrade was not wholly convinced that we "drink of Lethe at last and eat of lotus." "What if there is a future world," he retorted, "and a future life?" It was an empty fable of the ministers, Balbegno replied ; and Middleton professed his sympathy. " But suppose," he went on, " that things should turn out otherwise ? " So they made a compact that, if one died, he should return, if that were possible, from the land of mystery, to inform the survivor of what he discovered there. At Preston Balbegno fell. For a while Middleton forgot the bargain, until, one night, he was sitting alone, a captive, in the Tower of London. Two sentinels guarded his room. He had been listlessly turning over the pages of a Bible which he had found in the chamber, " for what end he knew not, it having been so little his custom," when, lifting his head, and looking to the door, he saw a man standing in the shadow. " Who is there ? " he asked, and the answer came, " Balbegno." " That cannot be," he declared, " for I saw Balbegno buried after he was slain in battle." But the ghostly visitor glided forward, and reminded him of their agreement, and caught his arm. The hand laid in his, Middleton told afterwards, " was hot and soft, just as it used to be, and Balbegno in his ordinary likeness." " I am permitted to stay one hour," the apparition said ; " so let us sit down, and put your watch before us." In the weird interview the prisoner learned many things : how he should escape from his dungeon ; how the King was to be restored ; how, at Court, favour and honour awaited him ; but how, at length, the sunshine was to be clouded over with calamitous eclipse. Then, when the hour was done, Balbegno rose, and took his leave, and lingered for an instant amongst the shadows at the door, and so disappeared.

This was the man who guided Scotland—bold in the din of the fight, and true to his King, but not a Happy Warrior, unbelieving, boorish, roystering. Others of kindred temperament helped him. The

Earl of Glencairn, his comrade in the campaign of seven years before, was Chancellor; and he was Royalist to the backbone. Sir Archibald Primrose filled the office of Clerk-Register; his were the shrewdest intellect and the cleverest tongue in the Parliament House; he "had an art of speaking to all men according to their sense of things, and so drew out their secrets while he concealed his own, for words went for nothing with him." The King's Advocate was Sir John Fletcher, in whose veins was none of the milk of kindness; "he hated all mild proceedings, and could scarce speak with decency or patience to those of the other side." It mattered little that Lord Crawford, who was earnest in his Presbyterianism, was Treasurer; his advice was overborne by the clamours of the rest. Within a few years the Commissioner, drugged by the sweets of power as well as by fiery liquors, was to cross swords with a man keener-eyed and stronger-willed than himself, and was to be worsted in the duel;—Balbegno's gloomier auguries were fulfilled as surely as his gladsomer predictions. But, until that moment of disaster, Middleton and his allies might do whatever they chose.

They made abundant use of their chances. During its session of six and a half months, the Parliament of 1661 passed no less than three hundred and ninety-three Acts. It would have been extraordinary if, in so long a list, there were not some beneficent measures. It is curious to note that means were adopted to safeguard the observance of the Sabbath, and to prevent profane swearing and excessive drinking: now and then Satan discloses himself as the unexpected reprover of sin. But Middleton's first session is remembered by other achievements than these. Its "great design and business was to make the King absolute." To reach this end, the framers of the laws had to " demolish the outworks and bulwarks of the Church, and to blow up her government itself." Their aim was to re-establish despotism and to destroy Presbytery. They " plunged on," Professor Masson says, " legislating in their own way, as if in iron boots and with iron flails, tramping and thrashing a space clear for the erection of Nebuchadnezzar's image." Some of them were amazed at themselves when they recalled their proceedings in subsequent years. Sir Archibald Primrose, in his moments of candour, would confess to Burnet that he thought he was " as one bewitched " when he sat down to draft his bills and acts, " for, not considering the ill use might be made of them afterwards, he drew them with preambles full of extravagant rhetoric, reflecting severely on the proceedings of the late times, and swelled them up with the highest phrases and fullest clauses he could invent." England had to mourn the illegalities of its statesmen in those months of the King's return ; and its best citizens looked on in surprise and anger while many of their liberties were narrowed, and some of their rights were stolen away. But England would not have endured the irrational and unchecked absolutism by which Scotland was reduced to bondage. And the pity of it was that the chains were forged and fastened by Scotland's unworthy sons.

There were no boundaries to the powers with which they invested the King. Their earliest proceeding was to construct an Oath of Allegiance—an Oath in which every jurisdiction except that of His Majesty was renounced. Its terms said nothing about Charles's right to interfere with the Church ; the omission and the ambiguity were deliberate, for meanwhile it seemed prudent to veil some of the tyrannies which the future would bring to light. But, under cover of its clauses, the authors of the Oath intended to violate the domain of conscience and to attack the household of Christ. In coming years it was to be an effective weapon of persecution; the fidelity of men and women to the Crown was to be tested by their willingness to swear its sentences; and if they had any scruples, no mercy was shown. Further still the Parliament went in subservience to the sovereign. It decreed that he alone could choose his officers of State, his Privy Councillors, his Lords of Session; that he alone could call and hold and prorogue and dissolve all conventions and meetings; that he alone could enter into leagues and treaties; that he alone could proclaim peace or war: his was to be the voice of a god rather than that of a man. The members set apart the 29th of May, the day of the Glorious Return, "to be for ever an holy day unto the Lord." Its opening hours were to be consecrated to prayer, preaching, thanksgiving, and praise; its afternoon and evening were to be spent "in lawful divertisements suitable to so solemn an occasion." We can perceive to what license the gates were unbarred by this statute, and why it staggered the friends of the Covenant, who kept their garland of sanctity for God's Sabbath, and cherished an invincible mistrust of man-made festivals. One consummate folly placed the copestone on the Parliament's excess of loyalty. It voted Charles an annual grant of £40,000 sterling, and thus exhausted the resources of a nation which required every penny of its money. Four years later, the Earl of Tweeddale, a nobleman with some love for his country, wrote that a Dutch invasion would be for Scotland a much less serious evil than the smallest increase in the taxation of the people. But Middleton and Glencairn and Sir Archibald Primrose were dominated by other ideas. For the benefit of their royal and wasteful master they would pauperise the whole community. As James Kirkton described it, "they installed their King a sort of Pope."

But what filled many hearts with sharper sorrow than this servility towards the monarch was the treatment meted out to the Church. In decision after decision, Parliament heaped insult on the Covenant. It annulled the proceedings of the Convention of Estates, which had sworn the Solemn League. It protested that the great bond, "which had in Scotland universal respect next to the Scripture," was without public and permanent obligation. Then, growing in hardihood, the leaders had recourse to a master-blow. By a general Rescissory Act, carried on the 28th of March after a single debate, they revoked "the pretendit Parliaments keept in the yeers 1640, 1641, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, and 1648, and all acts and deids past and done in them," declaring "the same to be henceforth voyd and null." When the notion was mooted first, it seemed too big, too venturesome, a goal too desirable for attainment. It "appeared so choking that it was laid aside." But, when one drastic measure after another secured a glib consent, Middleton returned to the darling scheme. The Clerk-Register was sick; but King Charles's deputy wrote him a letter, beseeching him to frame the monstrous statute without delay. "Now," he said, "I am more concerned in this than I was ever in a particular. The speedy doing is the thing I propose as the great advantage." So let the bill be in readiness by ten o'clock to-morrow forenoon, to go before the Lords of the Articles—the Cabinet, as it were; and in the afternoon it could be brought into Parliament, and passed there and then. The clever and compliant draftsman did as he was enjoined;

but he thought it was a piece of useless labour—"so ill-grounded that, when it came to be considered, it must certainly be laid aside." He was mistaken. Middleton carried everything before him, hurrying the Act through a nerveless and recreant House, although even in it there were notable dissentients, like the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Crawford. And what did he gain by his extraordinary *coup de main*? The cancelling of everything that successive legislatures, in which the Presbyterian element predominated, had effected for the Church. The right to pronounce disloyal and traitorous those who should still assert their attachment to the flag of the Second Reformation. The construction of a high road by which the Bishops might ride back triumphant. Indeed, the Commissioner would have pushed on immediately to the creation of his hierarchy; but astute Sir Archibald Primrose counselled a pause. "Bring the Bishops in," he advised; "let it be done surely, but let it likewise be done slowly"; and for the time the wary lawyer won his point with his more headstrong chief. But, whenever the Act Rescissory had received the imprimatur of Parliament, the end was in sight. It could not be many months until the mitre and lawn sleeves of the prelate displaced the modest Geneva gown of the minister.

These were the doings of the Drunken Parliament, as it has been nicknamed ever since. For, often, it was when they were stupefied by their carousals that the senators determined on their revolutionary enactments. They robbed the nation of its liberties; they checked its social progress; they did what they could to stifle its religious life; and their sorry victory was procured, when wine had stolen from them brain and conscience and patriotism and most things worth the keeping. Bishop Burnet's epithets are not too severe: it was "a mad roaring time."

One day, when these melancholy events were happening, David Dickson, who had been minister in Irvine and was now Professor in Edinburgh, and who wrote some verses not yet forgotten—*O Mother dear, Jerusalem!*—went to expostulate with the Earl of Middleton. But the King's Commissioner was hugely offended. He told his monitor that he was deluding himself if he thought to overawe him; he was no coward to tremble before a priest. "For three-and-twenty years," the old man replied, "I have known that you are no coward, ever since the Brig o' Dee in the June of 1638." It was a home-thrust; for, in that past midsummer, Middleton's sword had been unsheathed in defence of the Covenant. The Earl had no answer; and the minister pleaded with him to pay regard, if not to the Presbytery, at least to those forty-two members of Parliament who had dared to oppose the Rescissory Act. "And, my Lord," he added, "I would put you in mind of that deep exercise of soul, under which you lay in St. Andrews in 1645, when you were sick and in hazard of death." "What!" Middleton sneered, "do you presume to speak to me of a fit of fever?" So, pained to the heart, David Dickson turned and left the room.

The night was to grow darker—moonless, starless, hopeless—before there was a streak of day.

CHAPTER III.

A DEATHBED IN ST. ANDREWS.

THE Drunken Parliament did something more than pass laws which were fraught with mischief and misery. It determined to send to a violent death the leaders in the Protesting section of the Church, the men whose advocacy of the Covenant was most unfaltering and outspoken. Four of these leaders were marked for execution—Samuel Rutherfurd; the Marquis of Argyll; James Guthrie; and Archibald Johnston, Lord Wariston. The first and the last of the four eluded the doom intended for them: the one because the finger of God beckoned him, before his enemies could accomplish their purpose; the other because he contrived to hide himself until Middleton's power was vanishing, although in this instance the scaffold was merely postponed, and the infliction of the sentence came at the hands of those who had ousted the Commissioner from his place. As for the Marquis and the minister of Stirling, they were crowned at once with the thorny crown which the Parliament had twined for their brows.

Ever since the Restoration Samuel Rutherfurd must have guessed the punishments which his enemies designed for him. Three months after Charles's return, the Committee of Estates in Edinburgh issued a proclamation, worthy in its rage and impotence of the angriest of the Popes. It decreed that all copies of the *Lex Rex* which could be found should be gathered before the middle of October, and burned at the Mercat Cross in the capital and at the gates of the New College in St. Andrews. The thing was duly done; but, "full of seditious and treasonable matter" as the *Lex Rex* was announced to be, its teaching lives to this hour. It is the plea of the Covenanters for the majesty of the people; for the truth that the law, and no autocrat on the throne, is king; for the creed that limitless sovereignty is the property of God alone. The Stuart monarch could not check the advance of these principles by bonfires in the streets of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. Much of the book, it has been said, is "the constitutional inheritance of all countries in modern times."

Through forty-four chapters, or "Questions," Rutherfurd develops his argument. The book, says Dr. Hume Brown, is "tediously pedantic"; and no doubt it is so, if one should attempt to read it in its entirety. There are too many minute details, and the hard and syllogistic method of the debater is overmuch in evidence. But, every little while, the underlying enthusiasm mounts to the surface, and refuses to be quite concealed. With all the strength of his conviction and all the fire of his zeal the author fights on behalf of the liberties of the nation. Prince and beggar, he reminds us, spring of one clay; yet he grants that government has a divine sanction, and is necessary and inevitable. Ay, but to whom does government belong? Not to a royal James or Charles, but to the men and women of their realm. They are the true rulers. They can delegate their authority to this representative or to that, selecting whom they please. They may measure it by ounce-weight or by pound-weight. They may limit and moderate and set banks and marches to its exercise. They can take it to themselves again, if the conditions on which they bestowed it are disregarded and broken. The king, beyond dispute, has his special dignity and stately privilege; but, when all is said and done, the commonwealth is more excellent than the king; and he is ordained to serve it as its shepherd, its captain, its leader. Is not the pilot less than the passengers, the tutor less than the children, the physician less than the patients, the master less than the scholars? He who by his very office is obliged to expend himself and, in the last resort, to sacrifice his life, for the safety of those who are denominated his subjects, must in reality be inferior to them. If they invest him with politic honours and prerogatives, they keep to themselves natural prerogatives and honours which they never can surrender. These are axioms of the *Lex Rex*: "The law is not the king's own, but is given to him in trust"; "Power is a birthright of the people borrowed from them; they may let it out for their good, and resume it when a man is drunk with it"; "A limited and mixed monarchy hath glory, order, unity from a monarch; from the government of the most and wisest it hath safety of counsel, stability, strength; from the influence of the Commons it hath liberty, privileges, promptitude of obedience." They are the axioms on which our regulated freedom of to-day is broad-based. Looking back to Rutherfurd, we see his forehead lighted with the prophecy of the better era, and we know that, almost three centuries since, he recognised

what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes.

In the autumn of 1660 the book received its martyrdom, and in the early spring of 1661 the Privy

Council and the Parliament were eager to have its author martyred too. He had been denuded of his offices in the University of St. Andrews, and deprived of his pastoral charge; but these confiscations were not enough. He was cited to appear at the bar of the House on a charge of treason. The messengers carried the citation across the Firth of Forth. But God had forestalled them. For weeks, as Rutherfurd wrote in a letter, " a daily menacing disease " had been hanging over him; and he lay now on his deathbed. It was a wasted hand which received the document the emissaries brought; but the voice had parted with none of its fire. " Tell them," he said, " that I have a summons already from a superior Judge and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons; and, ere your day arrives, I will be where few kings and great folks come." When they reported his condition, the Council declared with feeble malice that he must not be permitted to die within the College walls; but, even in the hostile court, one member had grace and fortitude to befriend him. Lord Burleigh rose and said, " Ye have voted that honest man out of his College, but ye cannot vote him out of heaven." Nothing could be truer than the courageous word.

While he waited till it was time to " answer his first summons," Samuel Rutherfurd must have been visited by moving memories. He was one of the most extraordinary men in an age of heroes; and he had many marvels to recall, as he tarried immediately outside the joys of what he loved to delineate as the Upper Garden of God.

He saw himself in the unprofitable half of his life —the little child in the Border village of Nisbet or Crailing, surrounded even then by miracles; the student and boyish Professor of Latin in Edinburgh; the offender, with whom the University officials quarrelled because of some irregularity in his youthful marriage, the nature of which it is not easy now to unravel. These were the acid ingredients in the cup of recollection. For it was the sorrow of his later years, as it was St. Augustine's, that he allowed himself to reach manhood before he yielded his heart to God. "Like a fool as I was," he says, "I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon." Few things in the *Letters* are more beautiful than the earnestness with which he beseeches the young to consecrate their freshest hours to eternity. "It were a sweet and glorious thing for your daughter Grissel to give herself up to Christ, that He may write upon her His Father's name and His Own new name." "I desire Patrick to give Christ the flower of his love; it were good to start soon to the way." To Earlston, when he was leaving boyhood behind, he writes: "There is not such a glassy, icy, and slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven as youth; the devil findeth in youth dry sticks and dry coals and a hot hearthstone; and how soon can he with his flint cast fire, and with his bellows blow it up!" He is as vivid and as solicitous, when he addresses Lord Boyd: "It is easy to master an arrow and to set it right ere the string be drawn; but, when once it is shot and in the air and the flight begun, then ye have no more power at all to command it. And therefore O what a sweet couple are Christ and a young man! This is a meeting not to be found in every town." Was it the thought of his own delays which stirred this yearning over others? He would have no one imitate him, "loitering on the road too long, and trifling at the gate."

But this vision passed, and the dying man saw himself the minister of Anwoth. For nine years, from 1627 to 1636, he was the spiritual father of the quiet parish, lying round the Water of Fleet, among the soft green hills of Galloway. There was his manse, the Bush o' Bield, where he rose each morning at three, to spend the day's commencement in prayer and study. To its door, one unforgotten Saturday, Archbishop Ussher turned aside in the disguise of a traveller, to be hospitably entertained, and catechised, and reproved for his seeming ignorance of a fact so elementary as the number of statutes written by God's finger on the Tables of Stone—an ignorance explained when he spoke, next morning, in the Presbyterian kirk, on the new commandment of Jesus, *That ye love one another.* From the rooms of the Anwoth manse, the mistress of the home and more than one of the children went to God; "an afflicted life," the husband and father wrote, "looks very like the way that leads to the Kingdom." Close to the Bush o' Bield stood the tiny sanctuary, as tiny as George Herbert's in Bemerton; the visitor may still walk round its ivied and ruined walls. What a centre of zealous labour it was! "For such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherfurd," said James Urquhart, minister in Kinloss, "I never knew one in Scotland like him. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always teaching in the schools, always writing treatises, always reading and studying." The Sabbath was his crowning day. He had a "strange utterance, a kind of a skreigh." But the shrillness of the voice could not hide the heart's fervours, and the hearers hung upon him listening. Often, one of them confessed, he fancied the minister "would have flown out of the pulpit, when he came to speak of Christ, the Rose of Sharon"; then, indeed, he was "as a fish in the ocean, never in his right element but when he was commending" his Lord. In Anwoth the sermons were prepared and spoken, which afterwards were given to the world under the title of *The Trial and Triumph of Faith*—a retelling and expansion of the immortal story of that pleading and prevailing mother from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, who enmeshed Jesus in the net of His Own promises, and clung about His feet until she had obtained all her desire; those other sermons too, which were to be known in their printed form as *Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself.* Both volumes, in spite of the dull yellow paper and the dim and faded ink, palpitate still with their author's affection for his divine Master. "We but play," he protests in the preface to one of them, "about the borders and margent of knowledge of Christ, as children do with the golden covering and silken ribbons of an Arabic Bible that they cannot read." Even the Middle Ages, he thinks, encrusted with superstition as they were, put their more prosaic and less exuberant successors to shame. "O, how rarely do the needle-eyed schoolmen write of Christ! O, how subtle and eagle-eyed seem they to be in speculations—grave-deep, or rather hell-deep, touching His grave-linens, what became of them when He rose from the dead, and the chestnut colour of His hair, and the wood of His Cross, and the three nails that wedged Him to the Tree, and the adoring of anything that touched His body!" But the glow of the saint and singer who poured forth his soul in the *Jesu! dulcis memoria* influenced every look and tone and gesture of the Covenanting preacher, and no mediæval recluse was more rapt in his devotion. His parishioners, the herd boys as well as the Viscount Kenmure, revered the "little fair man." They recounted his untiring charities. In his very gait they detected his communion with God; "when he walked, it was observed he held aye his face upward and heavenward." The home, the church, the "blessed birds" of Anwoth, the path among the trees which he paced talking with his unseen Friend—he beheld them again in dying, and thanked God for them.

Then, once more, his dream changed. He was a prisoner in Aberdeen. Thomas Sydserf, who had come from the northern diocese of Brechin to be Bishop of Galloway, was no lover of Samuel Rutherfurd; and his repugnance was heightened when the preacher published his book against the Arminians: *Exercitationes pro Divina Gratia* he called it. He haled him before the High Commission Court, in Wigtown and in Edinburgh, and had him deposed and exiled to the northern city, far enough distant from the familiar hills and tides. "I go," the banished man said, "to my King's palace at Aberdeen; tongue, pen, and wit cannot express my joy." But, if he carried music in his heart, he had his experiences of depression during his eighteen months of seclusion. It was hard for the impassioned servitor of Jesus to maintain silence. "I had but one eye," he mourned, "and they have put it out." Yet, long before he came to his deathbed, he saw that God's purpose was one of purest grace. A new field of work had been disclosed. If his lips were shut, his pen was busy. Two hundred and twenty of the *Letters,* those amaranthine Letters, whose glow and tenderness and pungency are the best demonstration of his spiritual genius, were sent from Aberdeen. It is easy doubtless to deride the tropical luxuriance which marks the style of "Joshua Redivivus." The clever, but supercilious, author of *A Literary History of Scotland* is only amused by the faults of taste and tact and discretion which the Letters reveal. Ruther-

SAMUEL RUTHERFURD.

From a Portrait probably by Robert Walker.

furd, we are assured, "must needs ride every metaphor, vinous or otherwise, to death." "Not even Burke in his wildest flights had less sense of proportion, less perception of the fitting"; but many of us would be glad if, in our very errors, we suggested Edmund Burke. "It would be difficult," the censor declares, "to extract a passage of any length which is not disfigured by something ludicrous or vulgar, to the point of gross irreverence." "The odd thing is," he adds, "that this jargon is sprinkled every now and then with the technical phrases of the Law of Scotland, and the effect of the mixture is indescribable." The sarcasm is cheap and shallow. Few will question that there are faults in the Letters, when they are appraised by literary canons alone. But, even before this tribunal, their grandeurs and sublimities are as conspicuous as their mistakes. And they have spoken to ten thousand souls, in the rhythm and cadence of the better country which is the heavenly. In "the little flock named after God's own heart" their writer needs no defence; for its members crowned him long ago. This, therefore, was the divine necessity for the loneliness and hatred to which Rutherfurd was subjected. The poet Wordsworth spent the winter of 1798 in North Germany. It was the bleakest of seasons, and the village of Goslar where he lived had no attractiveness. But these four months, Mr. Frederic Myers assures us, were the bloom of his career. Through the verses written then the loveliness of English scenery and English childhood shines most delicately. Lucy Gray, "the sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door," and Ruth, who "at her will went wandering over dale and hill," had their birth in the desolate German town. The same happy compensation was given to the Covenanting minister. He lived himself in a land of brooks of water;

and, not content with the personal enjoyment of it, he has guided thousands of pilgrims to the wealthy place.

Perhaps another dream followed. He was in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, one of the Scottish commissioners to the Assembly of Divines. "For the great parts God had given him," wrote Robert Baillie with the pride of a countryman, "Mr. Samuel's presence was very necessary." Again, in his thoughts, he debated the doctrine of the Church's freedom against those captains of Erastianism, Lightfoot and Selden. Again he argued with the Independents; although now, more than ever, he felt that they were "gracious men," and, "of all that differed from us, came nearest to walking with God." Again he busied himself in writing his *Peaceable and Temperate Plea for Paul's Presbytery* and his *Divine Right of Church Government and Excommunication.* Again he did his emphatic part in framing the Confession, and the Directory, and the Catechisms. Did he recall, too, the fresh and poignant home-griefs of these London years? "I had two children," so he had related the sorrow when it was new, "and both are dead since I came hither. The good Husbandman may pluck His roses and gather His lilies in the beginning of the first summer months. What is that to you or to me? The Creator of time and of winds did a merciful injury, if I may borrow the words, in landing the passenger so early." Samuel Rutherfurd was at Westminster from the middle of 1643 to the end of 1647; and he was glad when, at length, he could set his face northward to his students and congregation and childless home—glad with that emotion which the poet calls a "sour-sweet" delight.

To his students he returned; for, since the close of the Anwoth ministry in 1639, he had been Professor in

St. Andrews. And there, in labours more abundant than any of his compeers, he lived the remainder of his life. They made him Principal of the New College and Rector of the University. Since Alexander Henderson had gone, he was the doyen of Scottish thinkers and teachers. Edinburgh tried, in 1649, to secure him for its own ; and other lands coveted him. Twice Utrecht sent him a call to occupy its chair of theology. But the tempest-driven Kirk, with its unhappy controversies and those dangers that loomed ahead, had thrown its hoops of steel about his soul. He could not go away. " I had rather be in Scotland with angry Jesus Christ," he said, " than in any Eden or garden in the earth." So he continued in St. Andrews, until the Earl of Middleton bade him answer for his fearless witness against all arbitrary power in Church and State.

In that tumultuous Scotland which tugged so constrainingly at his heart-strings, he had, from the early days in Anwoth to the last hours in St. Andrews, made every class and rank in the community his debtors. We are surprised not by the number only but by the variety of his friends. There are godly women, like Marion M'Naught, the wife of William Fullerton, Provost of Kirkcudbright, to whom, because of her rare insight, he could lay open his very soul ; or like Lady Jane Campbell, the Viscountess Kenmure, whom in her illnesses and depressions he comforted with many words of cheer ; or like the mother of John Brown of Wamphray, most redoubtable of Calvinists and most learned of theologians. There are Churchmen famous in the transactions of the General Assembly, and humbler ministers scattered throughout the land, and young students of divinity to whom he commends not so much the erudition of the schools as the practice of personal sanctification. Congregations appeal to him in their perplexities, and he never fails to send them a message as shrewd and penetrating as it is high-pitched and spiritual. The nobles of Scotland, some of them headstrong and turbulent, others temporising and disposed to halt between two opinions, are often in his thought and prayer; and he has for each a discriminating advice and a definite command. To Lord Lothian he says, "To want temptations is the greatest temptation of all"; to Lord Loudoun, "Events are God's; let Him sit at His Own helm"; to Cassillis, "The Earldom of Cassillis is but a shadow in comparison of the city not made with hands; it is no wisdom to be silent, when they are casting lots for a better thing than Christ's coat"; to Craighall, "Fear your light, stand in awe of it, for it is from God. Kings cannot heal broken consciences; it is common for men to make doubts when they have a mind to desert the truth." He passes through life, giving to every one who crosses his path a word in season and a veritable pronouncement from the King of kings.

Yet Rutherfurd was not himself a perfect man. There were defects both in his creed and in his character. His temper was fiery, and too frequently he made no serious effort to moderate its energy; "I am made of extremes," he wrote to his friend, David Dickson. Dialectician and polemic all his days, he had scant mercy for those who saw the truth from other angles than his own. Towards the Resolutioners he showed, on many occasions, an acrimoniousness which was far from admirable. Perhaps it was inevitable that it should be so. "The intellectual gladiator, the rejoicing and remorseless logician, the divider of words, the distinguisher of thoughts, the hater of doubt and ambiguity, the scorner of compromise and concession, the incessant and determined disputant, the passionate admirer of sequence and system and order in small things as in great—in the corner of an argument as in the mighty world outside": thus Dr. Taylor Innes paints him in a portrait as masterly as any of Mr. Sargent's; and so intent and vehement an ecclesiastic forgets at times the urbanities of thought and the courtesies of speech. But, when these deductions are made, he still rises to a stature attained by only the select few in Christ's dazzling host—by a St. Bernard, a Madame Guyon, a Brainerd. Dr. Taylor Innes is as felicitous in depicting the more celestial side. This man, he says, was "impatient of earth, intolerant of sin, rapt into the continual contemplation of one unseen Face, finding his history in its changing aspect and his happiness in its returning smile."

That is Rutherfurd's glory, his absorption in Christ—Christ, whom he lauds as "the outset, the master-flower, the uncreated garland of heaven, the love and joy of men and angels." Many temperaments, many goals; but for him there is only one Goal, and no other is worth the mentioning. Madame Duclaux, whom we know better as Miss Mary Robinson, tells us in an exquisite sonnet about the ideal which enthrals her—

> For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
> To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
> His voice like April airs that in our isle
> Wake sap in trees that slept since autumn went.
> His words are all caresses, and his smile
> The relic of some Eden ravishment;
> And he that loves me so I call: Content.

But Samuel Rutherfurd's Content is a living Person and not an abstract quality, and His name is Jesus Christ. Again, Mr. Stevenson in a wonderful letter unfolds his supreme affection: "O the height and depth of novelty and worth in art! and O that I am privileged to swim through such oceans! What a great space and a great air there is! An art is a fine fortune, a palace, a band of music, health, and beauty. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall unless I lost her; but, while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely." If one reads the passage a second time, deleting the word Art and substituting the word Christ, it is what Rutherfurd would have written. He went to sleep with Christ for his pillow; he awoke in Christ. Doubtless he loved both the girl-wife of his youth and the home-companion of his riper years, although in him, as in others of his Covenanting kin, we note a certain detachment from the ties and tendernesses of the family; but, while he could endure widowhood, he would have refused the offering of life without his Christ. His heart, as he said, was not his own; Jesus had run away to heaven with it.

Christ had been near him in infancy, though he was a man before he confessed his Lover's grace. Playing once with the boys of Crailing, the child stumbled into a deep well; and his frightened comrades ran to acquaint his father and mother. They hurried out, fearing that they would not see their Samuel alive. But they discovered him "sitting on a hillock, a little from the well, all wet and cold," but unharmed and safe. How had he got there? they asked, and he answered, "A bonnie white Man drew me forth and set me down." The old story-teller adds, "It is thought it was an angel." But we may surmise that, in later years, the boy ascribed his deliverance to One more excellent than the angels, their Lord, Who had "come riding on the rainbow and clouds" to rescue him.

And, if Christ was the Beginning, the End was Christ, beheld with clearest intelligence and firmest faith and consuming love. The *Analecta* preserves some "words that dropped from him at several times," as, in that March of 1661, Rutherfurd lay in his room and looked for his Master. "I shall shine; I shall see Him as He is. I shall see Him reigne, and all the fair company with Him, and I shall have my large share. Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer, and noe other forme. This seems to be a wide word; but it's noe fancy nor delusion: it's treu, it's treu!" These, too, were his exultations: "My blessed Master! My kingly King! Let my Lord's name be exalted; and, if He will, let my name be ground to peices, that He may be all and in all. If He should slay me ten thousand times ten thousand times, I'll trust." Often he repeated the text, *Thy Word was found, and I did eat it, and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.* "It's noe easy thing to be a Christian," he said to one; "but, for me, I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both His armes to embrace me." "At the beginning of my suffering," he told some friends, "I had my fears that I might have my faintings, and not be caryed creditably throu; and I laid this before the Lord; and as sure as ever He spoke to me in His Word, as sure His Spirit witnessed in my heart, *Fear not*; and the outgate shall not be simply matter of prayer but matter of praise." "Fedd on manna"—it was one of his ejaculations. When the end drew near, Robert Blair asked, "What think you now of Christ?" "I shall live and adore Him," he replied; and in whispers he was heard saying again and again, "Glory to Him in Emanuell's land!"

That One Face was more and more his Universe. Some one alluded to his own work of faith; but he was quick to interrupt: "I disclaim all. The port I would be in at is redemption and salvation through His blood." To four of his brethren who visited him, he gave the counsel: "Pray for Christ; preach for Christ; do all for Christ; beware of men-pleasing." Once or twice he cried for "a well-tuned harp," as if already he would participate in the strains of the worshippers within the veil. On the afternoon before he died, he predicted: "This night will close the door, and fasten my anchor; and I shall go away in a sleep by five in the morning." And thus it happened; for at that hour on the morning of the 29th of March—the daybreak hour which, as Henry Vaughan sings, "best doth chime" with the glory of the divine Bridegroom, and in which all things throughout the creation "expect some sudden matter"—God hid Samuel Rutherfurd with Himself from the wrangling and cruelty of wicked men.

Between the Parliament in Edinburgh and the deathbed in St. Andrews there is more than the distance which separates earth from heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

MARQUIS AND MARTYR.

ABOUT Archibald Campbell, the eighth Earl and the first Marquis of Argyll, there clings the fascination with which mystery and manysidedness invest a man. His nature is complex, involved, and difficult at times to read. It is not as straight as the flight of an arrow, nor as clear as the landscape which the noonday sun explains. Two portraits of him live in fiction, one nearly a century old, the other limned but a year or two since. The earlier, that of *The Legend of Montrose,* is the more unfavourable. "His dark complexion, furrowed forehead, and downcast look, gave him the appearance of one frequently engaged in the consideration of important affairs, who has acquired by long habit an air of gravity, which he cannot shake off even where there is nothing to be concealed. The cast with his eyes, which had procured him in the Highlands the nickname of Gillespie Grumach, or the Grim, was less perceptible when he looked downward, which perhaps was one cause of his having adopted that habit. In person he was tall and thin, but not without that dignity of deportment and manners which became his high rank. Something there was cold in his address and sinister in his look. He was adored by his own clan, whose advancement he had greatly studied, while others conceived themselves in danger from his future schemes, and all dreaded the height to which he was elevated." The later picture, drawn by Mr. Neil Munro, is more psychological and discriminating than Scott's rougher and rapider sketch. "Had our Lordship in-bye," says John Splendid, "been sent a-fostering in the old style, brought up to the chase and the sword and manly comportment, he would not have that wan cheek this day, and that swithering about what he would be at next." Or we may hearken to Archibald the Grim himself, as this most recent chronicler reports his confessions: "There is, I allow, a kind of man whom strife sets off, a middling good man in his way perhaps, with a call to the sword whose justice he has never questioned. I have studied the philosophies; I have reflected on life, the unfathomable problem; and, before God, I begin to doubt my very right to wear a breastplate against the poignard of fate. Dubiety plays on me like a flute." Here is a personality not to be interpreted by any short and easy method—one which may present bewildering and opposing aspects, and which is sure to be familiar with conflicting moods.

Let us admit that Argyll's greatness was not that of the soldier. He had moral courage; but he knew little about the warrior's stern joy in the clash of conflicting foes. On the fatal February day in 1645, when at Inverlochy they faced Montrose, the men who wore the Campbell tartan were "hewn down on the edge of the tide till its waves ran red." And their chief left the scene of carnage in his barge, the *Dubhlinnseach*—the *Black Sail*—before the battle he lost had well commenced. Perhaps he would have come through it honourably enough; but it was one of the critical moments when "dubiety played on him like a flute." He listened to the advice of others, who pleaded that his life was much too precious to the cause of the Covenant to be exposed to needless danger—listened to them until his own directness of vision and power of initiative were forfeited; and the failure followed, and by and by the remorse. Others of the Campbells, as Bishop Wishart, Montrose's eulogist, is ready to admit, showed themselves "stout and gallant" in the early hours of the fight which resulted so disastrously; and of the seventeen hundred who perished on the field the majority belonged to the clan. But its overlord, whom the Estates of Parliament were soon to thank for behaving "painfully, wisely, and diligently in his late expedition against the rebels," did nothing by his own example to avert the rout of his friends. Gillespie Grumach—although, after all, that unflattering sobriquet is not his own but his father's—was not among the generals whose very presence brings exhilaration and victory.

Let us admit, too, that, like Cæsar, he was ambitious. He had no liking for the subordinate place. But it is hard for the man who aspires to primacy to be always consistent, to keep the unswerving course, and to steer right onward. Biting adjectives are often affixed to Argyll's name; Lord Morley has said that in his politics he was "a shifty and astute opportunist." Surely they are draconian judges who write in this style. He had his compromises and concealments; it was not easy, in those years of turmoil, for the leaders in opinion and action to avoid accepting at times, instead of the prize on which their own hearts were set, some poorer substitute. If it must be granted that he appeared variable, the sudden surprises, the strange turnings and windings, of the history in which he was so outstanding a figure, are accountable for most of the changes in his tactics. In 1648, in the days of the Whiggamore Raid, when Preston had plunged the promoters of the Engagement into humiliation, and when the stricter Covenanters were supreme, he supped with Cromwell at Moray House, in the Canongate of Edinburgh. Six months later he cherished thoughts the reverse of friendly towards the English captain and his army. But the revolution in feeling had a sufficient cause. In the interval the scaffold at Whitehall had been erected. The Scots, who abhorred the tyrannies of the King, held his person and his office inextinguishably dear; and Argyll shared to the full both their hates and their loves. It was in his blood, it was a necessity of birth and temperament, that he should set himself against the less emotional and more thoroughgoing Roundheads. But we could wish that, in the recoil of soul, he had been saved from espousing the quarrel of Charles the Second with such entire abandonment. "He used all possible address," writes Clarendon, "to make himself gracious to the King." He "entertained him with very pleasant discourses, and with such insinuations that His Majesty did not only very well like his conversation but often believed that he had a mind to please and gratify him." It is true that, through it all, he was pedagogue as much as subject. He established a watchful control over his sovereign. If Charles hinted at plans of which he did not approve, he "gathered up his countenance and retired," abruptly terminating the inconvenient discussion by leaving the room and shutting the door. But he lost favour for a while with the stricter Covenanters, a Colonel Strachan and a Colonel Ker, because there seemed to be no boundaries to his endeavours on behalf of the chief Malignant. He was principal performer in the coronation scene at Scone. There were even proposals that the prince should marry the eldest of his four daughters, the Lady Anne Campbell, " a gentlewoman of rare parts and education." The scheme came to nothing, for Queen Henrietta Maria would not tolerate it, and Charles was not himself a passionate wooer ; but the disenchantment brought sore grief to poor Lady Anne, who " lossed her spirit and turned absolutely distracted," and probably the indiscreet plan was remembered at a later time to her father's discredit and undoing. Yet, short of becoming his son-in-law, the King of 1650 and 1651 was prepared to lavish every favour on the powerful noble, whose support he was so keen to win. " Particularly, I doe promis," he wrote in a letter from " St. Johnston," as the city of Perth used to be called, " that I will mak him Duk of Argyll, and Knight of the Garter, and one of the gentlemen of my bedchamber ; and this to be performed when he shall think it fitt. And I doe further promis him to hearken to his counsels ; and, whensoever it shall pleas God to restor me to my just rights in England, I shall see him payed the forty thousand pounds sterling, which is due to him. All which I doe promis to mak good, upon the word of a King." Imagination could not have guessed, when this letter was sent, the tragedy which the future was keeping for its recipient ; but frequently Charles's smiles were auguries of disaster as sure as his frowns. Having travelled so far in Royalism, the Marquis needed to behave himself with wariness and circumspection through Cromwell's tenure of power. To Major-General Deane he gave his formal submission to the Commonwealth ; but there was little love on either side. In the Newsletters written by the soldiers of the Parliamentary army, one reads their distrust of the man whom they dreaded most in Scotland : " It's said Argyle hath sent a Letter with several addresses to the titular King ; what the effect of it is, as yet we know not. He is a subtle Fox, but, if he close not quickly, it is not the rockie Earths he hath amongst the Mountains that can secure him." First and last, the politician trod a difficult path; and, more than once or twice, his feet were besmirched with its mire, and were trapped and entangled in its thorns.

Yet Scotland would have fared happily, if she had been permitted to keep his hand on the helm of affairs. Within her borders he was the one man of his time, Professor Hume Brown has said with truth, who can be regarded as a statesman; and the eulogy is only a modern version of the older testimony that, in the hour of crisis, he "did give most and best advice in every purpose." We recall what Catherine de Medici told the Huguenots about Gaspard de Coligny: "If the Admiral were dead, I would not offer you a cup of cold water." Archibald Campbell was equally indispensable to the men who trusted him; and good John Howie of Lochgoin is as true as he is epigrammatic, when he declares that he had "piety for a Christian, sense for a counsellor, courage for a martyr, and a soul for a king."

Piety for a Christian: that is Argyll's enduring diadem. His Protestantism had always been beyond dispute. While he was quite young—just approaching his majority, if we adopt the conclusion, arrived at by Mr. Willcock in his exhaustive biography, that he was born in 1607—his father, going over to the Roman Catholic Church, had been compelled to surrender to his eldest son the family inheritance and more than one public office. But a man may be a zealous Protestant who has no vital faith; and it was not for ten years more that the new ruler of western Scotland from Ben Cruachan to the Mull of Kintyre bowed, in lowliness of trust and obedience, before the Master

Who is greater than he. In the *Analecta,* that voluminous and delectable notebook, we read that he owed his soul to Alexander Henderson. "During the Assembly at Glasgow, Mr. Henderson and other ministers spent many nights in prayer with the Marquis of Argyll; and he dated either his conversion or the knowledge of it from these times." It was at the epoch-making Assembly, moreover, that he first confessed his ecclesiastical predilections. When the King's Commissioner left the High Church and the resolute ministers, Argyll advised them to persevere as if nothing had happened. His sympathy with them had been secret too long, he avowed; henceforward he would espouse their cause in the light of day and against all challengers. The Moderator could not refrain from giving open expression to his gladness over so notable a recruit. "Though we had not a nobleman to assist us," he said, and there was no braggadocio in the valiant words, "our cause were not the worse nor the weaker; but occasion is given us to bless God that they are coming in daily."

Scotland's first citizen never withdrew his championship of the Covenanters, and never became lukewarm in their defence. In the warfare of religion he was free from the uncertainties and reserves which weakened his influence, and cast some doubts over his fortitude, in the campaigns of the clans; "his authority and wise courage," Baillie says, "has much stopped the mouths of our enemies." The chivalry was to cost him dear. It made him adversaries among the men whose season of holiday and lordship began when Charles Stuart returned from vagabondage to the throne. "Underhand Argayll," Rothes dubs him in a letter written a month before the Restoration—Rothes, the degenerate son of the old Earl who figured in the Greyfriars at the swearing of the Covenant. Middleton, too, coveted for himself some of the Marquis's estates and prerogatives. But, what was worst of all, the sequel showed that the monarch was determined to crush the strongest of his Scottish lieges. There were to be no Dukedoms and decorations for Archibald Campbell, although they had been promised him on the word of a king.

No, but something very different. Six weeks after Charles entered London, the Marquis went south to congratulate him. He had been warned of the danger of the journey; there were observant friends who saw the storm impending. But he would not admit a doubt of his royal master's constancy; he steadfastly set his face to go up to his Jerusalem. "That is a fatal man," Lord Chancellor Clarendon whispered to his son when he caught sight of him in London streets; and the ill-omened adjective meant that Argyll's execution was already fixed and that the blow would soon descend. The sovereign never allowed him to come nearer his presence than the precincts of Whitehall; as soon as his arrival was known, he commanded Sir William Fleming to imprison him in the Tower. There, through summer and autumn and early winter, he lay in chains, relieving to some extent the monotony of the long confinement by composing a little book of *Instructions to a Son.* "'Tis better to trust in valour than in policy," he affirmed in one of its brief essays; and if the sentence stirs a certain astonishment, as coming from one whose statecraft had been more conspicuous than his hardihood where the swords clash and fire leaps from the muskets, it was to summarise his own splendid steadfastness of soul during the supreme weeks in front of him. In December he was sent back to Scotland by sea, to stand his trial before

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, FIRST MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

the Parliament in Edinburgh. It was a trial which might have been omitted altogether, no process of justice, but a travesty of righteous procedure. The judges had decided from the commencement what the end was to be. "The M. of Argyl," wrote James Sharp on the 7th of February 1661, "is to be arraigned upon Moonday nixt; the most able advocats cannot be induced to plead for him, concluding him a gone man."

Judges and advocates understood the wishes of Charles, and they were unvexed by scruples of conscience. All sorts of obstacles were thrown in the prisoner's way. The young lawyers who at length were persuaded to defend him—Robert Sinclair, and John Cunningham, and George Mackenzie, the last the "Bluidy Mackenzie" of later decades—were shamefully threatened and bullied. He had insufficient time allotted him to prepare any vindication of himself. He was hurried from examination to examination. Yet, although there were no fewer than fourteen counts in the elaborate indictment; although now his Covenanting, and now his harassing of Montrose, and then his compliance with Cromwell, and again his questioning of the divine right of kings, was the charge which he had to rebut; although the weary debates dragged their slow length along from January until the latter part of May: he did not once lose heart, and he succeeded in making his essential innocence so incontrovertible that even the venal tribunal before which he stood began to feel itself perplexed and baffled. Could it be that the victim, who had been marked for the scaffold, was to escape its toils and to regain his liberty? Here and there he found his sympathisers, who had nerve enough to range themselves on his side; there is no flock of black sheep but shows one or two snowy fleeces. One day the leader of this gallant minority was speaking on his friend's behalf, when suddenly a peremptory knocking was heard at the door. It was a messenger who had ridden post-haste from London, from the Duke of Albemarle, the Duke whom the country knew as General Monck, and who brought from his Grace a packet of old letters which the Marquis had written years before. They were opened. They supplied the one argument for which the unjust arbiters in the Parliament House were searching, to excuse the crime which they were pledged to commit. On the evidence of a turncoat they condemned the truer man at their bar.

In the packet were six letters, the earliest dated in July 1653 and the latest in September 1654, the first three being addressed to Colonel Lilburn and the others to Monck himself. It was the time when, in the North country, the Earls of Middleton and Glencairn were leading their futile military insurrection in support of Charles. As best he could, Argyll had to steer his course between the beetling crag of Scylla and the roaring pool of Charybdis. He was himself Royalist at heart; but, with the prudence which was always so dominant a trait in his character, he had no desire, in those days of Cromwell's supremacy, to show frankly his attachment to the exiled Stuart prince. The men of his own house, however, were the foes of this neutral and carefully balanced policy. His son, Lord Lorne, with whom indeed he had more than one sharp quarrel, had, in opposition to his wishes, openly joined Charles's lieutenants in the Highlands. Here, then, was the father's dilemma: If he stayed behind, in Inverary or Edinburgh, his fealty to the King would be called in question, while, if he disclosed in any unequivocal way his sympathies with the insurrection, he broke the troth he had sworn a few months previously to the Commonwealth, and violated promises which had been very definitely given. It was a cruel perplexity; but, in the end, he decided that he must keep faith with Oliver, and, to prove the genuineness of his goodwill, he offered to send to headquarters what information he could glean regarding the movements of the royal forces. In the first letter, he bewails the conduct of his son: "I put it to him to declare unto me if he was free from engagements with those people now stirring. He declared that he was not resolved to engage with them"—an exceedingly guarded negative; "howsoever, immediately after his going out of my sight, he took horse and went to Glenorquhy, where it seems he had appointed a meeting with Auchinbreck, M'Naughton, Sir Arthur Forbes, and such as are of that crew." The second letter adds new details of Lord Lorne's proceedings, and sets down the names of some who were prominent in the revolt. In the third, the writer makes fervent profession of his own sincerity: "I trust in the Lord, whatsoever the malice of men shall either openly calumniate me in or privately suggest against me, my way shall be found straight, and that in His strength alone Who is only able to sustain His Own." The fourth recounts his efforts to procure the payment of Cess to the English Government. The fifth tells how he has succeeded in intercepting some of the enemy's papers. The last is another eager *apologia pro vita sua*: "Though I shall not go about to excuse my ignorance or weakness, yet upon the exactest trial that can be, which I beg may be taken, if your Honor"—it is Monck whom he is addressing—"find any want in me either of honesty or affection to the service your Honor is about, I shall be content to be accoumpted and used as a most unworthy person." These were the fateful letters which secured the Marquis's destruction. It will be granted at once that they were sufficient for the purpose. So strongly was this realised that, whenever they had been read, the friends of Argyll left the court; they confessed that nothing could avail him now. But, at the bar of history, what condemnation is heavy enough for General Monck? If his victim had, through stress of circumstances, parleyed with the Commonwealth and rendered it some slight assistance, he had himself been one of its most signal and indefatigable captains, forgetting nothing which might establish its rule and promote its prosperity. He had changed camps and causes just in time to gain high rank among Charles's courtiers; but his must have been a conscience hardened to adamant, and seared as with a hot iron, when he could pursue to death one whose offences were a thousandfold smaller than his own.

The sentence was relentless. The prisoner was bidden kneel down. "I will, in all humility," he replied, and suited the action to the word. Then the verdict was read: "That Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyll, is found guilty of high treason, and is adjudged to be execute to the death as a traitor, his head to be severed from his body at the Cross of Edinburgh, upon Monday, the twenty-seventh instant, and to be affixed in the same place where the Marquis of Montrose's head was formerly." He craved a respite of ten days, that he might address a last petition to his King; probably he anticipated the curt and pitiless refusal with which the trifling boon was vetoed. But no shadow of misgiving darkened his spirit; whatever had been frail and faulty and crooked in his nature appeared to fall from him in his closing hours, and the inner dignity of the man—the piety of the Christian—shone forth unmistakably. " I had the honour to set the crown on the King's head," he said, " and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own." Then, looking round on the crowded benches, he spoke his final message to his persecutors. " You have the indemnity of an earthly King in your hands, and have denied me a share in that ; but you cannot hinder me from the indemnity of the King of kings. Shortly you must be before His tribunal. I pray He mete not out such measure to you as you have done to me." It is not too much to say that this sufferer seemed to be baptized into the forgiving ruth of Calvary, and that the younger brother reminds us in his more finite measure of the Elder and His exceeding grace.

It was Saturday, the 25th of May 1661 ; within two days his fight would be over. He employed the brief pause very nobly. In the Tolbooth he found the Marchioness waiting for him—the Lady Margaret Douglas she had been, until she was wedded to Lord Lorne five-and-thirty summers past and gone. " They have given me," he told her with quiet gentleness, " till Monday to be with you, my dear " ; and she flung herself into his arms in an agony of weeping, crying out, " The Lord will require it ! The Lord will require it ! " But it was not on this Saturday for the first time that she felt the sharpness of the heartbreak ; through ten long years the doom awaiting her husband had risen with her every morning. " After King Charles's Coronation," Wodrow says, " when he was in Stirling, the Marquis waited long for an opportunity to deal freely with the King anent his going contrary to the Covenant, and favouring the Malignants, and other sins. And Sabbath night, after supper, he went in with him to his closet, and there used a great deal of freedom with him, and the King was seemingly

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sensible, and they came that length as to pray and mourn together till two or three in the morning. And when at that time he came home to his Lady, she was surprised, and told him she never knew him so untimeous. He said, he had never had such a sweet night in the world, and told her all—what liberty they had in prayer, and how much concerned the King was. She said plainly, they were 'crocodile tears,' and that night would cost him his head." Thus it is that love purges the vision as with euphrasy and rue, and lays heavy burdens on the soul; and now, the predestined hour having come, its gloomiest forecasts were proving all too true.

But in his breast her husband wore the Flower of Peace, "the rose that cannot wither." All his life the Marquis had reproached himself, not wholly without reason, for his nervousness and timidity; even in prison, he confessed, he had hitherto been somewhat inclined to fear. But, since he hearkened to the death-warrant, these alarms, like birds of bad omen, had spread their dusky wings and flown away. "For my part," he said, "I am as content to be here," among the felons in the common gaol, "as in the Castle, and I was as content in the Castle as in the Tower of London, and there I was as content as when at liberty; and I hope to be as content upon the scaffold as in any of them all." He could ascribe the surgeless calm to nothing else than the special mercy of God. Both nights he slept soundly, as his bedfellow, David Dickson, could testify. On the Monday morning he rose early; for he had papers to subscribe, and letters to compose, and many friends to see. But it was no longer possible to hide that mystic gladness of the Holy Ghost which possessed him. "I thought to have concealed the Lord's goodness," he broke out; "but it will not do.

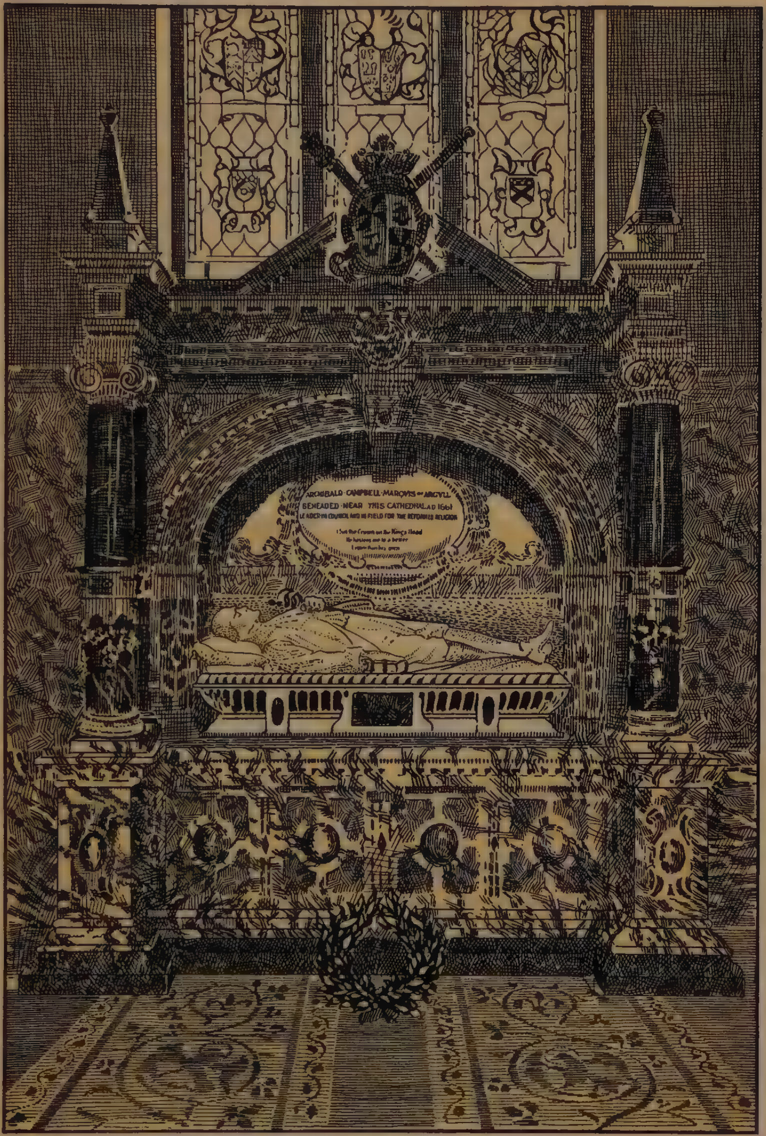
I am ordering my affairs, and God is sealing my charter to a better inheritance. He is just now saying to me, *Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven.*" Argyll was tasting no draught of death, but an elixir of life.

To the end the brave equanimity was maintained. He forewarned the ministers who visited him that, in the years which were impending, they must "either suffer much or sin much"; for there would be no neutral zone, where they could denude themselves of their responsibilities. He wrote King Charles who had pursued him to his doom, and there was not a syllable of querulous complaint in the letter to his "Most Sacred Sovereign"; there was nothing else than the assertion of his freedom from every misdemeanour except that of a forced acquiescence in Cromwell's domination, "which was an epidemic disease and fault of the time"; this assertion, and the entreaty that his widow and children should not suffer on his account; and then the prayer that "your Majesty and your successors may always sway the sceptre of these nations, and that they may be a blessed people under your government." It was now almost two o'clock, the time which had been fixed for the execution; and the officer told him that they must hasten. He rose at once, and moved towards the door, taking farewell of one and another in the room. "I could die like a Roman," he said, in words which have never been forgotten; "but I choose rather to die like a Christian. Come away, gentlemen; he that goes first goes cleanliest." On the way down the stair, he called James Guthrie to him—James Guthrie who, within a week, was to follow him along the road of martyrdom. The two bondmen and freemen of Christ embraced each other. "My Lord," Guthrie assured him, "God has been with you, He is with you, and He will be with you.

Such is my respect for your Lordship that, if I were not under the sentence of death myself, I could cheerfully die for your Lordship." So those who were ready to be offered up greeted one another, as they went joyously to the altar-fires.

On the scaffold he bore himself as a courteous gentleman. He bowed with grave serenity to those whom he found waiting for him. Then, after one of the ministers had prayed, he spoke his farewell words to the crowd. He would say nothing, he declared, regarding the hardness of the sentence; "I bless the Lord," he added, "I pardon all men, as I desire to be pardoned myself." He professed again his devotion to His Majesty's person and government; "I was real and cordial in my desires to bring the King home, and in my endeavours for him when he was at home." His regard for the earthly monarch was secondary only to his more consuming affection for the Heavenly. "It is the duty of every Christian to be loyal; yet I think the order of things is to be observed as well as their nature. Religion must not be in the cockboat, but in the ship. God must have what is His, as well as Cæsar what is his. Those are the best subjects that are the best Christians." Indeed, no Roman of them all, not Marcus Regulus in the splendour of his captivity and sacrifice in Carthage, had a grander ending than this. "I stayed and saw him die," says Elrigmore in Mr. Munro's story; "I saw his head up and his chin in the air as behoved his quality, the day he went through that noisy, crowded, causied Edinburgh—Edinburgh of the doleful memories, Edinburgh whose ports I never enter but I feel a tickling at the nape of my neck, as where a wooden collar should lie before the shear fall."

When the last speech was done, another of the ministers prayed; and afterwards the Marquis carried


ARCHIBALD · CAMPBELL · MARQVIS OF ARGYLL
BEHEADED · NEAR THIS CATHEDRAL A D 1661
LEADER IN COUNCIL AND IN FIELD FOR THE REFORMED RELIGION
I set the Crown on the Kings Head
He hastens me to a better

THE MONUMENT TO THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL,
IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL.

the requests of his own soul to God in petitions which lingered in the memories of those who heard them. This was the time when Cunningham, his physician, as the doctor himself told Bishop Burnet, touched his patron's pulse, and discovered that it was beating at the usual rate, unhurried and strong. And now he went forward to the Maiden. "My Lord," said George Hutcheson the preacher, "hold your grip sicker"—keep your grasp unshaken on Him Who is Faithful and True. "Mr. Hutcheson," Argyll answered, "you know what I said in the chamber; I am not afraid to be surprised with fear." Once more, in a clear voice, "as one entering on eternity and about to appear before his Judge," he proclaimed himself innocent of the accusations brought against him. Then he kneeled down, and, having prayed in silence, he gave the signal, the lifting up of his hand. The knife descended. Archibald Campbell of Argyll was with his Master Christ, where the saints are fully and eternally liberated not from their adversaries merely but from themselves.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHORT MAN WHO COULD NOT BOW

ONE of John Bunyan's Minor Prophets is Mr. Standfast. When the Pilgrims come on him, they and he are near the termination of their journey. In the Enchanted Ground, "one of the last refuges that the enemy has," they find their new comrade on his knees, speaking earnestly to One Who is above. He has been tempted by Madam Bubble, who has offered to make him great and happy; "she is never weary of commending her commodities," says Great-heart the guide. Not until Mr. Standfast gave himself to wrestling with God did the "tall comely dame," with her swarthy complexion, and a smile at the end of every sentence, and a great purse at her side into which her fingers were perpetually straying, go her ways and leave him victor on the field.

Among the Covenanters James Guthrie is Mr. Standfast's counterpart. The son of the Laird of Guthrie in Forfarshire, he might have claimed Madam Bubble's treasures. His father coveted Episcopal preferment for him, and at first his own wishes ran the same courtly road; in his youth he was "prelatic and strong for the ceremonies." There was one of his Bishop's daughters, too, whose face stole into his boyish heart, and he would joyfully have been her lover and knight. But other transports were moving him soon. He went from Brechin Grammar School to St.

Andrews, where he gained repute for scholarship, and was made regent, or professor, of philosophy. And in the College cloisters his soul awoke no less than his mind. Samuel Rutherfurd's friendship was partly responsible for the change ; and the weekly meetings which teachers and students held for prayer, where "Christ was in the midst, their Friend," did the rest. When James Guthrie left the University, it was to accept a call to a humble Presbyterian church. He had chosen the path which should lead him, not to a mitre, but to a crown of sharp cactus thorns. "I am not ashamed to give glory to God," he told the Parliament two months before he died, "that, until the year 1638, I was treading other steps ; and the Lord did then graciously recover me out of the snare of Prelacy, Ceremonies, and the Service Book." Mr. Standfast had shaken off the allurements of the Enchanted Ground.

Just before he was ordained, he had an opportunity of showing the side which he had espoused. He signed the National Covenant. The act had a portentous accompaniment. On his way to inscribe his name, he encountered the town's hangman, "which did move him somewhat, and made him walk up and down a little before he went forward." There was in him, as in the best men of his age, a touch of old-world credulousness. This was a prophecy, he said to his beating heart. But, let the issues be what they might, there was no thought of swerving. With the vision of death in his eyes, he wrote his autograph.

He was minister of Christ's Gospel for two-and-twenty years, the time being divided between his two charges of Lauder and Stirling. By 1650, he had transferred his home from the Berwickshire village to the town which is "the grey bulwark of the North."

It is with Stirling that we associate Guthrie's name. Here he spoke those sermons which "proved him a great master of reason." Here he lived out that character whose Christianity was never blurred and vague. Busy as he was in the government of the Church, James Cowie, his precentor and beadle and amanuensis, maintained that he kept his personal religion as newborn as if "he had been but a young convert"; and is it not a tribute to be envied? Nothing filled this *fidus Achates* with deeper awe than the prayers of his master at family worship. They chased and seized and condemned every besetting iniquity; and the listener felt that he was himself being exposed and scourged. At last he could endure the poignant slings and arrows no longer. "Tell me freely," he begged, "in what I have grieved you." But James Guthrie disabused him. It was his own wicked heart, the minister said, which he was humiliating, and they were his own errors which he tracked with the sleuth-hounds of self-scrutiny. It is an incident which casts the vividest light on the strength of his convictions of sin, and on his intimacy with the abysses of the soul. Once again we think of Mr. Standfast, importuning for his life.

The manse at Stirling was an *ecclesiola Dei,* if one may steal Philip Melanchthon's Latin—a little church of God. We can cite another witness to the fact besides James Cowie. To the minister and his wife—for Guthrie had won a better helpmate than the Bishop's daughter after whom his green love hankered—Isabel Dougal was maidservant, a maidservant who was an "elect lady" also. She had much to relate in after years of her experiences. Once her master caught her contradicting her mistress. "Isabel," he said, "I thought you had learned that which is enjoined you by the Spirit of God, *Not answering again*"; and the reproof did its work. No weak place could she detect in Mr. Guthrie's armour, unless it were his carelessness about money, an infirmity with which many of the saints have been touched. "My Heart," he would say to Mrs. Guthrie, "I am going a journey on the affairs of the Church, and you must get me fifty merks"; though where the silver merks were to come from neither mistress nor maid could divine. It is heartsome reading that, when Isabel and the precentor were married, Guthrie insisted, gentleman that he was, that he must give the bride away. And very touching is the ultimate record of his affection for those true helpers. In the Tolbooth James Cowie was writing as his clerk. "I have one other letter," the prisoner said, "for choice Christian friends, although I know not who they are." The secretary set down the glowing sentences; and the mystery flashed on their author's mind. "James!" he cried, "it is to your wife and you that I must send this letter." There must have been an aroma of the better country haunting ever afterwards the latest bequest of the man these two revered.

Everything in the Stirling home is "holy, happy, healthy," as the good Silurist portrays the home above. There was a time when, in one of the rooms, James Guthrie lay at the gates of death. His attendant was at the bedside, and the sick man bade him read the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. But at the words, *I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,* the listener burst into tears. "I have nothing else to lippen to," he said—no sentence to lean upon, so stable as this pronouncement of Sovereignty and Love. In those anxious days his friends literally prayed him back to life. Most peremptory among them was

Johnston of Wariston. "Lord," he wept, "Thou knowest the Church cannot want him."

Wariston was right. The Church could not spare the leader in Synod and Assembly. He drew up a shrewd little treatise on Elders and Deacons, which sometimes has been ascribed in mistake to his cousin, the writer of *The Christian's Great Interest.* His fingers, too, helped to pen the pamphlet on *The Causes of the Lord's Wrath against Scotland,* which was to furnish his opponents with a weapon they would use to his hurt. That was in September and October 1651, when the leaders of the Remonstrant party in the Church met, first in Glasgow and then in Edinburgh, to consider their domestic troubles, and to arrive at the conclusion that sin, personal and ministerial and official and national, was the spring and origin of these—the sin of crowning Charles Stuart at Scone being greatest and chief. Hugh Kennedy had something to do with the composition of the manifesto, and probably Archibald Johnston suggested a sentence here and there. But Guthrie's was the principal hand in preparing it for Christopher Higgins, the printer; and the crime was not forgotten when he came to thole his last assize. Yet, built of oak and iron as he seemed to be, he carried an inexhaustible sweetness of temper into the debates of the Kirk. If he found any heat of passion bubbling up, and the patience of Christ being forgotten, he would say, "We must give over now." Stoutest of the Protesters although he was, he had rather lose the battle in logic than offend against the royal law. Beneath the life spent in a hundred conflicts, there lay and brooded and sang a spirit attuned to melody.

It is time, however, to make fuller acquaintance with Mr. Standfast in his soldier's dress: Mr. "Sickerfoot" was the very name the Malignants of Stirling devised for him. Some episodes in his career—episodes ten years older than the Restoration—provide us with unanswerable proof of his boldness.

We see him, at eight of a May morning, in company with Robert Trail, — Robert Trail, who, for this and similar misdemeanours, was yet to spend many years of his life in exile at Rotterdam,—going by order of the Assembly to the Tolbooth, to speak to the Marquis of Montrose. It is the proud chieftain's time of dolour, and to-morrow is his execution day. But he is as intrepid as he has always been. Will James Guthrie quail before him? Far from that. He will do his duty, without harshness and without compromise. He tells Montrose that his natural temper is "too aspiring and lofty"; that he did wrong to enlist Irish rebels among his followers; that he ought not to have violated the Covenant. And the Marquis, being a poet and a scholar, is playsome and eloquent. He mixes his discourse with "many Latin apothegms." He argues with the ministers that they are chargeable with the death of Charles the First. "Error is infinite" —that is his sententious axiom. "I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the Church of Scotland": it is the one concession which he makes. There must have been yearning and regret in Guthrie's heart, when he took good-bye of the imperious cavalier.

Or let us look at him as he deals with the Earl of Middleton. There is a plot to coax the younger Charles to forsake the Committee of Estates, and to trust himself to the easy-going soldier and his friends. The prince is willing enough; but the conspiracy is unmasked. Then the Commission of Assembly appoints the minister of Stirling to read in his own church sentence of excommunication on Middleton. Going to worship on the Sabbath, he is met by a stranger who hands him a letter. It contains a request from the King, the Committee of Estates, and the Commission repentant now of its venturesomeness and zeal, that the excommunication may be delayed. The bell has rung out its last note, and the minister can scarcely decide how to act. "Dear Heart," his wife counsels, "what the Lord gives you clearness to do, that do." And, after sermon, the embarrassment has vanished. Let whoever will be angry, the Assembly's verdict, Guthrie feels, must be proclaimed. Proclaimed it is, and the country learns of it, and, although the ban is lifted from his head three months later in Dundee, John Middleton never forgives the man who has denounced him.

And he crosses swords with Charles himself. Being unable to bow acquiescently in any house of Rimmon, he has preached against the Public Resolutions "as involving ane conjunctione with the malignant partie in the land." The King summons him, and his colleague, David Bennet, who is of one mind with him, to Perth, where in the days before Worcester he holds his court. But if he fancies that he will overawe so undaunted a fighter, he learns his miscalculation immediately. James Guthrie is King's man to the core of his nature, and will render to Cæsar every penny that is Cæsar's. But, first and last and midst, he is Christ's man. He informs his prince that, while he owns his authority in civil affairs, he must not meddle with matters of religion; and for this recalcitrance he is ordered to remain in ward in Perth for a time. It is Andrew Melville risen to life once more.

Most notable of all, were his two encounters with Cromwell. The first took place in the late autumn

JAMES GUTHRIE.

of 1648, when the commander of the Ironsides was lodged in the house of the Earl of Moray in the Canongate of Edinburgh. Three Presbyterian ministers went to visit him—Robert Blair, David Dickson, and James Guthrie. With " a fair flourish of words," as they reported afterwards, the leader of the Sectaries talked with them, punctuating his conversation with tears and with fervent appeals to God to bear witness to his sincerity. They asked him a triplet of questions. To begin with, what did he think of monarchical government? and he replied that it pleased him well. Then, did he approve of religious toleration? and from such lips the answer amazes us, for they understood him to say "No." Finally, what was his opinion concerning the rule and direction of the Church of Christ? should it be Episcopal or Independent or Presbyterian? but now he complained that he was being pressed too severely, and that he must have time to deliberate. As they turned from the room, Dickson avowed his gladness in having heard " this man speak as he did." But Robert Blair, like too many of his Covenanting kinsfolk, had come to the colloquy predisposed against Mr. Carlyle's blameless paladin, and pronounced his very emotion false and feigned. " He is a dissembler," he retorted impatiently. " Away with him! he is a greeting devil." Guthrie's second interview with Cromwell was in April 1651, when the Lord General was in Glasgow. There, " on Sunday forenoon," as Principal Baillie reports, Oliver heard " Mr. Robert Ramsay preach a very honest sermon " ; and, in the afternoon, the commander and his staff still being auditors, Mr. John Carstares lectured, and Mr. James Durham " gave a fair enough testimony against the Sectaries "—the iron warrior and his friends seated in the pews of the High Kirk. The Englishmen had their own thoughts about the plain-spoken theology ;

and, next day, Cromwell invited the ministers to a conference. Guthrie and Patrick Gillespie were the advocates of the Covenanters; the Puritan leader himself, with Major-General Lambert, upheld the tenets of the mailed and helmeted saints. One longs to read the minutes of the discussion; but the record has not survived. "We had no disadvantage in the thing," Baillie asserts with Presbyterian pertinacity; but one of his rivals is as positive that victory lay with the other party—"Sure I am there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us." This is certain, that Oliver kept the figure of one of his antagonists enshrined in his recollection. When he told the story, or when James Guthrie's name was mentioned, he had his significant epithet for the preacher. "That short man who could not bow" was what he called him.

Thus steadily Mr. Sickerfoot walked to the grim consummation of his pilgrimage. A man of his calibre could not look for any favours, when the reign of riot and misrule was inaugurated. He had never wished to escape the confessor's garland; like Ignatius of Antioch, who dissuaded his fellow-Christians from asking God to spare his life, he hungered for it rather. Once, in Stirling, he was talking with some brother-ministers about "predominant sins"; and he owned that his was a too "masterful desire to suffer a public and violent death for Christ and His cause." The swift exodus, he said, was greatly better than protracted sickness. Imprisoned by disease, a man might lose his senses, and might renounce the vigour of his trust. But from the scaffold, if he was reproached for the Name's sake, he "stepped into eternity with the utmost distinctness and in the immediate exercise of prayer and faith." Was it a "predominant sin"—

this solicitude for the bitterness and the blessedness of the Cross? Only the suppliant who knew its intensity could brand it so; and, too soon for those who drew strength from his communion, his prayer was fulfilled, and from the gallows he leaped in a moment to the breast of God.

At the close of August in the Restoration year, he, with some of his spiritual kinsfolk, drew up an address to the King. They prayed for the safety of His Majesty's person. With bowed knees and bended affections, they besought him to employ his power for the conservation of the Reformed religion. They told him of their anxiety that he should prosecute the ends of the Covenants he had sworn. "It is the desire of our souls," they concluded, "that your Majesty may be like unto David, a man after God's own heart; like unto Solomon, of an understanding heart to discern betwixt good and bad; like unto Jehoshaphat, whose heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord; like unto Josias, who was of a tender heart, and did humble himself before God." The annals of Britain would have been less gleeful and sprightly, but more august, if the King's ambitions had harmonised in one detail with the purposes of this little band of his Scottish subjects.

But Charles did not dream of a theocracy. Before many hours had gone, the ten preachers, and one of the two laymen, who framed the exacting and ethereal address, were prisoners in Edinburgh Castle. James Guthrie was never to be free again. He was transferred to Stirling, and, afterwards, to Dundee; and then was brought back to Edinburgh; but his confinement was not once relaxed. Sharp hated the whole-hearted Protester,—a "hairbrain rebel," he called him, who "though less criminous than others," deserved "because of his pertinatiousnes to be the only sacrifice of our coat"; and Middleton was eager to punish the man who had excommunicated him. The indictment charged Guthrie with the authorship of *The Causes of the Lord's Wrath,* with writing the petition which led to his apprehension, with denying the King's power over the Church, and with utterances which savoured of treason. The net was drawn fast round the victim.

In February 1661, and again in April, he spoke in his defence before the Drunken Parliament. One of his lawyers — was it Cunningham or Nisbet? — bore frank witness to the skill he displayed. Not merely did he outwit the advocates in questions of divinity, but he surpassed them in their own fields; he might almost have been President of the Court. But better than his cleverness was his courage. "Throughout the whole course of my life," he boasted humbly, "I have studied to be serious, and not to deal with a slack hand in what I did look upon as my duty." "My Lord," he said, as he drew the April speech to its conclusion, "my conscience I cannot submit; but this old crazy body and mortal flesh I do submit, to do with it whatsoever you will, whether by death or banishment or imprisonment or anything else." *My conscience I cannot submit:* it is the creed in five words of all good soldiers of Jesus Christ, the Iliad of the martyrs in a nutshell.

In a thin house sentence was pronounced; for, after they had heard him, members slipped away, unwilling to be responsible for his bloodshedding. He was to be hanged at the Cross on Saturday, the 1st of June; his head was to be fixed on the Netherbow; his estate was to be confiscated: so the decision ran. While the Clerk was entering it on his parchments, they put him out from the chamber, among the rude pikemen crowded at the door ; but they could not mar his tranquillity ; he thought he had never enjoyed more of Christ's consolations than then. Soon he was recalled, to hear the doom ; and, when James Cowie saw him next, his master had a sort of majesty about him, and his features shone, as Stephen's did, when the Pharisees stoned him and "God's glory smote him on the face." Guthrie had his wish, and was going home to the wealthy place by the straightest path. Everything seemed to befriend him. He told his wife that he was more fortunate than the Marquis of Argyll ; "for my lord was beheaded, but I am to be hanged on a Tree as my Saviour was." One is sorrier for wife than for husband. "I but trouble you," she wept as she went away ; "I must now part from you." And he replied, already a tenant of the Heavenlies, "Henceforth I know no one after the flesh." He panted to be clear of the happiest entanglements, and to answer the welcome of his Redeemer.

On the Friday evening he dictated a number of letters, with Robert Wodrow's father for his scribe. He signed and sealed them himself, the seal bearing the family crest ; but instantly he turned it round, and drew it over the new-made impression, and thus obliterated the heraldry. "I have no more to do with coats of arms," he explained. He supped heartily, though generally he was very abstemious ; and then he slept an unbroken sleep, until four o'clock in the morning, when he sat up, and poured out his longings in prayer. The sunlight came streaming in, and James Cowie asked how he did. "Very well," he answered ; "*this is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice in it.*" And now "the best was at hand," as a friend had written—now, while his adversaries

" got the foil," he was to " get the victory." He would have walked unbound to the gallows; but they tied his hands, as if he were a common thief. Along with him, to share his death, went Captain William Govan, a blunt Protester soldier. Two or three steps up the ladder, where he could be seen easily by the crowd, Guthrie halted to make his last speech. " I durst not redeem my life with the loss of my integrity," he said; " I did judge it better to suffer than to sin." And, again: " My corruptions have been strong and many, and have made me a sinner in all things, yea, even in following my duty; and therefore righteousness have I none of my own. But I do believe that *Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, whereof I am chief.*" And, yet again: " I take God to record, I would not exchange this scaffold with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in Britain." There was a dignity about his features as he spoke, and onlookers thought they had " not seen more of God at the most solemn Communion." When at last the executioner was ready, James Guthrie's voice was heard once more. "*Art Thou not from everlasting,*" he called in far-carrying tones, "*O Lord my God, my Holy One? I shall not die.*" Then, just before the end, he lifted the napkin from his face, and cried, " The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving!"

" Now there was a great calm at that time in the River; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about halfway in, stood a while and talked to his companions. ' I see myself at the end of my journey,' he said; ' my toilsome days are ended. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and, wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. He has held me, and I have kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath He strengthened in His way.' "

They had kept Guthrie's soldier-friend waiting meantime on the scaffold. He saw the martyr's body suspended lifeless in the air, but the spectacle had no terrors for him; it was a remembrancer of the Hill of the Cross, and of the victory which the Saviour of men had won through the endurance of sorrow and shame. "It is sweet! it is sweet!" he exclaimed; "otherwise how durst I look upon the corpse of him who hangs there, and smile upon these sticks and that gibbet as the gates of heaven?" When Perpetua went out into the amphitheatre at Carthage to face the wild bull which was to toss and gore her to death, she spoke of it as her "day of coronation"; and William Govan had learned the same proud and jubilant dialect. He was no more than thirty-eight years old, but he had been a Christian since he was a boy of fourteen; and he uttered now his good confession, "Sin and suffering have been presented to me, and I have chosen the suffering part." Eight or nine summers before, he had been a private in Middleton's army; and he recalled their former association, that he might emphasise the contrast which separated them by more than the difference of East and West: "The Commissioner and I were in the fields together for one cause; but I have the cord about my neck, and he is promoted to be His Majesty's Commissioner. Yet for a thousand worlds I would not change lots with him—praise and glory be to Christ for ever!" The two who died on this first of June were well-matched, and which was the more indomitable it would be hard to determine.

Guthrie's mutilated body was piously cared for. While some friends were dressing it in one of the town churches, a young gentleman came in—George Stirling his name was found to be—and poured on it a bottle of rich perfume ; and the place, like Simon's house in Bethany, was filled with the odour of the ointment. "God bless you, sir, for your labour of love!" one of the ministering ladies said. And as for the head up on the arch between the High Street and the Canongate, there is a pathetic memory attaching to it. Not that weird legend of the ruddy drops of blood, which it let fall on the Earl of Middleton's coach, and which all the nobleman's acids could not wash away. But the homelier tale of little William Guthrie, the martyr's four-year-old boy, in later years "a most serious seeker of God," who must run out to stand and study his father's face high on the city port, and then would return and tell his mother what he had been doing, and forthwith would lock himself into a room from which all her efforts could not draw him for many hours. It was a sore and heavy thing to be a Covenanter's child ; but, for Mr. Sickerfoot's Willie, there was no head in the wide world so wreathed with beauty as the head which the soldiers had fastened on the Netherbow.

JAMES SHARP.

After a painting by Sir Peter Lely.

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CHAPTER VI.

SHARP OF THAT ILK.

LORD MIDDLETON and the nobles who abetted him were not the only foes of the Church in the months that succeeded the Restoration. Bad as they were, they were not the worst foes. They had for prompter a man about whom a modern historian has written that, "in the most comprehensive sense of the word, he was a knave, *pur sang*"—a man whose life of calculating meanness happily has few parallels. "Sharp of that Ilk," Cromwell denominated him in a shrewd phrase: Sharp, of the clan and family of the Sharps; Sharp, whose name corresponded with his nature, cunning, clever in the baser forms of cleverness, owning only "as good a heart as can be made out of brains," governed consistently by self-interest and self-regard. Oliver was a discerner of spirits. He saw into James Sharp's soul as he saw into James Guthrie's; and he distrusted the one as thoroughly as he honoured the other.

Probably no one, in the long story of the Scottish Church, bears an uglier repute; and the scrutiny of scholars has rather blackened than brightened his record. His very handwriting, as it may be seen in the hundreds of letters he has left, is "small, paltry, niggling, and exceptionally annoying"; his style of composition is self-conceited and pedantic. We have his portrait, painted by Sir Peter Lely; few of his brother-Presbyters had the gold which could procure such immortality. The face is not repulsive; it has not the bold and coarse brutality of Lauderdale's. But it is not a spiritual face. The forehead is low. The eyes are furtive and yet alert; nothing escapes them; they have little pity and little patience; one does not associate them with "droppings of warm tears." The lips are thin and firmly closed. If the features do not excite actual disrelish, neither do they attract. They remind us of the man of the world much more than of the ambassador of Christ.

Sharp was born about the year 1613, in Banffshire, where his father was Sheriff-clerk and factor to the Earl of Findlater, his mother being "a gentlewoman of the name of Leslie." Neither at school nor at the University was he in any way distinguished; his intellect never climbed very high or plunged very deep. James Kirkton, in his *Secret and True History,* preserves a curious tale of his college days, perhaps apocryphal, certainly coloured by the hatred he aroused in later years. In bed one night with his comrade, he fell into loud laughter, which continued until the other awoke him and asked why he was so merry. He had been dreaming, he answered, that the Earl of Crawford appointed him minister of Crail—the height of his ambition in his wholesomer youth. Again he fell asleep, and again he laughed, more loudly than before; and now, when his companion recalled him to the solid earth, he was offended, for, said he, "I thought I was in a paradise, because the King had made me Archbishop of St. Andrews." "Then," rejoined his fellow, "I hope you will remember old friends." But soon he was dreaming once more, and to different purpose; for he "wept most lamentably for a long time." Being asked the cause of the alteration, he gave a reply which was tragic enough. "I dreamed that I was driving in a coach to hell, and that very fast." "What way he drove," adds Kirkton with grim brevity, "I shall not say."

Uncertainty hangs over his movements after he was done with the University. Apparently he was absent from Scotland for a while, in Oxford and probably in London; because, when he returned to the metropolis, he was familiar with its streets and townsfolk. It is unlikely that he swore the Covenant in 1638; but, if he felt any aversion to subscribing the stringent deed, he managed to disguise it; when we meet him next, it is, as his dream predicted, in the church and manse of the Fifeshire village of Crail. One fears that the breath of heaven did not blow through his sermons. His letters, except when he denounces an opponent, are grey and hard as the whinstone and cheerless as "the cold light of stars." He never was an Evangelical; he never was vanquished by the Cross; he had nothing more fundamental to recommend than those *deeds of the law* by which, an apostle says, *a man is not justified.* "Mr. Warner tells me," Wodrow relates, "that he was, before Archbishop Sharp's death, in conversation with two ladies of good sense and very serious. They told him that the bishop, when he and they were talking about religion, and one in the company said somewhat of the insufficiency of blamelessness and morality for salvation, returned the reply, 'Be you good moralists, and I'll warrant you!'" Our hearts are forced to compassionate the parishioners of Crail.

From the *Analecta,* too, a second anecdote may be gleaned, which brings another impeachment against him. In the manse of Kingsbarns, at no great distance from Crail, lived a young lady whom Sharp wished to win for wife. But, one Sabbath, being desirous to listen to a sermon from his lips, and equally desirous that she should not be recognised, Margaret Bruce contrived to veil her genuine self, and took the road that ran to Crail. Her wooer preached so well that all her hesitancies were swept away, and she resolved to be his bride. But between cup and lip much may intervene. For, going soon after into her father's study, she found on the table a volume of sermons, freshly come from England; and, turning its pages, she saw that one was based on the text which she had heard James Sharp expound with such ingenuity. She read it, and discovered that it was the original which he had copied with a faithfulness too literal and undeviating. He stood before her for what he was, no individual explorer of the realm of truth, but a mere plagiarist. "Which providence opened her eyes so clearly that, when he came again to renew his proposal, she utterly rejected his offer."

The clergyman was much away from his parish. He was a man to whom the machinery and diplomacy of the Church were more interesting than its doctrine and its life. "I remember you have sometimes merrily called me a politician," he wrote to Patrick Drummond in the December of 1660; and Drummond's jest told the truth. A politician, and one who loved the underground passages of politics more than the breezier uplands, Sharp of that Ilk was from first to last. He fought for the Resolutioners; but we shall wrong his brethren if we conceive of them as animated by his spirit; David Dickson and Robert Douglas were severed from him, like sunshine from midnight. He was simply their indefatigable agent, a schemer with endless perseverance and secrecy and *savoir faire.* Many a time, and for months at a stretch, Crail would see nothing of him; he was busily occupied in London.

Thus it happened in 1657 and 1658, when Wariston and Patrick Gillespie and James Guthrie enjoyed Cromwell's regard, and when "the great instrument of God to cross their evill designes," says Baillie in one of his letters to his cousin, "has been that very worthie, pious, wise, and diligent young man, Mr. James Sharp." Poor Baillie! he thinks it necessary to counsel so gracious an emissary to supplement the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. "I pray God help you and guide you; you had need of a long spoon; trust no words nor faces; for all men are liars." The advice was superfluous, and the Church's messenger returned to Edinburgh to report a substantial victory. "He had gotten all the designes of the exceeding busie and bold Remonstrants defeat; and the Protector had dismissed him with very good words, assuring he should be loath to grant anything to our prejudice." And, therefore, "we blessed God that, by Mr. Sharp's labours, was keeped off us for a tyme a much feared storme." The blindness of Christian men is occasionally excessive. And nothing helps it more potently than the false and unworthy heat of party zeal.

The moment for Sharp's supreme treachery, and for the bitter awakening of his friends, was at hand. When it was evident that events in England preluded the reinstatement of the Stuarts, "our caynd honist Sherp frend"—the characterisation and the spelling are those of the Earl of Rothes—was again sent up to London as envoy of the Kirk. He was to take care that, when Charles did recross the narrow seas, it should be as a Covenanted and Presbyterian monarch. From the middle of February 1660 until long after the King was in Whitehall, he remained in the centre of intrigue and activity; and there were few of the plots of those hurrying weeks in which he did not have a finger. "So knowing a bearer, whose usefulness in your service sets him far above my recommendation": it was with this benison that Lord Lauderdale introduced him to his royal master. But the Church had need of a truer knight. His succour meant humiliation and calamity for the men who confided in his good faith.

We require no evidence to condemn him beyond that which he has himself supplied. He had three correspondents during 1660 and 1661; and we are allowed to read the letters he sent to them. The first was Robert Douglas, the brave minister. The second was Patrick Drummond, one of the Presbyterian clergymen in England. The third was the Earl of Middleton. It might be hard at the time for those who hoped against hope to abjure their trusted agent; but, in what he says to these three, there is no difficulty now in tracing his "juggling, prevarication, and betrayal."

On the 1st of March 1660, he writes Douglas from London that "the Cavaliers point him out as the Scottish Presbyter"; ten days later, that "Moderate Episcopacy is setting up its head"; in the same week, that, along with Calamy and Ash, the representatives of English Nonconformity, he has "convinced General Monck that a Commonwealth is unpracticable," and has "beaten him off that sconce he hath hitherto maintained." When April comes, he "sees not full ground of hope that Covenant terms will be rigidly stuck to"; by the middle of the month, he is sure that "the business of religion will be altogether waived in the treaty" with the King; before the end of it, he "smells that Moderate Episcopacy is the fairest accommodation." And, all this while, Douglas is encouraging him to keep unshaken his loyalty. "It is best that Presbyterian government be settled simply; for we know by experience that Moderate Episcopacy—what can it be other than Bishops with cautions?—is the next step to Episcopal tyranny, which will appear very soon above board if that ground once be laid. You know the old saying, *Perpetua dictatura via ad imperium.*" But the wise words were spoken in vain. In May, Sharp was over in Breda at Charles's court; and afterwards Robert Douglas confessed that now he began to have his suspicions: "The first thing that gave me a dislike at him was that, when he was in Holland, he wrote to me in commendation of Hyde, an enemy to our nation and Presbyterial government." Yet the delegate of the Covenanters continued to assert his fidelity in unequivocal terms. He told how, when he met the King—the King, "who surpasseth all ever I heard or expected of him"—he found him very affectionate to Scotland, and resolved not to wrong the settled worship and discipline of the Church. He assured his correspondent that, while Presbytery was a lost cause in England, he could not believe that the Service Book was to be forced on the Scots; "you know," he added, "I am against Episcopacy, root and branch." Again, on the 16th of June, when Charles had been three weeks in London, this was his diagnosis of events: "The present posture of affairs looks like a ship foundered with the waves from all corners, so that it is not known what course will be steered; but discerning men see that the gale is like to blow for the Prelatic party; and those who are sober will yield to a Liturgy and Moderate Episcopacy, which they phrase to be Effectual Presbytery; and, by this salvo, they think they guard against breach of Covenant. But I know," our Bayard asserts, "this purpose is not pleasing to you, neither to me." And so things went on, until his return to Scotland in autumn, when he carried with him a letter from the King, promising to protect and defend the Church, "as it was settled by law." Some ambiguity hung about the stipulation; but the ministers of Edinburgh interpreted it as their wishes impelled, and read it as a gracious manifesto in vindication of the Covenanted cause. "They thought it not enough," Kirkton narrates, "to praise it in their pulpits, but bought for it a silver box, a shrine for such a precious relic."

The letters to Patrick Drummond take up the tale after Sharp is again in the north; probably, although they were addressed to this Presbyterian minister, they were intended mainly for the eyes of Lauderdale, Secretary at Court for Scottish business, and all-powerful with His Majesty. In them are the same tones of injured innocency, the same protestations that the writer has not deflected by a hairbreadth from his principles. "The course of my life, I bless the Lord, will not give evidence of my ambition and covetousness; I have served the interests of others more than my own; I never did seek anything of any; whatever lot I may meet with, I scorn to prostitute my conscience and honesty to base unbecoming allurements":—there surely speaks an unsullied captain. If his friend asks his creed in a sentence, "well, I am a Scot and a Presbyter." If he desires a glimpse of his bulwark and fortress, "my fence is in God, Who knoweth that my regard to my country and this Kirk doth preponder any selfish consideration." But, by and by, the hidden man of the heart discloses himself more freely. "I do cheyn my affection to that stream of providence which may make it to be well with the King, and your master, my lord; I am no phanatick, nor a lover of their way

THE PARISH CHURCH OF CRAIL.

under whatsoever refyned form": the accents of the opportunist rise to the surface in such words. Yet how weary he was of logomachies! If he could not have leave to retire amongst his books and to bewail there the evils which folly and pride brought on his native land, then

> Waft me from the harbour-mouth,
> Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky—

"I must think *de mutando solo,* and breathing in an aire where I may be without the reach of the noyse and pressoures of the confusions coming." Ah, but we hear the snarl of the tiger sometimes. In the end of 1660, there is a message through no intermediary but direct to Lauderdale. It is a revelation of the genuine James Sharp. In it his hate of the Protesters has frank avowal, and we learn whose the malice was which inspired the worst excesses of the persecution. "I fear there can be no remedy against this malady without exercising severity upon the leading impostors, Guthiree, Gillespy, Rutherford, which will daunt the rest of the hottheads, who in time may be beat into sound minds and sober practises." We are permitted, at last, to hearken to the utterance of candour and veraciousness.

Most damning of all, however, is a letter to Middleton. It is dated on the 21st of May 1661, and is written from London. What has it to say? This, that Sharp was then holding constant interviews with Lord Clarendon and the English Bishops; that the subject of their discussions was the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland; and that the project had his hearty approval. This, also, that, before he travelled south he and the Commissioner in Edinburgh had conferred on the same topic, and that he was aware of the Commissioner's intention to humble the Kirk. And this, finally, that, in his judgment, "the superstructure for which Middleton has laid the foundation will render his name precious to the succeeding generations." Let us remember that, only two months before, he had boasted that "thrice a week at least Mr. Douglas" was with him; that there was no public matter he could learn which he did not impart to his friend; and that he had joined the Presbyterian leader in beseeching Lord Middleton to call a General Assembly, and to refrain from rescinding the Acts of Parliament which favoured the Covenanters. Let us remember, too, his asseveration to Patrick Drummond that he was resolved "not to meddle any more in these stormy and bespattering entanglements." He has one language for the old associates whom he befools, and a contradictory language for the new masters whom he courts with a sycophant's assiduity. His circumlocutions and artifices, when he conversed with Drummond and Douglas, were the courtesy of Gawain, courtesy "with a touch of traitor in it." Even Robert Baillie, stung into what for him is unwonted courage, speaks some plain truths to Lord Lauderdale: "If you or Mr. Sharp, whom we trusted as our own soules, have swerved towards Chancellor Hyde's principles, as now we see many doe, you have much to answer for." Twelve months later, in May 1662, the Principal wrote his last letter, and in it he said his final word about the distasteful subject: "Had we but petitioned for Presbytrie at Breda, it had been, as was thought, granted; but, fearing what the least delay of the King's coming over might have produced, and trusting fully to the King's goodness, we hastened him over without any provision for our safetie. At that time it was that Dr. Sheldon, now Bishop of London, and Dr. Morley, did poyson Mr. Sharp, our agent, whom we trusted; who, peice and peice, in so cunning a way has trepanned us as we have never win so much as to petition either King, Parliament, or Councell." Troy was surrendered now; the citadel of Presbyterianism was overthrown. And a Sinon within the gates deceived the townsmen and wrought the ruin.

The Church, "as it was settled by law," was not to be the Church of the Covenants; when the Rescissory Act blotted out the legislation of two decades, and when Sharp pronounced his benediction on the superstructure of which Middleton laid the foundations, the phrase could only mean the Church established by James the Sixth and confirmed by his son. So, in the harvest of 1661, the Privy Council announced that Bishops were to be restored. On the sixth of September, at the Cross of Edinburgh, Charles's decree was proclaimed. It intimated the abolition of Presbytery, "because of the unsuitableness thereof to His Majesty's monarchical estate," declared Episcopal government to be again in force, forbade the meetings of clerical courts, and enjoined the magistrates to commit all Nonconformists to prison. In December, four men were sent up to London, to be consecrated by Anglican dignitaries, and thus qualified to impart similar sanctities to their Scottish brethren. James Hamilton, brother of Lord Belhaven, and once active in the service of the Kirk, received the diocese of Galloway; his tergiversation was complete, for, some years previously, he had been a Presbyterian of so rigorous a type that he had compelled the communicants in the churches where he ministered to renew the Covenant before he permitted them to sit down at the Lord's Supper. Andrew Fairfoul, a humorist whose life was not over-strict—"Yes," said Lord

Rothes, "he has learning and sharpness enough, but he has no more sanctification than my grey horse!"—became the Archbishop of Glasgow. Robert Leighton was sent to Dunblane: Robert Leighton, the one holy man of the four, of whom Burnet writes in a beautiful sentence that he "seemed to be in a perpetual meditation," but who lacked altogether the foresight and the purposefulness which mark the trustworthy guide of public opinion, so that the satirists of the hour made merry over his too notorious mutability of temper—

Reporting thy compliancie
  With each prevailing partie:
That whatsoever change fell out
  Thou wast to it most heartie.
Light heart, light head, light feet, light facts,
  Thy true name is Lightbody:
Is this a pretty game to play
  So oft the Palinody?

And James Sharp had the reward of his craft and tireless time-serving in being made their titular head; the minister of Crail was now Archbishop of St. Andrews. The patent which nominated him to the Metropolitan See, and bestowed on him all the rights and privileges which his predecessor, Spottiswood, had held, proclaimed at the same time his absolute subservience to the Crown: it declared that he was thus exalted *ex auctoritate regali et potestate regia.* There was a friend of John Bunyan's—John Burton by name—who, in the early days of the tinker's conversion, when he went through the villages of Bedfordshire preaching the Gospel, and when his call to the ministry was disputed by some of the wise and prudent, came chivalrously to his succour and defence. "This man," he said, "hath been chosen not out of an earthly but out of an heavenly university, where he hath by grace taken these three degrees, to wit, union with Christ, the anointing of the Spirit, and experience of the temptations of Satan." But they were no such valid and holy compulsions which lifted James Sharp to his high position. His summons was not from the Celestial City but only from Whitehall, an entirely different fountain of inspiration—Whitehall, with its *auctoritas regalis* and *potestas regia*.

A few weeks before he received consecration in Westminster Abbey from the Bishops of London, Worcester, Llandaff, and Carlisle, he had ventured once again to visit Douglas in his house in Edinburgh. He told him of the King's purpose to settle the Church under Bishops, and how Charles desired Douglas to accept the primacy. But the true man answered curtly that he would have nothing to do with it. His guest insisted, only to receive a second No ; and then Sharp rose to take his leave. Robert Douglas convoyed him to the door ; but, after he had passed through it, he called him back, and said, " James, I see *you* will engage ; I perceive you are clear ; *you* will be the Bishop of St. Andrews. Take it, and the curse of God with it." And instantly clapping him on the shoulder, he shut the door. It was a dramatic parting between those who had been as brothers. Perhaps even this man, perverted as his conscience was, felt a tremor of awe as he went down the stair, with the good minister's anathema resting on his head. Another of the leaders of the Kirk, Robert Blair, had dealt in equal faithfulness with the recreant a month or two previously, urging him before it was quite too late to continue a simple Presbyter and to reject the glittering bribe of the Archbishopric. But Blair gained nothing by his truth-speaking except deposition from his pulpit in St. Andrews and the hostility of the Privy Council. Through the five years of life that were left to him, he had to keep himself in strictest retirement, in Edinburgh or in Inveresk or in Kirkcaldy. One day, when death was near, and when he lay looking out from the window of his room over the Firth of Forth, his eyes following the fishing-boats as they contended against wind and tide, the memory of James Sharp rose up unbidden to his mind. "O Sharp! Sharp!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "there is no rowing with thee." And then he thought how much better, through the mercy of God, it was with himself, rudely silenced although he had been and exposed to many an unmerited indignity. "I would not exchange my condition with thee, James Sharp," he went on, "for thy mitres and all thy riches and revenues—nay, though all that's betwixt thee and me were red gold to the boot."

We shall meet Sharp sufficiently often in the future; but we know now why his contemporaries recoiled from him with a shuddering abhorrence. The uncanniest stories were current among them regarding their arch-enemy. They whispered that he was in league with Satan, and that, more than once or twice, his ghostly coadjutor was closeted with him, in visible shape. "My lord," queried a poor creature whom the Archbishop, presiding over the Privy Council, wished to banish for witchcraft to the King's plantations in the West Indies—"My lord, who was Yon with you in your chamber on Saturday night, betwixt twelve and one o'clock?" And the Archbishop's face turned both black and pale, and the prisoner was dismissed incontinently from the bar. It seemed as if no diablerie were too hideous for the betrayer of the Church.

Mr. Whittier, the tenderest of American poets, has some terrible verses which he entitles *Ichabod*—

verses that pillory a statesman, who, for a time, proved recreant to the cause of emancipation—

Of all we loved and honoured, naught
  Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
  Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
  The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
  The man is dead.

They are verses which, if it were not that they invest him with too much intellectual strength, might have been written about James Sharp, who persecuted that which formerly he preached.

CHAPTER VII.

THEIR GRACES ENTER AND HIS GRACE DEPARTS.

THE second session of the Earl of Middleton's Parliament was commenced in May of 1662. It has not been garlanded in history with the luxuriant infamy which encircles its predecessor; but it was zealous in following up the work so emphatically begun. It brought back the Bishops to the benches of the House. It restored to them their accustomed dignities, privileges, and jurisdictions. It went further. Thirteen years before, patronage had been abolished in the Presbyterian Church, and congregations had been given the right to call ministers of their own choosing. But Parliament decreed that popular election must cease; and, not content with this provision for the future, the legislators enacted that the preachers ordained since 1649 must receive presentation from the lawful patron and sanction from the Bishop of the diocese, or else must vacate their charges. The law was as spiteful as it was retrograde.

But, if Parliament fashioned the bullets, the Privy Council fired them. The west of Scotland was the headquarters of the Covenanters; and in the opening week of October Lord Middleton was in Glasgow. He listened to the complaint of the Archbishop, Andrew Fairfoul, that not one of the younger ministers under his superintendence would acknowledge his authority in the manner enjoined by the senators in Edinburgh. Their recalcitrancy is not strange; Fairfoul's character did not add weight to his fiats among religious men. "He used to go out to a gentleman's house, and there, all the Sabbath, play at cards and drink. One day, one of the servants came into the room. 'Have you been at sermon?' says the Archbishop. 'Yes,' says he. 'Where was the text?' '*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy*,' says the servant." But the King's Commissioner, angrier and more impatient than ever because for weeks he had been in a state of intoxication, was enraged at what the Churchman told him. He vowed that he should bring the transgressors to a humbler mind. Gathering round him as many of the members of Council as were within reach, he framed an Act to enforce the submission of the ministers. Not one of those present, with the solitary exception of Sir James Lockhart of the Lee, was sober. "Duke Hamilton told me," Gilbert Burnet testifies, "they were all so drunk that day that they were not capable of considering anything that was laid before them, and would hear of nothing but executing the law without any relenting or delay." Sir James protested strenuously against their decision; but the protest was futile. His colleagues were in no mood to welcome the monitions of saving commonsense.

This was what the Glasgow meeting of the Privy Council did: it declared that all the ministers who should have failed, by the first of November, to obtain the authorisation of patron and bishop must leave their parishes. There would not be ten, Fairfoul asserted loudly, of such incorruptible faith and constancy that they would be unwilling to retain their salaries and their comforts by compliance. He was quickly and startlingly undeceived. In the depth of winter between three and four hundred Scottish clergymen, rather than wound conscience by accepting their holy office from any but Jesus Christ, abandoned stipend and parish and home. Middleton himself was astounded. "What will these mad fellows do?" he cried. James Sharp, who was keenly desirous to have the work accomplished, but who would have gone about it with more deliberation and finesse, was in a paroxysm of rage; he protested that by his fatal precipitancy Fairfoul had spoiled everything. The members of the Council, returning to an evanescent thoughtfulness and penitence, realised that they had committed a palpable error in tactics, and extended the day of grace until the first of February in the following year. But the deed was done; and neither allurement nor threatening could persuade the outed ministers to come back.

Perforce their empty places must be filled; but with whom? It is now that we meet with the men, who, if they did not rouse our indignation by their arrant hypocrisy, would supply the missing element of gaiety in the sorrows of the time. The curates, "their graceless graces," were the laughing-stock of the country. Most of them were Highlanders, who had no comprehension of Lowland notions and ways. Many were beardless boys of seventeen or eighteen, "a sort of young lads," Kirkton says, "unstudied and unbred, who had all the properties of Jeroboam's priests, and who went to their churches with the same intention and resolution a shepherd contracts for herding a flock of cattle." So entirely bucolic the poor fellows were that landlords in the north were heard cursing the Presbyterian pastors, because, since they forsook their parishes, not a boy could be got to watch the cows: everywhere the farm-lads were smitten with an insatiable hunger to reap the profits of the pulpit. There were cases in which the lay patron, alive in some measure to the necessities of the people, disdained to present the ridiculous applicant; but the Bishop did not fail in his duty, and, if the curate went without the imprimatur of the secular overlord, he was sure of his appointment from his spiritual superior. "They were the worst preachers I ever saw," Burnet confesses, "ignorant to a reproach, and many of them openly vicious, the dregs and refuse of the northern parts." Sir Robert Moray, one of the fairest-minded among the rulers of the time, is as positive in his dislike. "They were such a set of men," he declares, "so ignorant and so scandalous, that it was not possible to support them, unless the greatest part of them could be turned out and better men put in their places. But it was not easy to know how this could be done. The clergy were so linked together that none of them could be got to concur in getting proofs of crimes brought against their brethren, and the people of the country said to accuse a minister before a bishop was a homologating his power." The reception which those feckless substitutes had from incensed parishioners, who longed after their own banished teachers, was in a hundred instances more testy and waspish than urbane. "Well, when they came about the end of the spring, in some places they were welcomed with tears and requests to be gone, and not to ruin the poor congregation and their own soul; in some places they were entertained with reasonings and disputes, in other places with threatenings and curses, and in others with strange affronts and indignities. Some stole the bell-tongue, that the people's absence from sermon might be excuseable; some barricadoed the door, to oblige the curate to enter by the window literally. A shepherd boy, finding in the field a nest of pismires, fills a box with them; this he empties in the curate's bootheads as he is going to pulpit. The poor man began his exercise, but was quickly obliged to interrupt, the miserable insects gave him so much pain and disturbance." From which it appears that the hireling does more than stain himself with sin; he becomes an inevitable mark for derision and jest.

It was in vain that the directors of Church and country strove to secure auditors for these absurd priestlings. The Privy Council, in July 1663, devised "the Bishops' Drag Net," a measure which sought, by imposing heavy fines, to enforce attendance in the deserted churches. But the people stolidly and steadily refused to be coerced. Then, in August, the Council passed "the Scots' Mile Act," which required the recusant ministers not to reside within twenty miles of their former homes, nor within six miles of Edinburgh, nor within three miles of any royal burgh. It scarcely mattered, however, how far the loved and familiar preachers might be driven away; like their Master, they *could not be hid* from men and women who knew the value of their words and works. This was the time when the religious services began, at first in private houses and soon in the open fields, which we call the Conventicles, and which are so famous in the chequered story of the Covenant.

It was the time, too, when a career, sufficiently boastful and overbearing, was to be quenched in night. The Earl of Middleton, "who carried more high while he was in Scotland than ever any of our one hundred and eight sober limited kings had done," dared, in the blind infatuation of his confidence, to risk an encounter with one who was mightier than himself; and in the contest he was routed beyond remedy. He was filled with envy of Lauderdale, and boldly attempted to effect his rival's downfall. The history of how he tried to compass his purpose is a curious one. An Act of Indemnity had at last been given to Charles's northern kingdom, exempting from troublesome consequences those of His Majesty's subjects who had been over-friendly with Oliver and the Commonwealth. But Middleton determined that from the benefits of this Indemnity he would exclude twelve persons who were especially obnoxious to himself: he would have them disqualified, so that they could not occupy any place of public honour and trust. He arranged that the members of Parliament should write on slips of paper—"Billets" was the term he used—the names of this ostracised and unforgiven dozen; and he cajoled and bribed and bullied them to set Lauderdale in the forefront of the catalogue of culprits. It was done as he demanded. "Viceroy hath been Roy in his word," William Sharp, the Archbishop's brother, wrote in sympathetic ink to the blackened and castigated statesman. But the intriguer had overreached himself. Lauderdale received from his own agents in Scotland a narrative of the whole transaction, before the envoys of the Parliament could get from Edinburgh to Whitehall, to report it to the King, and to gain the royal consent to the billeting of the twelve. He had endless stores of wit, wit of which Charles never wearied. He covered Middleton's bungling scheme with sarcasm and scorn. He laughed it into shreds and tatters, until even Clarendon, who was the Commissioner's friend, admitted its impossibility, and the King, when at length the messengers from the north arrived, flung their parchment unopened into his cabinet. Then Lauderdale became serious in his revenge. He dwelt on the iniquity of a plan, "whereby any man's honour, his life, his posterity, may be destroyed without the trouble of calling him or hearing his answer." He had never known, he said, that the ballot was abused to draw down disgrace and punishment on the head of a political adversary, "except among the Athenians, who were governed by that cursed sovereign lord, the People." He begged his master to take every step to undo the affront.

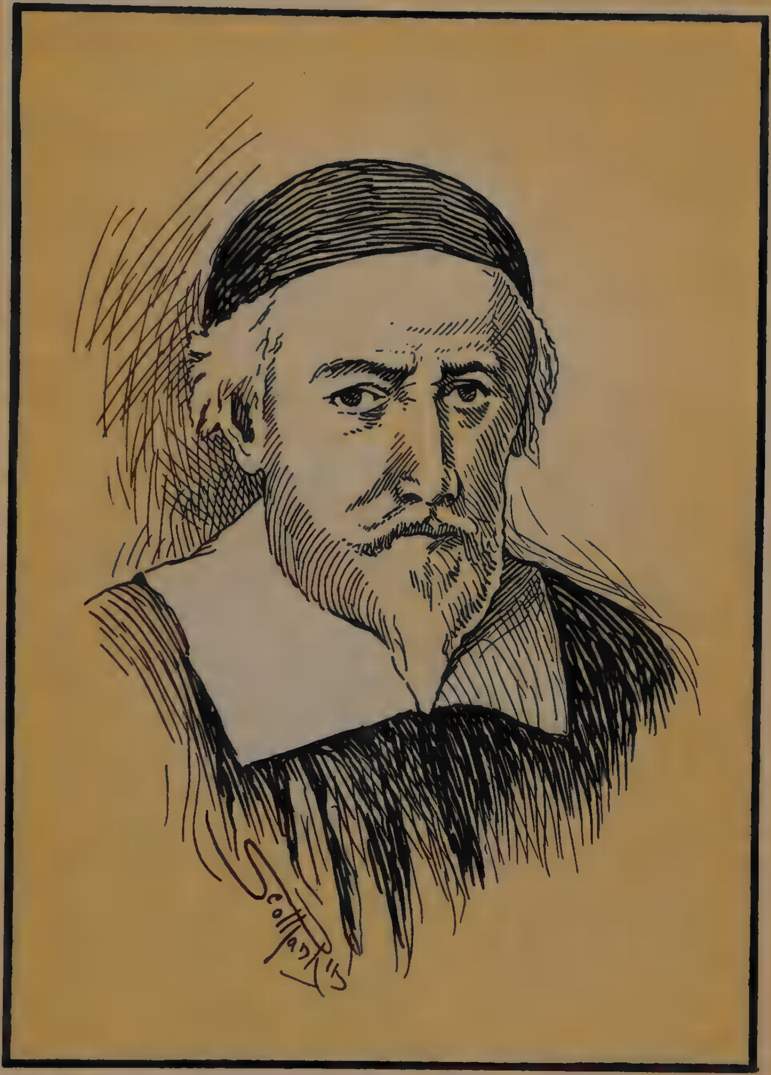
When things had gone so far, the last scene of the play could not be distant. Lauderdale's triumph was complete. He went down to Edinburgh, to fight the battle out in person against his less resourceful foe. In May 1663, Middleton lost the Commissionership. By and by the successful diplomatist could send joking letters to the King: "By yesterday's Act," he says, "you will see that Billeting is dead, buried, and descended." In January 1664, new disasters overtook the ruler whose folly had undermined his proud estate. Here is a document almost pathetic in its confession of defeat: "May yt pleas Your Majestie, I Jhon Earle of Middleton doe by these freelie and heartilie resigne upgive and overgive in and to Yr. Majestie's hands the offices of Captain generall of Yr. Majestie's Kingdome of Scotland, and of captain and keeper of Yr. Majestie's Castle of Edinbrogh, granted to me by two severall guifts and letters patent under Yr. Majestie's great seale of the said kingdome, to be disposed upon at Yr. Majestie's pleasour in all tyme commyng. In wittnes wherof the presents are written and signed by, May it pleas Yr. Majestie, Yr. Majestie's most faithfull most humble and most obedient subject and servant, Middleton." The Scottish nation saw the rough soldier, who had wrought its best citizens much injury, driven ignominiously from its coasts.

"It is reported that, as he passed Tweed, a poor country woman at Coldstream told him, since he had been so busy to destroy their ministers, he should never have more power in Scotland." The vaticination came to pass. Charles, indeed, felt a kind of pity for the discredited magnate. He made him Governor of Tangier. In that remote outpost of English dominion, which the King's marriage with Catharine of Bragança had brought him, Middleton lived for a few years, until his self-indulgence was the cause of his death. Riding one day in a half-drunken state, he fell from his saddle and broke some bones, one of which penetrated his heart. "Such an end," as James Kirkton tells us in a magnanimous phrase, "had this valiant unhappy man."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN LIVINGSTON TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

"MY Lord Middleton's journey into the western shires," wrote the Earl of Lauderdale to Sir Robert Moray, "was only a flaunting and a feasting journey; many ministers were put out in those parts, but no further done." The achievement in expulsion, to Lauderdale so paltry, was grievous to the western shires themselves. Nor was it the west alone which suffered. The preachers were ejected in other districts of Scotland. In the Border country lies the village of Ancrum; and Ancrum in those years was happy in having John Livingston for its minister. He was compelled to go. At the Monday service after his Sacramental Sabbath, in October 1662, he spoke to his people for the last time. His gentle and modest spirit revealed itself in his farewells. "We have been labouring among you these fourteen years," he said, "and have that conviction we have not taken the pains, in private or public, which we ought; yet in some sort, we hope we may say it without pride, we have not sought yours but you. We cared not to be rich and great in this world. In as far as we have given offence, less or more, to any in this congregation, or any that have interest in it, or any round about it, or any that are here present, or any of the people of God elsewhere, we crave God's pardon, and crave also your forgiveness." Bravely John Livingston laid down the



JOHN LIVINGSTON, OF ANCRUM.

After the Portrait in Gosford House.

work he loved, concealing the sharpness of the pain. But his hearers could not suppress their tears. As on the seashore at Miletus, so in Ancrum Kirk, elders and folk sorrowed that they should see their apostle's face no more.

In December he appeared before the Privy Council, accused of "turbulency and sedition"—a strange indictment for one who esteemed it "better to walk the realm unseen than watch the hour's event." "I have carried myself," he pleaded, "with all moderation and peaceableness, and have lived so obscurely that I wonder how I am taken notice of." He had, he told the Chancellor, acknowledged the Lord's mercy in restoring the King. He was prepared to admit His Majesty's civil supremacy over all persons and in all causes. But he was not free to take the Oath of Allegiance in the terms in which it was proposed to him. The Chancellor offered to adjourn the court, that he might reconsider his refusal. "I humbly thank your Lordship," he replied; "it is a favour which, if I had any doubt, I would willingly accept. But if, after seeking God and advising anent the matter, I should take time, it would import that I have unclearness or hesitation; which I have not." So the Council passed sentence. Within two months the prisoner was to leave His Majesty's dominions. Within forty-eight hours he was to remove from Edinburgh, and go to the north side of the Tay. He solicited permission to pay a short visit to his home, that he might have some talk with wife and children. But the favour was withheld. There must be no more intercourse with Ancrum; the sooner its minister was in exile, the better pleased his judges would be.

John Livingston has written "a brief historical relation" of his life, so that we can look into his eyes, and can learn his motives, and can see how human and how godly he was. The land was in evil case whose governors sent such a citizen across the seas.

He was a son of the manse, born at Kilsyth in 1603, his father " all his days straight and zealous in the work of reformation," his mother " a rare pattern of piety and meekness." He could not remember the time or the mode of his own conversion ; from the outset his life had belonged to our God and His Christ. While he was yet a schoolboy in Stirling, he was a member of the Church ; and never could he forget the first occasion when he sat down at the Holy Table : " There came such a trembling upon me that all my body shook, yet thereafter the fear departed, and I got some comfort and assurance." His earliest inclination was to the profession of medicine ; but, spending a day in solitary communion with God, in a cave on the banks of the Mouse Water, over against the Cleghorn woods, he had it made out to him that he behoved to preach Jesus Christ. Thenceforward Livingston had " one passion, and it was He, He alone."

When Glasgow College was left behind, and in 1625 he began to speak for his Master, he had his first taste of persecution. Congregations in different parts—Torphichen, Linlithgow, Leith, Kirkcaldy—were eager to claim him ; but in each case the Bishops prevented the settlement. For five years he had no sphere of work peculiarly his own. But God's blessing went with him through the period of waiting. Sometimes the preaching of the Covenanters is condemned as cold and hard ; but Livingston's words had the flame of the Holy Ghost glowing in them, and they conquered and captivated the souls of men. One of the great revivals in the annals of the Church is linked with the name of the young probationer whom the Bishops pursued with their hate. It happened at the Kirk of Shotts, on the 21st of June 1630. Like that day of good-byes at Ancrum, it was the Monday after a Sabbath of Communion. With some friends he had spent the night before in laying fast hold upon the promise and the grace of Heaven. When the midsummer morning broke, the preacher wanted to escape from the responsibilities in front of him. Alone in the fields, between eight and nine, he felt such misgivings, such a burden of unworthiness, such dread of the multitude and the expectation of the people, that he was consulting with himself to have stolen away; but he "durst not so far distrust God, and so went to sermon, and got good assistance." Good assistance indeed; for, after he had spoken for an hour and a half from the text, *Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean,* and was thinking that now he must close, he was constrained by his Lord Himself to continue. "I was led on about ane hour's time in ane strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart as I never had the like in publick all my life." No fewer than five hundred men and women, some of them ladies of high estate, and others poor wastrels and beggars, traced the dawn of the undying life to John Livingston's words that day.

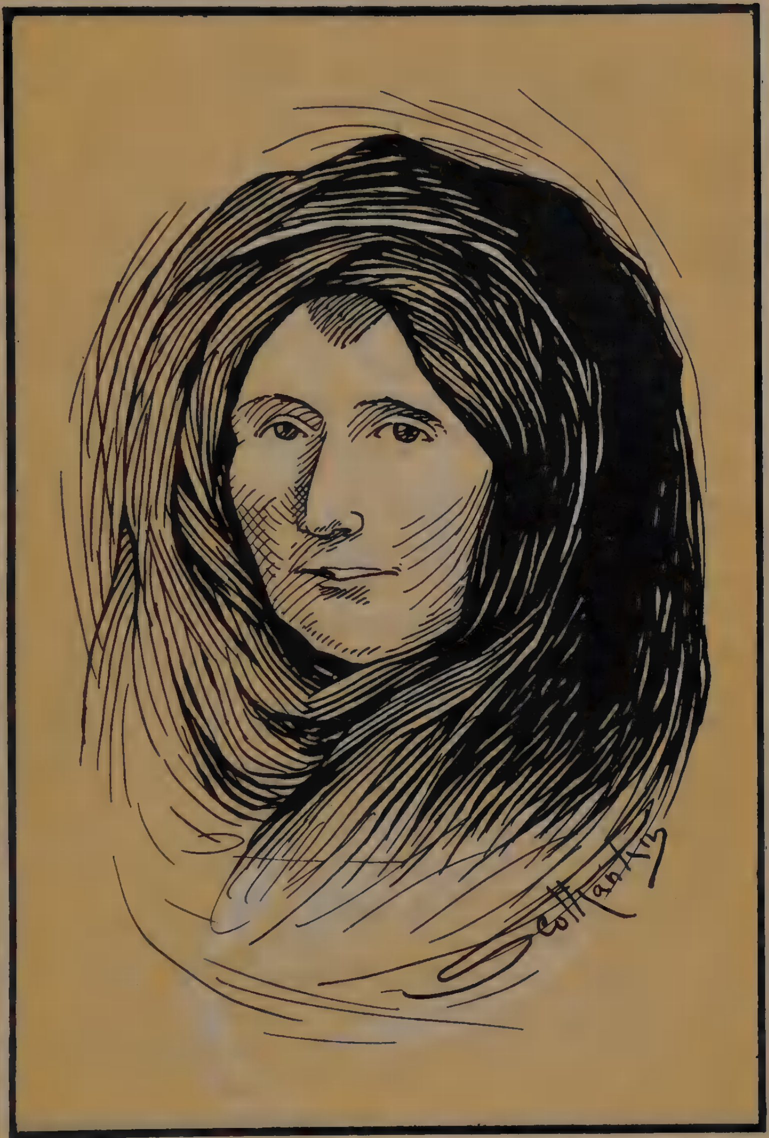
Healthful as his fellowship would be, we cannot accompany him through the changeful experiences of his ministry. His first parish was an Irish one, that of Killinchy in County Down, to which the Bishop of Raphoe, more liberal than most of the prelates, ordained him. In 1638, the expatriated Scot recrossed the Channel, to Stranraer, his residence for ten years, where, if the town was "but little and poor," the people were "very tractable and respectful," and their teacher was "sometimes well-satisfied and refreshed."

Then came the fourteen summers in Ancrum; and then the ejection by the Privy Council. Stirring incidents broke in on the quiet usefulness of Livingston's career in his various homes. In Ireland he and others like him were so harassed by the ill-will of Church potentates more intolerant than his Grace of Raphoe, or than Dr. Ussher, Primate of Armagh, "ane godly man although ane Bishop," that they built a ship near Belfast of one hundred and fifty tons' burden, and called it *The Eagle Wing,* and were minded in the spring of 1636 to start for the New England of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was September before they did set sail; and then, when they were about four hundred leagues away from the Irish coast, such pitiless storms overtook them that they concluded God meant them to return. It was a perilous voyage back to Ulster; but the days were vocal with social prayer and thanksgiving, and every heart felt a confidence which nothing could damp: "yea, some expressed the hope that, rather than the Lord would suffer such an companie to perish if the ship should break, He would put wings to all our shoulders and carry us safe ashoare." On board the vessel a baby-boy came to Michael Coltheard and his wife, and, on the succeeding Sabbath, he was baptized by John Livingston, who named him Seaborn; one is tempted to think that Seaborn Coltheard must be younger brother of Oceanus Hopkins, who had his wave-rocked cradle in the cabin of the *Mayflower* sixteen autumns before.

At the Hague, in 1650, the preacher wrestled with worse billows than those of the Atlantic. He was among the commissioners who treated with Charles "for security to religion and the liberties of the country, before his admission to the exercise of the Government." He did not covet the errand. He had some scruple that ministers meddled too frequently in State matters. He knew his own "unacquaintedness and inability," and how he was "ready to condescend too easily to anything having any show of reason," so that he feared he "should be a grief and shame" to those who sent him. He would even have preferred, if it had been the will of God, to be drowned in the waters by the way. But the Church insisted that he and James Wood and George Hutcheson, with the Earl of Cassillis and Alexander Brodie, must be her representatives. To his last hour he had regretful memories of the episode. He soon saw the frivolity of the King; "many nights he was balling and dancing till near day." He could not approve the treaty which was made; "it seemed rather like ane merchant's bargain of prigging somewhat higher or lower than ingenuous dealing." He tried to avoid returning to Scotland in the retinue of the Prince, and was only enticed on board by a trick. Altogether it was a humbling reminiscence. "So dangerous it is for a man of a simple disposition to be yoked with these who, by wit, authority, and boldness, can overmaster him."

We begin to understand John Livingston's character. He was a Protester, but a Protester in whom resided the New Testament grace of *epieikeia,* moderation and sweet reasonableness. He suspected at times that those with whom he allied himself "kept too many meetings," and thus rendered the Church's divisions wider and more mournful than they need have been. Pre-eminent among his gracious features is his invincible modesty. He took the lowest room. He was a proficient in the humility of which he wrote to a friend, that "it fitteth the back for every burden, and maketh the tree sickerest at the root when it standeth upon the top of the windy hill." His gladness is unfeigned when he recalls how the parishes, which wished to have him, but from which he had been held back, were "far better provided." On one occasion, when competing calls came, "his own mind inclined most to Straiton, because it was an obscure place, and the people landwart simple people." "I think," he said, "every minister of my acquaintance gets his work done better than I; yet I would not desire to be another than myself, nor to have other manner of dealing than the Lord uses, for His power is made perfect in weakness." Yet Livingston had ample cause for an honourable pride. He was a cultured scholar. He knew Hebrew and Chaldee and "somewhat also of the Syriack." He longed to add an understanding of Arabic to his other Semitic conquests; but "the vastness of it" gave pause even to his indomitable spirit. He was familiar with French and Italian and Dutch, and read the Bible in Spanish and German. In the noble army of book-lovers our Covenanter stands well to the front. Like Richard de Bury, he "valued codices more than florins"; and he would have sympathised with Thomas Hearne's quaint and particular thanksgiving when unexpectedly he lighted on three manuscripts of venerable age. Listen to him: "I had a kind of coveting, when I got leisure and opportunity, to read much and of different subjects; and I was oft challenged"—that is to say, my wideawake conscience upbraided me—"that my way of reading was like some men's lust after play." But he was no Dryasdust, abjuring for his folios all less stringent joys. He had a melodious voice, and, in his younger days, he was fond of using it. When he was a student at Glasgow, the Principal, John Boyd of Trochrigg, "of an austere-like carriage but of a most tender heart," would now and then call him and three or four others, and would lay down books before them, and would have them sing those "setts of musick" in which he and they took delight. In later and more troublous years, Livingston did not sing so often in concert with his friends, "wherein I had some little skill"; just as he denied himself the other recreation of hunting, which once he had found "very bewitching." But no distresses could quite silence the song in his soul. "A line of praises" he thought "worth a leaf of prayer"; and, growing more rapturous, he would break forth: "O, what a massy piece of glory on earth is it, to have praises looking as it were out at the eyes, praises written upon the forebrow; to have the very breath smelling of praises, to have praises engraven on the palms of the hands, and the impression of praises on every footstep of the walk: although this be that day, if ever, wherein the Lord calleth to mourning and fasting!" He was one of those delineated in the old verse, *My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation.*

There were two places where John Livingston was seen at his best. One was his home. It might be very poor. In Killinchy—the record is almost incredible—his stipend was £4 a year. But the household was always rich in love. His wife was the eldest daughter of Bartholomew Fleming, an Edinburgh merchant. Before he married her, in 1635, many had told him of her gracious disposition; but for nine months he had no clearness of mind to speak to her. But, going with her one Friday to a meeting, he found her "conference so judicious and spiritual" that his scruples were scattered to the winds. Yet it was another month before he "got marriage affection to her, although she was for personal enduements beyond many." On his knees he asked it from God, and, when it came, there were no limits to its fulness: "thereafter I had greater difficulty to moderate it." Livingston has none of that aloofness from the gladnesses of the hearth which we note in some of his fellows. And his wife was worthy of him. Years after, when he was gone, and when the skies hung still more thunderously over Presbyterian Scotland, she faced the Earl of Rothes, and sought liberty for the ill-treated ministers. It was the summer of 1674. After the fleeting tranquillity of "the Blink," the hurricane of persecution had risen again into fury. On the 4th of June the Privy Council was to meet, to consider a letter from the King, requiring his Councillors to use more diligent endeavours for the apprehension and trial of the field preachers and of those heritors and landlords who were ringleaders in the conventicles. Mrs. Livingston, and fourteen other ladies with sympathies akin to her own, had drawn up a petition to the Lord Chancellor, asking him to grant liberty to the threatened ministers, through the land and in the city of Edinburgh, that they might "lawfully and without molestation exercise their holy function, as the people should in an orderly way call them." In the Parliament Close they waited for his Grace's coach, which soon made its appearance. Rothes alighted, and beside him Archbishop Sharp, who was, says John Row, "as flyed as a fox," and "clave close to the Chancellor's back." The Earl, doffing his hat, listened with patience to Janet Livingston, as she read her petition through, and then jested with the unconquerable lady after his facetious fashion, entertaining her, Sir George Mackenzie tells us, "with insinuating speeches," until the Council Chamber was reached and he was safe from further importunities. But, for six months thereafter, he and his Lords "were very hot upon the chase against the women"; and



MRS. JOHN LIVINGSTON, OF ANCRUM.

From the Portrait in Gosford House.

their leader was banished from Edinburgh for a while. Manifestly her husband's heart could trust in her. She was, to quote Robert MacWard's favourite salutation of one with whom he was well-acquainted, " a mother indeed in Israel."

The other place where Livingston showed at his worthiest was the pulpit. He would not acknowledge it himself, girdled as he was with the cincture of lowliness. " As concerning my gift of preaching," he wrote penitently, " I never attained to any accuracie therein, and, through laziness, did not much endeavour it." His custom was to put down some notes beforehand, and to leave the enlargement of them to the time of delivery. His style, he insists, was suited only to the common people, and not to scholarly listeners. Yet he has clear and shrewd ideas about the architecture of a sermon. If he would not have too few doctrines, neither would he reckon too many particular points, as " eighthly," " tenthly," " thirteenthly." The matter should not be over-exquisite, with the abstruse learning which savours of affectation ; but it ought not to be childishly rudimentary, for that procures careless hearing and contempt of the gift. There should not be an excess of similitudes and pictures ; but the absence of them altogether will impoverish rather than help. In his utterance, the speaker ought not to sing his sentences, not to draw our his words to an inordinate length, nor to assume a weeping-like voice, nor to shout too loud, nor to sink too low. John Livingston understood the technical side of his sacred calling. And, despite his self-depreciation, he was an ambassador who seldom failed to transact vital business for his Master ; as we should expect, when we know that his chief care, before entering the pulpit, was to be in a spiritual frame, and that, in it, he was aided most by "the hunger of the hearers." The man to whom, under God, the awakening at the Kirk of Shotts was due possessed that gift of gifts in the herald of Christ—the quality which old French writers denominate *onction.* Edward Gibbon, with his clever and scornful cynicism, insists that the proper translation of the word is "cant"; and, no doubt, everything that is true has its counterfeit on which the sceptics can fasten as if by instinct. The falsetto of reason is quibbling, of sublimity is bombast, of beauty is tinsel, of learning is pedantry, and of *onction* is probably that unreality to which the author of *The Decline and Fall* has pointed us. But there is no mistaking the genuine endowment, the supernatural breath and inspiration, the *ointment of the right hand which bewrayeth itself,* the throbbing affection for the heavenly Lord and for the souls of men, the eloquence not so much of the lips as of the spirit. Livingston had it in an unwonted degree. On his deathbed these were his words: "I cannot say much of great services; yet, if ever my heart was lifted up, it was in preaching of Jesus Christ." There were multitudes who could corroborate the witness.

Mr. Lowell pays to the naturalist Agassiz the fine tribute that, "where'er he met a stranger, there he left a friend." It is a coronet which might gleam on Livingston's brow. He had a genius for friendship. To the end of life he won new sisters and brothers in the family of God. One of our debts to him is the series of portraits he has bequeathed to us of his intimates. Miniatures these portraits are, but miniatures done by a painter who has put both intellect and affection into his work. There are ladies in his gallery: like Lady Robertland, who said to him, "With God the most of mosts is lighter than nothing, and without Him the least of leasts is heavier than any burden"; and like Elizabeth Melvill, the Lady Culross, who would write, "Ye must be hewin and hamerd down and drest and prepaired, before ye be a Leving Ston fitt for His building"; and like Margaret Scott of Stranraer, who was "but in a mean condition," and yet contributed for the Covenanting army "seven twenty-two shilling sterling pieces and one eleven shillings' piece of gold," and, when her minister asked how she could part with so much, made the tender reply, "I was gathering, and had laid up this to be a portion to a young daughter I had; and, whereas the Lord lately hath pleased to take my daughter to Himself, I thought I would give Him her tocher also." There are Christian laymen among the artist's subjects: Cathcart of Carleton, who came out to family worship from the place of secret communion, and, having prayed earnestly and confidently, ran back to his chamber as soon as he had done; and John Mein, the merchant, who always sang some psalms as he put on his clothes in the morning, and who could point to a room where he had spent a whole night in fellowship with God, and where he had seen a light greater than ever was the light of the sun. But the ministers are the favourite themes. They pass before us, an inspiriting company of great-hearted gentlemen. Robert Bruce, who was short in prayer with others, but then "every sentence was like a strong bolt shot up to heaven"; John Smith of Maxtone, who, whenever he met a youth studying for the Church, would draw him aside, and "seriously and gravely exhort him, and heartily bless him"; David Dickson, who told Livingston with his latest breath, "I have taken all my good deeds and all my bad deeds, and cast them in a heap before the Lord, and have betaken me to Jesus Christ, in Whom I have full and sweet peace"; Robert Blair, "of a majestick, awfull, yet amiable countenance," who was "seldom ever brangled in his assurance of salvation"; Robert Cunningham, "the one man to my discerning who resembled most the meekness of Jesus Christ," who, when his wife sat by his deathbed, prayed for the whole Church, and for his parish, and for his brethren in the ministry, and for his children, and in the end said, "And last, O Lord, I recommend to Thee this gentlewoman, who is no more my wife," and, with that saying, he softly loosed his hand from hers, and gently thrust her hand a little from him:—we would not miss one in the priestly and kingly succession. And his must have been a rich and roomy nature, who could gather such friends around him.

But Middleton and the Council had no place for him in Scotland. "At last, on the 9th of Aprile 1663, I went aboarde in old John Allan's ship, and, in eight dayes, came to Rotterdam." There was not an indolent fibre in his constitution, and through the years of his banishment he was almost as busy as he had been in his home. It was not merely that every morning brought him a noble chance of doing good to the citizens of the foreign town; but he found new fields of exercise for his erudition. Wishing to accomplish something "whereby the knowledge of the only true God might be more plentifully had out of the Original," he set himself to revise the Latin version of the Old Testament, comparing it throughout with the Hebrew, and meaning by and by to have both printed in parallel columns. Adverse circumstances hindered the publication of his book; but the scholar himself had the joy of "mastering learning's crabbed text" and of pursuing to the end his lofty designs. In such fruitful avocations as these, the exiled preacher tarried his Lord's leisure until the August of 1672, and then the earthly service was sublimed into the heavenly. In Ancrum or in Holland, in honour and dishonour, it fared well with the man who could write : " If it were given to my option, God knows I would rather serve Him on earth and then endure the torments of the lost, than live a life of sin on earth and then have for ever the bliss of the ransomed."

CHAPTER IX.

A NONSUCH FOR A CLERK.

"IT is clear," writes Professor Rendel Harris of a nineteenth-century saint, "that we must begin our reminiscences by constructing for him what the Jews call a *Sepher Toldoth,* or Book of Generations." There is a peculiar appropriateness in so beginning any sketch of Archibald Johnston, Lord Wariston, the Lawyer of the Covenant. He owed much to the men and women of his house, who had travelled the highroad of life before him. A bad heredity is a woeful burden; and they are much to be pitied against whom "from the cradle fate and their fathers fight." But there is a good heredity which is a strong shelter to the soul, and an incalculable aid to holy living. Archibald Johnston, like numbers more, had many reasons to be thankful for his Book of Generations.

He could hardly have been anything else than a learned advocate. His grandfather, Sir Thomas Craig, was a renowned pleader, and the author of a treatise on Feudal Law. One aunt was wife of the first Lord Durie, and mother of the second; another aunt was married to Sir James Skene, President of the Court of Session. Merchant burgess of Edinburgh as his father was, the boy who was born, in March 1611, to a career so stormy was predestined to a lawyer's ambitions and victories. The *Sepher Toldoth* prophesied his eminence in the Courts.

But, if the God of parents is the God of children, there was as much likelihood that he would be a Covenanter and a Christian. He had a grandmother, Rachel Arnot, who was a princess in the aristocracy of the Kirk. She had hidden Robert Bruce within her walls—Robert Bruce, the minister of St. Giles, who was often at cross purposes with James the Sixth. In the same house, too, in the Sciennes, when the Five Articles of Perth were ratified by the Black Parliament, those Edinburgh preachers who objected to such Episcopal law-making, and whom the magistrates had commanded to leave the city, spent an entire day in prayer. Archibald Johnston was fifteen before white-haired Rachel Arnot died; and from her lips he must have heard many a history of heroism and godliness. This will be a lawyer, we predict, as familiar with "Heaven's bribeless hall," and with "Christ, the King's Attorney," as with the Court of Session and the General Assembly of the Church.

Having taken his degree in Glasgow, he passed as an advocate in the winter of 1633, and settled in an Edinburgh home. Soon he married, finding his bride in a Judge's daughter, and so forging a fresh and delightful chain to bind him closer to his profession. Helen Hay could have no disturbing presentiment, in the joyousness of her wedding morning, of that tragic hour, seven-and-twenty years later, when she should beg the forgiveness of her husband from an obdurate King, and should urge him in vain to pity her twelve children, "reduced to a poor and desolate condition." At first all went prosperously; and the town house in the High Street, and the country house of Wariston, seven miles from the Mercat Cross, were palaces of content and hope. But, indeed, let it be merry June or bleak-nighted December in his calendar, Lord Foresterseat's daughter had only a proud love to bestow on her husband.

He was young when he thirled himself to the cause of the Covenant. We have seen him, still some years under thirty, reading the great parchment to the crowd in the Greyfriars.

And now, with tone distinct and clear, as one whose word is power,
Johnston of Wariston stood forth—God's gift in danger's hour.

But, before 1638, he had been in conflict with Charles and Laud, and had proved himself their superior in wit as well as in piety. For example, when the Scots were busy framing Supplications and Protestations against the tyrannous actings of Whitehall and Canterbury, who was more enthusiastic than he? They devised four permanent committees of their best and ablest men—Tables they called them—the first composed of the nobles, the second of representatives from the counties, the third of members of the Presbyteries, the last of burghers and townsmen. Then, out of these, they constructed a Central Table, made up of four deputies from each of the others, which sat constantly in Edinburgh, and conducted all negotiations with the Privy Council. But this effective instrument of scrutiny and criticism, this popular and vigilant Opposition, was really of Johnston's planning; and in the Central Table he was Clerk and Secretary. "Canny, lynx-eyed lawyer" he might be—it is Thomas Carlyle's portrait; but nevertheless "full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: a very notable character." And ere long he will be "a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard."

The Glasgow Assembly set him, more conspicuously than ever, in the van of the Church's fighters. He was the man who framed its enactments, and put them into proper shape. For when, on Friday, the

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON, LORD WARRISTON.

After a Portrait by George Jamesone.

23rd of November, the ministers and elders proceeded to the election of a Clerk, all of them, with one solitary exception, voted that no one else must be chosen. They understood what they were doing. The young advocate stumbled once, we are told, when he had a singularly difficult paper to write; but that was at the very commencement. There was no subsequent failure, nor semblance of it. Early in the proceedings, he was able to do the Assembly a notable service. The Church had in its safe-keeping its records from 1590 onwards; but all trace had been lost of the minutes of the previous thirty years, since John Knox and his coadjutors had by the grace of the King of kings managed to dethrone Popery and to set Presbytery in its room. The Bishops were supposed to have obtained possession of the priceless volumes; and it was feared that, in such unfriendly custodianship, they must have been either mutilated or utterly destroyed. The members mourned the disappearance of their archives as a calamity not now to be retrieved. But they were mistaken; for "the new Clerk," as the minister of Kilwinning reports, "declared that, by the good providence of God, these books they spake of were come to his hands, which there he produced to all our great joy." Five closely-written folios there were, and they made the history of the Kirk complete. A committee was appointed to scrutinise their authenticity, and it pronounced them "true registers," and Archibald Johnston was thanked with enthusiasm for what he had done. It was but a sample of his indispensable usefulness to the Assembly. When we paint a mental picture of the Cathedral in those dark wintry days, and of its thronging and eager and sometimes noisy auditory, we must see that "a little table is set in the midst, foreanent the Commissioner"—so long at least as it pleases his Grace to remain in such troublesome company; and behind the little table are sitting side by side Henderson and Wariston. "Mr. Johnestoun to us all," Baillie says, "was a Nonsuch for a Clerk."

Charles was in choleric mood when he knew what was done in Glasgow. In the summer of 1639, one must think of the Royalist soldiers, with the King at their head, embarked on the Bishops' War. They have assembled at the Birks near Berwick, whilst the Covenanters are encamped on Duns Law. No pages in Robert Baillie's three volumes are more graphic than those which depict the scene. "It would have done you good to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did with great contentment and joy; for I, quoth the wren, was there among the rest." The regiments had noblemen for their officers, the captains were landed proprietors, the lieutenants experienced troopers, some of whom had stood "ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood with the brave Gustavus." The colours, flying at each captain's tent, bore the Scottish arms, with the motto in letters of gold, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." There were some companies of Highlanders, "souple fellows, with their playds, targes, and dorlachs." But most of the soldiers were staunch young ploughmen, whose capacity increased with every hour. "The good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances verie frequent of the goodness of their cause, of their conduct hitherto by Hand clearlie divine; also Leslie, his skill and fortoun—made them all so resolute for battell as could be wished." In Alexander Leslie they had indeed the best of commanders. "Such was the wisdome and authoritie of that old, little, crooked soldier, that all, with ane incredible submission, gave themselves over to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman." And in the tents Baillie heard "the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture." Such battalions would not readily have been put to flight; and Charles did wisely when he concluded the Pacification of Berwick, and ceased for a while from hostilities.

It was Archibald Johnston who took the main part in bringing the King to terms. In his Diary, for one month of his life, from May 21st to June 25th, 1639—a precious fragment which the Scottish History Society has published—we see him at this war-time in his virile quality, his impetuosity and heat. He asks the Edinburgh Committee and the various counties for men and material in letters which, like Cromwell's, "are like the firing of some two hundred shot." "They are not worthy to be freemen that will neglect their country, which is now ready to bleed for their neglect. Be not wanting to yourselves, and be confident God will send an outgate to all these difficulties." "Shall our enemies be more forward for invasion against the truth and for our slaverie, than we for our defence, for the truth, and for our libertie? In the end they have neither Christian nor Scottish hearts who will expose their religion, their countrie, their neighbours and themselves to this present danger, without taking part." These are clarion calls. But Wariston's devoutness is as apparent as his patriotism. On Monday, June 3rd, he spends the whole afternoon in conference with Alexander Henderson and David Dickson and Robert Meldrum, the secretary of General Leslie. They have bethought, and better bethought, on the necessities of the army, the want of money and munition and order and discipline, the natural impossibility of retiring or of remaining or of going forward. They have been "forfoghten with the consideration." But then the sun breaks through the clouds. Despairing of secondary causes and human helpers, they look up to heaven. David Dickson attests that, when God delivers them, they, who have been emptied and annihilated of all their wits and judgment, shall admire and adore Him alone, for building so high an edifice on so low a foundation, for bringing so great an ebb to so great a tide, for drawing so rich an abundance out of so vast a want. And "in despyte of the devill and all our straites," Archibald Johnston goes from his Council of War with a quiet heart; he has seen the Aurora in the eastern sky. But how rapier-like and stinging his speech could be! It leaves goads in the minds of others, and sometimes pangs in his own. He bears the brunt of the negotiations with Charles, and His Majesty resents the pithiness of his utterance. "The King answered that the devil himself could not make a more uncharitable construction or give a more bitter expression." Again: "The King commanded me silence, and said he would speak to more reasonable men." And, yet again: "When we rose, he gave to every one of us a kiss of his hand, bidding me walk more circumspectly in time coming." There are no half-measures in the Covenanting lawyer's soul.

The years went on. In 1641, he was knighted, and became a Lord of Session. Later in the decade, he was one of the eight Scottish commissioners to the Westminster Assembly. The Jerusalem Chamber did not see so much of him as of Rutherfurd and Gillespie; but, when he was present, he gave good help with "the sharp point of his manifold arguments." Once, in March of 1646, he made a speech which was long remembered. The House of Commons had proposed to create a civil tribunal which should revise the verdicts of the Church courts; and Archibald Johnston expressed the convictions of the majority in the Assembly, when he said that there must be no headship over the spiritual realm bequeathed to Pope or King or Parliament. "We must not edge away an hem of Christ's robe royal." His decisive sentences, except for their antique dialect, might have come from the lips of Thomas Chalmers during the Ten Years' Conflict of a later century.

There are toilers who surprise us by the amount and the diligence of their labours; and this man was of their company. He was seldom able to sleep more than three hours out of the twenty-four, such a restless mind he had, and such a perpetual anxiety to do "a shear darg" for the commonweal. He could have appreciated both clauses in the advice given, in a subsequent age, by one of the most famous of his countrymen: "Fear God, and work hard." And, in the midst of his multiform tasks, he strove to keep the mirror of conscience unsullied. Greatly as he distrusted the policy of Charles I.,—opposed as he was to the authors of the Engagement and to their attempts to relieve His Majesty when his sky was overcast and threatening—he made generous efforts to save him from the consequences of his own perversity. But, when the axe of the headsman ended the King's arrogances and ambiguities, Wariston was not of those who approved of treating with his son; he is clear from the stigma which clings in this connection to some saintly names. Probably this was why the Second Charles had no shadow of compunction afterwards in sending him to his doom. Even to James

Guthrie the Merry Monarch could give a passing sigh when he was informed that all was over; but for Lord Wariston there were no repentances, however easy: there were only the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn.

Charles had another cause for dislike. Johnston had accepted office and emolument from Cromwell. He was among the Judges—four of them Englishmen, the other three of native birth—whom the Puritan ruler appointed to superintend the administration of the law in Scotland. Aliens although the majority of these senators were, they soon made themselves very popular in the northern Kingdom; for under their direction the Courts were cleansed from the corrupt practices which had stolen away their good name and had led all lovers of fair-play to deride their jurisprudence. "Purity and rigour"—they are Sir Walter Scott's epithets—began once more to distinguish the conduct of legal affairs; how could it be otherwise when Andrew Ker sat on the bench, who "used to say that many times he had as sweet and as great communion with God," when he was robed in his judicial scarlet and ermine, "as ever he had in secret"? and when, side by side with Andrew Ker, sat Lord Wariston, *vir justus et tenax propositi?* Later, Sir Archibald was one of the sixty-three members of Oliver's House of Peers; and James Sharp heard gossiping stories, and repeated them, of "his declarations against valentines and a stage-play lately acted by Sir William Davenant." Finally, in 1657, he was reinstated by the Protector in the dignity of Lord Clerk Register of Scotland—a dignity which, a few years before, he had been compelled to forgo. These were sanctions of the Usurpation such as no other Covenanter had supplied, and the King might point to them in justification of his severity. To-day, when Cromwell's moral grandeur is as patent to us as his military genius, we do not dream of blaming Archibald Johnston for what he did. His procedure, too, was almost pathetically necessary. He had lost all his means in promoting the great aims of his life. He had no income to provide for the boys and girls crowding the house in the High Street; and the salary of the Judge or the Lord Clerk Register was sorely required. The *lacrimœ rerum* which the incident stirs we discover elsewhere, in his own agony afterwards that he had "made himself a trespasser." In his dying speech he bewailed his misdeed in moving words: "It doth not a little trouble me, and lies heavy on my spirit, and will bring me down with sorrow to the grave, that I suffered myself, through the power of temptations, and the too much fear anent the straits that my numerous family might be brought into, to be carried unto so great a length of compliance with the late usurpers, which did much grieve the hearts of the godly, and did give no small occasion to the adversary to reproach and blaspheme." "Scruple," says Jeremy Taylor, "is a little stone in the foot; if you set it upon the ground, it hurts you." Lord Wariston's foot, we surmise, was fevered and vexed by a little stone.

But it was his habit to scourge and afflict himself, prince in Israel although he was. His hasty temper was a poignant distress to him: did it not mar his best pieces of work that he was "subject to many excesses of heat, and thereby to some precipitations, which have offended standers-by and lookers-on"? Perhaps, on occasion, his eloquence was a trifle vehement and exasperating. But his personal religion was of no slipshod kind. He was an ardent lover of the secret place. Kirkton says that he gave more time to prayer and reading and meditation than any man he ever knew. It was a common thing for him to be on his knees, alone in his room, for three consecutive hours. Again and again he lost consciousness of what was passing round him. Once, intending to spend the beginning of the day in fellowship with God, he continued his intercessions and studies from six in the morning till, to his own amazement, the town bells rang at eight in the evening. We comprehend now why his heart was garrisoned by peace, while the noise of the archers was seldom intermitted outside. He believed that he saw God face to face; and, the night before his execution, he could tell a friend that not once, for a long period, had he known a doubt regarding his salvation. Those streams from the uplands fed the courage which never flagged, and nourished until the end his wisdom and his stature.

On the 14th of July 1660, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of Sir James Stewart, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John Chiesly of Kerswall, and Sir Archibald Johnston. The first two were arrested; but Wariston had some inkling of what was coming, and escaped to the Continent. Enraged at missing him, his enemies proclaimed his offices vacant and his estates forfeit; on a February day in 1661, at the Mercat Cross, the scene of many of his triumphs, the Lyon King denounced him as a traitor, and tore his Arms asunder, and trampled them under foot; but meanwhile his life was secure. In Hamburg, some months after leaving Scotland, he fell into serious illness. He was bled by a Dr. Bates, whose creed was not that of the Covenanters; and there were reports that the physician did not deal fairly with his patient. It is certain that he never recovered either his robustness of body or his clearness of memory; he was broken and old before his time. When he had been

CHARLES I.

After a Portrait by Van Dyck.

two years in Hamburg, he ventured to France to meet his wife; but the spies of Charles found him at Rouen. It is characteristic of him that, when they entered his lodging, he was kneeling in prayer; from the audience-chamber of God they hastened him to imprisonment. In January 1663, he was confined within the Tower of London, where he lay for six months; and then, in the summer, he was transferred to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

It was a feeble invalid who was led before the Scottish Parliament; there was no risk that the persecutors would be assailed by the indignation which once might have leaped from his tongue. Everybody compassionated him, everybody except the Bishops and the Earl of Lauderdale, once his brother-deputy at the Assembly of Divines. Lauderdale's spiteful and bitter antipathy we can read in his own letters. Thus, on the 23rd of June, he writes that there is "a petition from that wretches children, shewing that he hath lost his memorie and almost his sence, and praying for delay till he may be in a fitter condition to dye." But the Council, he adds, and his own was the most potent voice in the Council, "wold not meddle in giving any respite." On the 2nd of July, after the prisoner's case has been discussed again, he describes how "divers voted for delay," but not his Grace himself—"I confess, thogh I thinke I be as farr from a cruell disposition as any bodie, yet, considering the justice of the sentence, and that, if it had come to a delay, it must have broght the trouble of it to His Majestie, who onely can grant pardon, I did cleirly vote, Presently." Again, on the 9th, "very late," he has more news to send from "Halyrude hous." On the previous day Wariston had been at the bar once more. "Yet I must needs tell you something there was of compassion in the

Parliament, when they granted fourteen dayes time for the prisoner to prepare himself to dye. And he receaved the sentence to be hanged and to have his head affixed, with much more composedness of spirit than I did expect. He sate on his knees according to the custome; and then prayed God to bless the King, to bless the Parliament, to keep every one from his condition; and againe he prayed for the King, for the Church, and for the kingdome, and without one word for himself he went out." So Lauderdale, who voted "Presently," was not balked of his wish. On the 22nd of July, Archibald Johnston was to finish his course and to receive his enduring crown.

If the fire of his nature was less fervid, the faith was as firm. His young daughter had, at her request and his, been his companion in the Tower, and she remained with him in the Tolbooth; and always afterwards the prison was to her a gracious recollection. Her father's great concern was that he might "not faint in the hour of trial"; and the nearer the end approached, the more unassailable became his tranquillity, until, on the morning of his death, he spoke with assurance "of his being clothed in a long white robe," before another night should descend on his Margaret and himself. Through all that forenoon she heard him ejaculating, *Abba, Father!*—he would have understood and rejoiced in William Canton's verses—

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest,
My child's head nestles to my breast;
And how my arm her little form enfolds,
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
And how she holds
My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own?
A little easeful sighing,
And restful turning round,
And I too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

Indeed, Wariston's *Abba* was long remembered ; it became a gracious tradition which was instinctively associated with his name. Sixty years later, a minister of the Scottish Church recalled it, and wrote of it in his *Diary* that it was " uttered in such a manner as was most pleasant, ravishing, and refreshing to all " who heard the martyr, " although he was so low and weak that sometimes he fainted." At two o'clock he was called from his cell, for the scaffold was waiting him at the Mercat Cross.

Well he knew the spot. It was directly opposite the windows of his own house. They had made the gallows unusually high, to be in keeping with the offences which were to be expiated on it. Round the place were the King's Life Guards on horseback, " with their carabynes and naiket swords," and there was also " ane gaird of the toun of Edinburgh with their cullouris displayed." On the way to the Cross, Wariston often turned to the people and asked their prayers. When he reached it, he read his dying testimony, first to those on the north and thereafter to those on the south, speaking in a distinct voice, the old voice of the Greyfriars given back again. Having finished, he prayed twice, with the deepest contrition, but then in a kind of rapture. At the head of the ladder he cried, " I beseech you all who are the people of God not to scar at sufferings for the interests of Christ ; for I assure you, in the name of the Lord, He will bear your charges." The moment after he was heard to say, " The Lord hath graciously comforted me." Then, asking the executioner if he was ready, he gave the signal, exclaiming, " O pray, pray, praise, praise ! " It was with arms uplifted to the summer skies, spectators remarked, that Archibald Johnston, who had lived in familiarity with the better world, passed to see its glories.

In *Naphtali,* that fine old Covenanting book, his last speech may be read. There are the advocate's accent in it, and the patriot's accent, but, best of all, the Christian's accent, the discourse of the townsfolk in the city of God. He grieved that it was " weak and short,'' for it had to be written in his dungeon ; but it stands in no need of apology. These are its closing sentences : " I do here now submit and commit my soul and body, wife and children and children's children, with all others, His friends and followers—all His doing and suffering, witnessing and sympathising ones, in the present and subsequent generations—unto the Lord's choice mercies, graces, favours, services, employments, empowerments, enjoyments, improvements, and inheritments, on earth and in heaven, in time and eternity. All which suits, with all others which He hath at any time by His Spirit moved and assisted me to make and put up according to His will, I leave before and upon the Father's merciful bowels and the Son's mediating merits and the Holy Spirit's compassionate groans, for now and evermore. Amen.''

Something there is in such language—a colour, a music, an intimacy—beyond Greek and Roman fame.

CHAPTER X.

SABBATH MORNING IN FENWICK.

AT Fenwick, close by Kilmarnock, stands one of the historical parish churches of the west of Scotland. The building is unassuming and simple, shaped like a Greek cross, with a small tower and belfry. Inside are three galleries, each with oaken front. Beside the pulpit the visitor discovers a quaint relic of the older time—a bracket on which is fixed a half-hour sand-glass, once employed to regulate the duration of the sermon. In the green grass of the churchyard there are the graves of martyrs—Robert Buntine and James Blackwood, executed in 1666; James White, shot at one of the moorland farms; John Fergushill and George Woodburn and Peter Gemmill, killed in 1685. These were parishioners of Fenwick at its most notable epoch; and their deaths witness what strength as of steel the preaching they heard breathed into their hearts. There were other hearers too, better known than these: the Howies of Lochgoin, and Captain John Paton of Meadowhead, who sleeps in the Greyfriars, but to whose bravery and religion a monument has been raised in the humbler God's acre in Ayrshire. To the Scot who reverences what is best in the story of his country, this is holy ground.

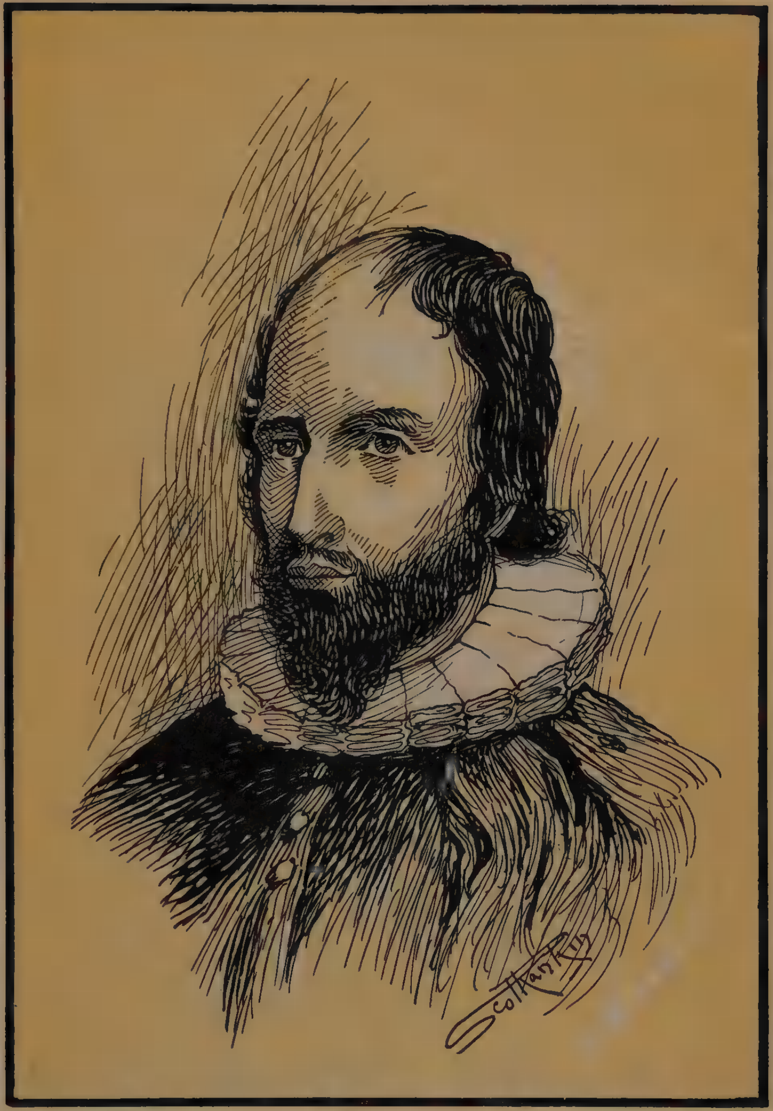
The first minister of Fenwick was William Guthrie, cousin of "the short man who could not bow."

Eldest son in a Forfarshire family, he was born in his father's house of Pitforthy, near Brechin, in 1620. No fewer than four out of the five boys in Pitforthy mansion became Covenanting preachers—Robert, and Alexander, and John, as well as William; not many homes in Scotland did so much for the harassed and danger-driven Kirk. In his student years at St. Andrews William Guthrie found two treasures, in addition to the classical and philosophical learning which came to him there, and better still than it. One was the intimate friendship of his cousin James, his senior by some half a dozen summers, who took the lad to lodge with him in his own rooms. From the first he had his premonitions of the goal to which his cousin was travelling, and he envied him the crown he saw waiting for his brow. "You will have the better of me," he said; "for you will die honourably before many witnesses, with a rope about your neck; and I will die whining on a pickle straw." But, in the divinity school, a still profounder happiness was in store. Samuel Rutherfurd had recently been sent, much against his desire, to the University town, to fill the chair of theology in St. Mary's College. It was through Rutherfurd that the Spirit of God spoke to William Guthrie in those accents which are at once irresistible and sweet. Lovable, high-minded, "naturally Christian" as he had been from boyhood, he received now that touch of the glowing coal from the Altar which cleanses the lips and sets the heart on fire. He was equipped for the ministry of the Gospel.

Before the ministry began, however, he proved his devotion to Christ. That nothing might wean him from his calling, he surrendered his right of succession to the Pitforthy estate. There was one brother in the household who was not destined for the pulpit, and to him the heir to the property made over his possessions. He had an overflowing reward, even in this life, in his freedom from worldly entanglements, in the geniality and joyousness of his temperament, and, most of all, in that marvellous and victorious power with which his Master endowed his preaching. He was one of the men, whom some count mad, " who, the more they cast away, the more they have."

William Guthrie was ready for his lifework. He went westward, to the county of Ayr, that he might be tutor to Lord Mauchline, eldest son of the Earl of Loudoun. But he had not been long in Loudoun Castle, until he was called to undertake his coveted task of proclaiming the Evangel. Preaching on a Fast-day in the neighbouring town of Galston, he had among his listeners some Covenanters from Fenwick—Fenwick which had but lately been endowed with a church and congregation of its own. They felt that the young licentiate was the minister whom God had appointed for them. But there were difficulties in the way. Lord Boyd, the superior, was an unbending Royalist, and he mistrusted any one who came commended by the Earl of Loudoun. For a time the settlement was postponed. But the disappointments and hindrances, while they made the people of Fenwick angry with the man who was the author of them, only served to reveal the winsome Christianity of their minister-elect. His temper was never ruffled. One reads his essential sweetness in the letters he wrote, during the months of waiting, to his bosom-friend, the younger Sir William Mure of Rowallan. " As for that business which hath put so many to trouble," he says, " wisest Providence keeps a princely way in it. The present stop, if it be not an offence to you, it shall not be grievous to me. Lay aside these nothings, and detain the King in the galleries in the behalf of Zion." William Guthrie's spirit held "no draught of bitter dew."

And meanwhile, though his lips were closed, he could preach by his pen. Sir William Mure's lady, Dame Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the Provost of Glasgow, like so many of her high-born sisters in that earnest age, was anxious above all things to have some seal of her "calling and election": was she Christ's, or was she not? She could not have consulted a safer spiritual director than young Mr. Guthrie. He told her husband how she should "know if her work were thorough." If her conscience were only eased, not cured, then she would be quickly satisfied, and "no place of Scripture would be made lively to her which she dared call her own," and she would see no more to be sin than she saw before, and she would be possessed with no deeper awe at the performance of religious duties, and she would hold the Bible in no loftier esteem than had been her custom. But if conscience really was healed, Lady Mure would find herself the tenant of a new world. No poppy or mandragora or drowsy syrup would be permitted to lull her into sleep. She would look for her charter in the Word of Life itself. She would regard faults, which the world counted nothings, "to be as offensive to God as gross outbreakings." She would dread especially that searching sentence, *Cursed is he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently,* and would fear much in the time of service, and would remember that "the iniquity of holy things will damn, if God cover not shortcomings." Do we not feel that we are in the company of a skilled and faithful and tender physician of the soul? Here, already, are foreglimpses of what will be the good minister's chief concern and passion. Lord Boyd's objections were overcome in the end; and, in November



WILLIAM GUTHRIE, OF FENWICK.

A Portrait prefixed to some Editions of "The Christian's Great Interest."

1644, the preacher was ordained over the parish which was determined to have no one else for its instructor and shepherd. Often in succeeding years the attempt was made to draw Guthrie from his secluded country-side to busier and more prominent spheres; but nothing could coax him to forsake his early love. To the last, until the summer morning twenty years distant when the bishops and dragoons drove him out, he was loyal to Fenwick.

To his manse, in the August after his ordination, he brought his wife, Agnes Campbell, who was related in some distant way to Lord Loudoun. She was a woman of a gracious spirit. In after years, when death had snatched him from her only too soon, she wrote letters instinct with good cheer to the captives and sufferers of the Covenant whom she knew. But, from the outset, the mistress of the home had sharp experience of the trials that invaded Presbyterian households in those distracted times. In 1648, her husband was present, with six other ministers, at the skirmish on Mauchline Moor. In 1650, he was with the defeated army at Dunbar. Agnes Guthrie had an anxious heart during these seasons of absence. At first, indeed, she declared that he must not leave her to encounter such hazards; but illness brought him, beneath his own rooftree, to the brink of death, and she saw that, by the hearth or in the field, she must intrust him to the safe-keeping of God. It would have been a bootless enterprise—the attempt to limit his participation in his country's affairs. Like his spiritual kinsfolk, he could not understand a piety which was divorced from patriotism and good citizenship.

The minister of Fenwick, says James Stirling, preacher in the subsequent generation in the Barony

Church of Glasgow, was a "great melancholian," one of the sensitive and reflective and brooding souls, whose thoughts plunge deep down, and whose eyes are accustomed to look out on men and the world through a mist of weeping. His frail body had much to do with the pensiveness of his mind; all his life long he bore about with him a tormenting sickness; and it would have been strange if one who never knew robust health had not sometimes been grave and sad. Yet, despite his serious moods, a blither heart than William Guthrie's never beat. He laughs out of court the caricature that the Covenanters were men jaundiced and fault-finding: he is a Covenanter full of merriment. His talk sparkled with humour. His nature delighted in friendliness. There were moments, he confessed, when his love of fun carried him too far; and then he shed salt tears in secret over his quips and jests in company. But that was seldom. One day he and James Durham were together, in a gentleman's house, at dinner; and he was so mirthful and vivacious that Durham, the most composed of men, caught the infection, and laughed again and again. Immediately after dinner, in accordance with the custom of the family, Guthrie was asked to pray. And such a prayer it was, burning with divine fire, opening the gates of heaven, and melting the spirits of the auditors. "O Will!" Durham cried, as they rose from their knees, "you are a happy man. If I had been so daft, I could not have been in any frame for eight-and-forty hours." "It was often observed," Wodrow says, "that, let Mr. Guthrie be never so merry, he was presently fit for the most spiritual duty; and the only account I can give of it," continues the minister of Eastwood, "is that he acted from spiritual principles in all he did, and even in his relaxations." It is the true solution. There was no profane territory anywhere in this laughing and weeping man.

He was a great angler. He knew the spots, and resorted to them frequently, where

> trout below the blossomed tree
> Plashed in the golden stream.

To carry a rod, and to cast a line, and to land a fish, were among his chief pleasures. He could have subscribed prattling Izaak Walton's confession that "angling, after tedious study, is a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diversion of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness." But his supreme work was that of fishing for men. When he went to Fenwick, the spiritual condition of the place was as low as it could be. Some of his people lived six or seven miles distant; the country was full of morasses; there were no proper roads; the majority never dreamed of attending the New Kirk, as it was named. They gave the Sabbath to amusement. They were rude enough, here and there, to close their doors in their minister's face. But he refused to be discouraged. In the cause of Christ he would not own the possibility of defeat.

Stories are recorded of his ingenuity and strategy in compelling men, however stubborn they might be, to look the eternal things fairly in the face. He would disguise himself, and would get a night's lodging in a cottage, and would talk with the inmates. Once he transformed a poacher into an elder and a saint. The man said that, abroad in the fields with his gun, he had his best sport when his neighbours were safely shut within the church, and that, each Monday morning, he earned half a crown by the sale of his moorfowl and hares. "I will pay you the half-crown," Guthrie replied, "if you will come to the New Kirk next Sabbath." The bargain was struck; but, when the offer was repeated, the bribe was refused. In God's house the poacher had heard what was of greater value than a bushel of half-crowns. He was never absent afterwards, and ere long, with the goodwill of all, he was enrolled an office-bearer. There was another time when the minister persuaded a household into the observance of family worship. Dressed as a traveller, he found admission to the home, and was bidden stay. The hour came when "the Books" should be brought out; but there was no sign of them. The stranger inquired whether he might not join his hosts in their evening devotions; but the goodman asserted that he had no gift in prayer, and must not essay a task so high. "Nay, but you ought," the pertinacious guest insisted; and soon he had them all kneeling on the kitchen floor. "O Lord," cried the abashed and stammering suppliant, "this man would have me to pray; but Thou knowest that I cannot pray." It was a hopeful beginning, the confession of ignorance, the bewailing of the heart's penury and the mouth's cowardice. And afterwards, in this house, the altar of God was kept in good repair.

William Guthrie had his recompense. Soon his parish became—what Jewish tradition calls the home of Obed-Edom, where God's Ark sojourned—the Field of the Blessed Man. The people turned his glebe into a little town, so desirous they were to live in the vicinity of the church. From every district of the west—from Glasgow, from Paisley, from Hamilton, from Lanark—crowds trooped to hear him. "The lobbies of Fenwick Kirk," writes Dr. Alexander Whyte, "were like the porches of Bethesda, with all the blind, halt, and withered from the whole country round." And in the lowly meeting-place, as in Bethesda, the power of the Lord was present to heal. " A very exercised woman," Agnes Biggart, told the minister of the Barony " that Mr. Guthrie would in one sermon have gone over a great part of the spiritual exercises of a true Christian." He had " a strange way of persuading sinners to close with Christ, and answering all objections that might be proposed." Then, too, he possessed " a gift, peculiar to himself, of speaking to the common people in their own dialect." And the Sacramental Sabbaths in the New Kirk were preludes of heaven itself. James Hutcheson of Killellan was assistant on one of them; and, over and over, he would avow that, " if there was a kirk full of saints in the world, it was the Kirk of Fenwick that day "; the shining faces he had seen, and the ecstasies he had shared, were never forgotten while life lasted. We do not wonder that men high in rank said that they " would have been heartily content to have lived under Mr. Guthrie's ministry, though they had been but in the station of poor ploughmen." It would have been a wise exchange, and they must have gained more than they lost.

The fruitful ministry had its headquarters in Fenwick; but its beneficence was widely diffused. The preacher travelled up and down all the western shires; and, wherever he spoke, souls born into the liberties of the New Jerusalem followed him with gratitude. Wodrow has a tale of a Glasgow merchant, who, coming from Ireland, was forced to spend a Sabbath in Arran, and was annoyed with the misgiving that he would hear no sermon except in Gaelic. But, when he went to the church, Guthrie was in the pulpit. It was a day when the wind of the Spirit carried everything before its invincible onset. " There was scarce a hearer without tears, and many old people, in particular, weeping." Christ's footfall accompanied His ambassador on all his pilgrimages. Thus it happened once, north in Angus, when he was journeying to the old home in Pitforthy. In the darkness he lost his way, and, after some hours, discovered himself in the policies of a gentleman whom he knew to be unrelentingly opposed to the Covenanters. He knocked at the door of the mansion, and was invited to enter. Soon he had to confess himself a minister ; and then he craved permission to pray. It was granted, although the master of the house " carried pretty abstractedly." But the prayer moved the three daughters of the home as they had never been moved before. Next day the curate had to stand aside, that the unexpected guest might preach in his stead ; " and these three young gentlewomen were converted at that sermon." Cures flowed from this man, as the clear water bubbles from the mountain-spring and refuses to be held back.

And many, then and since, who never heard him speak, but have read his gracious and golden little book, *The Christian's Great Interest,* are undyingly in his debt. It was published in 1659, and it is not obsolete even now. It is a guide to the heart which asks the road to God, or which wishes to be assured that the road it has been walking is the right one—a guide which does not leave the wayfarer in the least uncertainty. There are no mists in its pages, no ambiguities, no needless verbiage : all is plain and simple. First and last, it is marked by a crystal clearness of thought, an unfailing sanity of statement, a rich pithiness of phrase. "It is my *vade-mecum,*" John Owen said ; "I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about with me. I have written several folios ; but there is more divinity in it than in them all." The greatest are ever the humblest, and contemporaries and successors are better able to rate John Owen at his proper worth than he was himself; but the chapters in which one of the princes of scholars and saints found such surpassing merit cannot but deserve our remembrance and study. What memorable sentences they contain! "It is a work and business which cannot be done sleeping," cries the watchman who is too kind to let us fall into heedlessness. The robber on the Cross was "nobly daring," he declares, "to throw himself upon the Covenant." The soul smitten with hunger for the living bread in the Saviour's house "resolves to die if He command so, yet at His door and facing towards Him." The man who prizes redemption as it should be prized "carefully gathers and treasures up his Michtams or Golden Scriptures," in order that, through the comfort they bring, his doubts may be scattered. "If you will, you are welcome," the envoy of the King assures our hearts, which have a hundred difficulties to suggest. "He turns all ways in which He can be useful to poor man"—it is his commendation of the Healer Who is at such pains to induce us to make trial of His grace. But Jesus has a holy jealousy too; He "will never clout the old garment of hypocrites with His fine new linen." Our belief, William Guthrie warns us, "must not swim only in the head"; indeed it is not enough that it should be "a business in the outer court of the affections"; it must be found "in the innermost cabinet of the soul." A man, he says too, who is determined to seek and find, will close with Christ not in some fit of emotional excitement but in calmness of spirit, "and, as it were, in his cold blood." The Christian has such an intimacy and familiarity in prayer, it is explained in another place, that he does not "use a number of compliments in his addresses" to his Father in heaven, and does not speak to God "as one who has His acquaintance to make every hour." And, almost at the end of the book, we are admonished against the folly of expecting our harvests while it is still our changeable and boisterous spring; the ripe fruit and the full assurance can scarcely be ours immediately after we have fled to our Redeemer's arms; nay, "these things will keep a man in work all his days." It is seldom that we meet such a sententious, axiomatic, wise-hearted teacher. He brings us *apples of gold in baskets of silver.*

But the storm gathered. Guthrie never had reposed much faith in Charles Stuart. Visiting, in 1660, in the house of Sir Daniel Carmichael, the Treasurer Depute of the Kingdom, he found every one jubilant over the home-coming of the sovereign; but, when he led the family in their devotions, this was his ominous forecast, "Lord, Thou knowest how soon this man may welter in the best blood of Scotland." Sir Daniel complained that his guest would "put them all in hazard to be hanged"; he was "a little roughsome" over the half-treasonable speech; but no doubt, he recalled it in the later months when its prophecy was receiving a fulfilment only too complete and tragic. For the minister himself there was a short respite. It was due in part to that beautiful courtesy which won for him, Protester as he was, a kindlier consideration than was extended to his fellows. "They that made Mr. Guthrie a minister," one of his elders said, "spoiled a good Malignant." Then he had two friends at Court, the Earl of Eglintoun and the Earl of Glencairn, the latter of whom could not forget his helpfulness when his own fortunes were at their lowest. For four years after the Restoration Fenwick kept the man whom it revered. They were years of notable usefulness. More and more the people trooped to hear him, hundreds sometimes standing outside the open doors in the churchyard. Crowned with favour as his labours had been from their outset, God kept the best for the last, and, as His servant stepped Westward, it was towards a region bright and a heavenly destiny. He was active, also, in the meetings of the Glasgow Synod, and strove hard to induce his brethren to send a plain-spoken address to the godless Parliament in Edinburgh; but the majority of them were not as dauntless as he was himself, and, much to his chagrin, a less uncompromising deliverance was adopted. For some Synods and Assemblies, it may be feared, he felt small reverence. "Mr. James Stirling tells me," writes Robert Wodrow, "that Mr. William Guthrie and Mr. John Durie used to divide the members of Assembly into *Vocales* and *Consonantes* and *Mutœ* and *Liquidœ* and *Diphthongœ.* The application of these, to most part of numerous meetings, is pretty obvious." Prophets and apostles, one learns from manifold sources, are not always the most successful ecclesiastics.

Glencairn and Eglintoun postponed the blow; but they could not avert it. The patience of Archbishop Fairfoul was at length exhausted; "he is a ringleader of sedition in my diocese," he answered when the noblemen appealed to him. In July 1664, the familiar voice was heard in Fenwick for the last time. It was a Sabbath morning. On the preceding Wednesday Guthrie had held a congregational Fast, preaching from the regretful cry of Hosea, *O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself!* Now, for his final message, he chose a softer word, the word of hope which follows, *But in Me is thine help.* At four o'clock, in the cool and clear summer dawn, the congregation assembled. Twice over their minister mounted the pulpit, making an interval between his sermons, and in the end dismissing the people before nine. Sorrow and anger were within them as they turned away.

At noon the curate of Calder, the one man willing to perform the ungracious task, arrived with an escort of twelve soldiers, to suspend William Guthrie from his office, and to declare his church vacant. There was some conversation in the manse. The curate spoke of the leniency shown to the Covenanting leader ; and he received the reply, " I take the Lord for party to that, and thank Him for it ; I look upon it as a door which God opened to me for preaching the Gospel." " I bless the Lord," this true bishop continued, " He hath given me some success and a seal of my ministry upon the consciences of not a few that are gone to heaven, and of some that are yet in the way to it." By and by he turned to the soldiers. " As for you, gentlemen," he said, " I wish the Lord may pardon you for countenancing this man in this business." One of them retorted, " I trust we may never do a graver fault." " Well," was the response, an arrow shot at a venture, " a little sin may damn a man's soul." Then a blessing was asked, and refreshments were served by the persecuted to the persecutors ; and curate and horsemen went to announce to an empty church the eviction of its minister.

But, though he could no more speak in his Master's name, he lived on in Fenwick for a few months longer. Nothing jangled the melodiousness of his disposition. It is a quaint and quickening incident which John Howie recounts, in *The Scots Worthies,* of this period. The silenced minister and some friends had gone to the village of Stewarton, to hear a young man preach. Coming home again, they told him of their dissatisfaction with the sermon. " Ah ! " he said, " you are mistaken; it was an admirable sermon." And then he proposed that they should sit down on the grass, and he would rehearse it to them. So, "in a good summer night, about the sun-setting," they "put up at God's green caravanserai," finding their sanctuary under the open sky; and a second time the sermon was preached that day. But with what a different result! "They thought it a wonderfully great one, because of his good delivery and their amazing love to him." We are enamoured of the man, who, instead of repining over his own misfortunes, took such pains to gain for a beginner the charity of judges disposed to be censorious.

The end of life was at hand now. Pursued by ill health, he did not grow stronger with the revolving seasons; he needed a draught from the river of healing in the Paradise of God. In 1665, the brother to whom he had bequeathed Pitforthy died; and he went north to help in the arrangement of the family affairs. But his disease returned in an aggravated form. The pain was agonising; again and again it made him delirious; "but," he said, "though I should die mad, I know I shall die in the Lord." On the 10th of October, in the house of his brother-in-law, Laurence Skinner, one of the ministers of Brechin, he got his release from the troublesome world; the faith was kept and the crown attained. William Guthrie was only forty-five, when he laid down his task and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW COLONEL WALLACE FOUGHT AT PENTLAND.

THE Earl of Middleton had gone, and the Earl of Rothes ruled Scotland in his stead. But to the Covenanters the change brought no escape from tyranny and no help for pain. On the contrary, they were plunged into rougher waters and sent through fiercer fires. The new Commissioner had his better qualities. His judgment was clear, Bishop Burnet says, and his apprehension quick. Occasionally an evanescent mood of compassion prompted him to show a little tenderness to the persecuted men—a mood to be traced largely to the influence of his wife, who had been Lady Anne Lindsay, a woman " discreet, wise, virtuous, and good." " I would advise you, my Lady, to keep your chickens in about, else I may pick up some of them," he would tell her, if he caught sight of any of the outed ministers in the neighbourhood of his mansion-house of Leslie. But such penitences were rare, and they vanished speedily. His administration was to be marked by a violence even ruder and more vulgar than that of his predecessor. In personal character he can only be described as a thorough-paced debauchee ; the bracing grace of self-mastery was unknown to him ; and his godly wife must have wept in secret over the unabashed scandals of her husband's conduct. He was illiterate too, in spite of that clear judgment and quick apprehension of his, " barely able to do more than make his mark" ; when he wrote, he formed each letter singly, and between the several letters in a word he would put as great a distance as that between the words themselves. The Church and its defenders had nothing to hope for, and much to dread, from the ascendancy of the Earl of Rothes.

It was significant that, from the first, his chief adviser was the Archbishop of St. Andrews. If he was himself keen to amass plunder, James Sharp was as eager to inflict punishment on men whose constancy was a stinging rebuke to his own faithlessness. Rothes was extortionate and brutal ; the Prelate was revengeful and persistent in his enmities ; with this duumvirate in authority the prospect for the friends of the Covenant was gloomy as midnight. When Parliament broke up in the autumn of 1663—a Parliament which, like one of the Kings of Judah, *departed without being desired*—it was well understood that its members were not to be called together again ; henceforward Scotland was to be managed by the Privy Council, a body more limited, more homogeneous, more unpitying ; and in the Privy Council Sharp and Rothes were supreme. It was at the instigation of the Primate that a new step in oppression was now taken. No congregations could be found for the curates ; in the west, especially, it seemed that the Church buildings were to be forsaken ; more and more the spirit of resistance was abroad. The Archbishop resolved to crush the daring spirit with an arbitrary hand. He went up to London ; and, on the plea that the Council must be relieved of some of its business, he persuaded the King to bring back the obsolete Court of High Commission, for the summary trial and conviction of all recusants. Of the re-established Court he was to be President ; associated with him were nine prelates and thirty-five laymen ; and the tribunal had almost absolute powers bestowed on it. It could summon to its bar the "obstinate contemners of the discipline of the Church," the "keepers of conventicles," those who "preached in private houses or elsewhere without license from the bishop." Its verdicts were final; frequently they were pronounced without evidence being adduced. It imposed exorbitant fines on men and women of rank who attended the field-preachings, or permitted them to be held in any corner of their estates. It imprisoned and banished the ejected ministers. Sometimes it ordered women to be whipped publicly through the streets. Sometimes it would have young boys scourged, and branded on the face with a hot iron, and sold as slaves, to labour at the forts in Shetland, or to till the plantations in Virginia and Barbadoes, where, as Governor Willoughby testified, they were the best workmen he had. It declared that it was sedition to give a morsel of bread to one of the hunted preachers. These were the frightful prerogatives of the High Commission Court, and its members felt no scruples about exercising them. The Covenanters were entering on that long and winding Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which they were not to emerge for a quarter of a century.

For a time they submitted in silence, although there were flying rumours that the chiefs of the party were treating with the Government of Presbyterian Holland. It only required a spark, and the conflagration would be kindled; but the spark was furnished neither by sympathisers in the Netherlands nor by the nobles at home. The insurrection had a humbler origin. What we know as the Pentland Rising was a movement unpremeditated and simple in its beginnings. From its sudden inception to its grievous close only two weeks elapsed. It was like the outbreak of a volcano in a West Indian island, unexpected, brief-lived, but leaving red ruin behind. Spontaneous and unsuggested, it was the protest of down-trodden men against taskmasters whose cruelties had become intolerable.

For eight or nine months Sir James Turner had commanded the King's troops in the district of Galloway, having his headquarters in Dumfries. Dugald Dalgetty is familiar to most; and Turner sat for the portrait of the roving and loud-voiced soldier of fortune. He has written his own *Memoirs,* to clear his name from the reproaches which besmirched its lustre, and we can see him as he saw himself: the scholar, who "allways tooke delight in the studie of humane letters and historie," and who had "read the controversies of religion betweene us and the Roman Catholickes"; the adventurer, who had fought, now on one side and then on the other, in the wars of Gustavus and Wallenstein, having "swallowed without chewing, in Germanie, a very dangerous maxime, that, so as we serve our master honnestlie, it is no matter what master we serve"; the lover and husband, who found in Ireland what he valued more than worldly riches, his "deare wife, Mary White," with whom he was "first acquainted and then enamourd at the Neurie." But the more impartial pages of history are scarcely so gentle towards his reputation. In Galloway, "a place and a people fatall to me," he harried the Covenanters. He protests his clemency, insisting that he was far from going to those excesses in extortion which were sanctioned by his instructions; but the truth remains that hundreds of families were beggared by the fines he exacted. Some years later, the Privy Council itself forced him to answer for his high-handed procedure; and matters must have been undisguisedly and flagrantly bad when a Court so friendly saw reason to interpose. "Proud, passionate, hastie, and furieous" he was "caractered to be," in Royalist as in Whiggish coteries. Before his accusers he acknowledged that he had been more grasping than there was any need: "to ease their Lordships of further trouble, and show them my oune ingenuitie, I wold charge myselfe with threttie thousand pounds Scots"—a sum which must be multiplied by three, or even by five, if the real condition of things would be known. Is it very extraordinary that the people, farmers and cottars, were goaded into revolt?

It was near the middle of November in 1666. From the Galloway hills four Covenanters, one of them the Laird of Barscobe—gaunt men who had been hiding among the mosses—came stealing down, seeking food and the shelter for one night of a kindly roof, to the clachan of Dalry, not far from Loch Ken. But it happened that some of Sir James Turner's troopers were quartered there; and, when they entered the village, these soldiers were ill-treating an old man, who declared himself unable to pay the heavy fine exacted from him because of absence from the parish church. In their frank barbarity they threatened to strip him and set him on a red-hot gridiron. This was more than the four "honest men" could endure. Daring the troopers to do the wicked deed, they found that the villagers seconded their defiance. "Why do you bind the old man?" Maclellan of Barscobe demanded. "How dare you challenge us?" was the retort. The quarrel became fiercer every minute. The thongs which tied the captive were loosed. Then the soldiers drew their swords, and, with the gleaming steel confronting them, one of the Covenanters discharged his pistol, "loaden with a great many pieces of tobacco

SIR JAMES TURNER.

From the Engraving by Robert White.
Through the kindness of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

pipes." A corporal, George Deanes by name, belonging to Sir Alexander Thomson's company, was wounded. "This," Wodrow says, "quickly made the rest yield, and the countrymen disarmed them and took them prisoners, and the poor old man was happily delivered." Out of the petty scuffle sprang unplanned a Rising, which had crowded into it a world of heroism and pathos and pain.

The men, to whom pity and anger had called imperiously, realised that they must expect the vengeance of Government. They determined to continue in arms. With the aid of others they captured one or two little groups of soldiers. Then one of the landlords, John Neilson of Corsock, joined them; and they resolved on a bold experiment. They would march rapidly on Dumfries, where Turner was living. There were now "above ninescore men, more than the halfe wherof consisted of horsemen, indifferently weill mounted, with suords, pistolls, and carabines; the rest were afoot armed with muskets, pikes, suords, sithes, and forkes." On the morning of the 15th of November, between eight and nine, they entered the town. Their enemy, as it happened, was at their mercy. A few months before, the half of his infantry had been withdrawn from him, to help in the campaign against the Dutch. In October, the most of his cavalry had gone. Only seventy men remained under his command, and of these no more than twelve or thirteen were at that moment in Dumfries itself. Moreover, Sir James was unwell and in bed. Hearing the noise, he sprang up, and went to a window, and inquired of the intruders what they wanted. He was told to surrender, and he should have fair quarter. But he needed no quarter, he replied, and he could not be a prisoner, for the country was not in a state of war. "Prisoner you must be, or die," came the inexorable answer from the street. There was nothing for it but to let the ninescore invaders have their will, and King Charles's officer rode out of Dumfries their thrall. At first he was clothed only in his night-gear, and was mounted on "a little beast bare-backed with a halter on its head"; but his own dress and his horse's trappings were more adequate soon. For the next fortnight, through all their marchings, he continued with them. He had, as Gabriel Sempill, one of their number, said, "been lifted up in pride, with insolency and cruelty over the poor people"; yet his captors treated him well. If a few of the wilder spirits muttered that he ought to be put to death, they were always overruled. His worst sorrow was the Covenanting grace before and after meat: he was "more over-wearied with the tediousness and impertinencies of their graces" than he was with "the scarceness or badness" of his food and drink. Sometimes, too, Sempill, or young Robertson the probationer, or John Welsh himself, would deal seriously with him, assuring him that they sought the salvation of his soul. John Welsh prayed with him, "and honord me with the title of God's servant who was then in bonds, and asked for my conversion." But the soil was sterile and impervious. "To what they spoke of my conversion I said, it wold be hard to turne a Turner." From first to last, there was never a rough hand laid on the persecuting soldier.

The heather was on fire now. News of the insurrection came to the Privy Council with a shock of surprise—to the Earl of Rothes more than any. So recently as September, he had sent to Lauderdale a rose-coloured picture. "All is offer," he wrote, in his egregious spelling, "as to anie other teumult or ffurdier trubell." This was the roughest of awakenings; and in a few days an army of two thousand foot and five hundred horse left Edinburgh in haste. Its commander is a grim figure, a man with a lust for slaughter, whose "every sentence scents of blood." Thomas Dalzell's features have been depicted by Captain John Creichton, who was among his intimates, and himself, as Dr. Jonathan Swift certifies, "of the old Stamp"; and they are features to awaken astonishment rather than liking.

"Among many other Officers, he was taken Prisoner at the unfortunate Defeat at *Worcester,* and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what Means, he made his Escape, and went to *Muscovy,* where the *Czar* made him his General. But, some Time after the Restoration of the Royal Family, repairing to King *Charles* the Second, he was constituted Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in *Scotland.* He was bred up very hardy from his Youth, both in Dyet and Cloathing. He never wore Boots, nor above one Coat, which was close to his Body, with close Sleeves, like those we call Jockey-Coats. He never wore a Peruke; nor did he shave his Beard since the Murder of King *Charles* the First. In my Time, his Head was bald, which he covered only with a Beaver Hat. His Beard was white and bushy, and reached down almost to his Girdle. He went to *London* once or twice in a Year, only to kiss the King's Hand, who had a great Esteem for his Worth and Valour. His unusual Dress and Figure never failed to draw after him a Crowd of Boys, and other young People, who constantly attended at his Lodgings, and followed him with Huzzas, as he went to Court or returned from it. As he was a Man of Humour, he would always thank them for their Civilities, when he left them at the Door to go in to the King; and would let them know exactly at what Hour he intended to come out again. When the King walked in the Park, and *Dalzell* in his Company, his Majesty bid the Devil take *Dalzell* for bringing such a Rabble of Boys together, to have their Guts squeezed out, whilst they gaped at his long Beard and antick Habit; requesting him to shave and dress like other Christians, to keep the poor Bairns out of Danger. In Compliance, he went once to Court in the very Height of the Fashion; but, as soon as the King had laughed sufficiently at the strange Figure he made, he reassumed his usual Habit, to the great Joy of the Boys, who had not discovered him in his fashionable Dress." We are thankful to Captain Creichton for the lifelike portrait, even if it amuses more than edifies. But Scottish Whigs could not laugh like London gamins at the "long Beard and antick Habit," for they were worn by a man who scourged them with a lash more merciless than the *flagellum* of a Roman lictor. "In Muscovia," Kirkton says, Dalzell "saw nothing but tyranny and slavery"; and tyranny and slavery filled the cup he mixed for his countrymen.

Out from Edinburgh Thomas Dalzell marched towards Glasgow, and up through Galloway came the insurgents into Ayrshire. Despite "the great rains and coldness of the weather," they increased as they came. At the town of Ayr Turner estimated that there were seven hundred; in Lanark, he believes, they "are in their greatest strength, which never exceeded eleven hundred horse and foot, if they were so many." Their first leader, meantime, deserted the camp; Andrew Gray was scarcely of the stuff of which campaigners are made. There is something mysterious about him, and about his participation in the adventure. He seems to have presented a commission or recommendation from those in authority; but no one knew exactly who he was, or whether he had come from "a Generall, or a councell, or a committee, or a junto." Now, however, having begun to realise the dangers of the proceeding on which he had embarked, or having "taken the pett," he vanished unexpectedly, and "was never seene since by any of his oune partie." But at the Bridge of Doon they found a true captain, James Wallace of Auchans, a good man and a skilled soldier, who had fought for the Parliament in the Civil Wars. We can see him still, in his long cloak, with his montero, or huntsman's cap, drawn well over his brow, and his beard very rough. To his Royalist prisoner his deportment was always courteous; he is a gentleman to the core. Along with him other trained officers joined the tiny army — Major Learmont, and Captain Arnot, and Captain Paton of Meadowhead, all three men who, at Worcester, had stood shoulder to shoulder with Dalzell himself. Under the tuition of such instructors the undisciplined crowd was lifted into a company of capable foemen, so that, against his will, Sir James Turner was driven into admiration. At Lesmahagow they were put through their exercises; and even "the ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer." "I saw tuo of their troopes skirmish against other tuo, which I confesse they did handsomelie. I wonderd at the agilitie of both horse and rider, and how they had come to that perfection in so short a time." The force was small; but it was far from being despicable.

The Covenanters were at Lanark on the evening of the 25th of November; and, next day, crowding round the Tolbooth stairs, they renewed the Covenant "with as much joy and cheerfulness as may be supposed in such a condition," and published a Declaration. It asserted their unchanged regard for the King; but it enumerated, too, their reasons for taking up arms. Had not the Solemn League been burned by the Government? Had not Episcopacy been established? Were there not fines, imprisonments, the quartering of soldiers, the inquisitions of the High Commission Court? Unforeseen and impulsive as the uprising was, it could justify itself.

But it was ordained to failure. Perhaps those were wisest, from the military viewpoint, who would have tempted Dalzell to fight at Lanark, more numerous as his soldiers were. For then the army of the Covenant was at its best; and every day that succeeded drained its vigour and diminished its hope. But the wish of the majority was to push on to Edinburgh, where friends, it was thought, waited to welcome them. Forward they went, to disappointment after disappointment. Two hundred turned back, alleging as excuse their disapproval of the course which had been adopted. Comrades, whose help was counted on, lingered at home. Envoys came from Dalzell, suggesting questions and apprehensions, Lowrie of Blackwood, himself with strong Whiggish leanings, being most active amongst these mediators. More formidable still was the pitiless weather; nothing could be wilder; the stars in their courses seemed to fight against the saints. "To Bathgate they came through pitifull broken moores in ane extraordinary dark and rainy night, and two houres after daylight was gone. No accommodation can they find there to men wett, weary, and spent; and, about twelve o'clock at night, upon ane alarm from the enemy, they are constrained to begin their march toward the New-bridge, whither, when they were come in the morning, they looked rather like dying men than souldiers going to conquer. It would have pitied a heart to see so many faint, half-drowned, half-starved creatures betwixt their enemies behind and their enemies before." To complete their sorrows, they found no help in the Lothians. When, late on the 27th, they were within five miles of Edinburgh, they discovered that the city was arming to resist them, and that the Provost, Sir Andrew Ramsay, had devised a new oath, binding the townsfolk to defend the King's authority. The cannon from the Castle ramparts had been removed to the gates of the town. The strictest watch was kept, and no one was allowed to pass in or out. A large supply of lances and pole-axes had been hastily ordered from Culross and Dunfermline. The dirge had deepened every hour. But, in scorn of the torrents of rain, the cold, the fatigue, the hostile town, the regiments of Dalzell, James Wallace's soldiers kept unshaken their courage. We may compare them to that statue of Fortitude, which Botticelli fashioned, and which Mr. Ruskin described, not announcing themselves clearly and proudly, with tower-like shields and lion-like helmets, nor standing confidently ready for all comers; no, but they are worn somewhat, and not a little weary, and their fingers play restlessly and even nervously about the hilt of their swords; and yet how swiftly and gladly the playing fingers will close on the sword-hilt, when the far-off trumpet blows!

Their hearts might be unafraid; but their eyes were opened. They saw clearly enough now that there was no hope. There were some fresh negotiations; but these came to nothing, because the Privy Council was "no ways satisfied." The insurgents, having chosen their path, must travel on over its stones and thorns to the inevitable close; and they were not unwilling to die, they said, for the cause of religion and liberty. Meantime, however, a retreat, if retreat were yet possible, seemed the advisable course. So, early on the morning of Wednesday, November 28th, "a fair, frosty day" at last, Colonel Wallace led his men round the eastern front of the Pentland Hills, and then along their southern slope, until they crossed a narrow defile which intersects the range. Here, on the incline, at a spot which Turner calls Gallow Law—"ane ominous name"—but which we know as Rullion Green, he posted them, either that they might rest for a little, or that he might ascertain what Dalzell's intentions were. He was soon enlightened. Through the pass, on the opposite side of the glen, the three thousand of the enemy appeared, the horsemen leading the way. A skirmish of the cavalry followed, King's men and Covenant men firing at first across the ravine through which Glencorse Burn runs; but, coming to a level place, they discarded musket for sword, and grappled closely with each other. The Covenanters had the best of it, although they lost two of their band, John Crookshank and Andrew M'Cormick, ministers from Ulster with militant souls. But now General Dalzell's entire forces had been got into position. It was no child's task set them to fulfil. The nine hundred Whigs could not be easily dislodged from their vantage-ground; they had been drawn up with strategy and foresight. Twice over, the Royalist commander saw his Guardsmen turn and flee; his opponents had resolved "never to break until He who brought them together should Himself break them." But when, in the quickly descending dusk of the short winter day, the whole strength of the King's troops was led into action, the Covenanters were overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers. "Being oppressed with multitude," Colonel Wallace says, "we were beaten back, and the enemy came in so full a body, and with so fresh a charge, that, having us once running, they carried it strongly home, and put us in such confusion that there was no rallying." The marvel is that, ill-armed and exhausted, they had behaved with such gallantry and had maintained their ground so long. Forty or fifty were killed, seventy or eighty taken; but the larger proportion, favoured by the gathering twilight, made their escape over the hills.

John Howie has a Rembrandtesque story of the flight of Captain Paton. Dalzell saw him go, and, knowing his prowess, ordered three troopers to follow him. They came up with their quarry in front of a marshy pool, out of which, on the farther bank, three Galloway men were with difficulty pulling their horses. Turning, these Covenanters saw the plight of their captain. "What will you do?" they cried. He answered gaily that he had but three antagonists with whom to reckon. Urging his horse forward, he leaped the pool, and then, with sword drawn, faced about and waited for his enemies. One of them came close behind, but "his doom was writ." The captain's naked brand swept down on his head, and cleft it in two. The poor cavalier's steed stumbled backwards into the morass, and carried along with it the other men who had leaped behind their comrade. "Take my compliments to your master," John Paton said to them, struggling there in the mire, "and tell him that I cannot sup with him to-night." Howie adds that he had himself seen the famous sword. "It was then counted to have twenty-eight gaps, which made his children observe that there were just as many years of the persecution as there were broken pieces in its edge."

And as for the brave commander who would have transmuted Pentland into a victory, if that had not been "an undertaking for a man of miracles"—his native land saw him no more. James Wallace fled to the Continent, where he wandered from place to place, chased by the vindictive rage of Charles's ministers. In the end of 1678, twelve winters after he had demeaned himself so valorously on Rullion Green, he died in Rotterdam, "lamented of all the serious English and Dutch of his acquaintance." It is a fine picture which Robert MacWard gives us of the closing moments of "the most faithful, feckful, compassionate, diligent, and indefatigable elder in the work of the Lord" that ever he knew at home or abroad. Writing to his friend, John Blackader, "I forgot," he says, "to tell you that, if the cause for which he had suffered was mentioned, when it was scarce believed he understood or could speak, there was a sunshine of serene joy looked out of his countenance, and a raising of hands on high as to receive the confessor's crown, together with a lifting up of the voice with an Aha! as to sing the conqueror's song of victory." It was the crossing of a true knight, for whom all the trumpets sounded on the other side.

The leader escaped the sadder griefs which were reserved for some of those humble warriors who had followed him. The prisoners, the majority of whom were crowded into the "Haddock's Hole," a portion of the High Church of Edinburgh, had surrendered on a promise of mercy. But James Sharp presided at the Council; and mercy was not a word in his vocabulary. Eleven men were dragged before the Criminal Court; they pleaded the engagement that their lives should be spared. "You were pardoned as soldiers," the casuistic answer ran, "but you are not acquitted as subjects." They were condemned to be hanged at the Cross. After death, their heads and right arms were to be cut off; the former to be placed above the City gates, the latter—the arms which a few days previously were lifted to swear the Covenant—to be fixed to the prison doors at Lanark. The barbarous sentence was borne with unweeping eyes. And that was but the beginning. In Ayr seven others were led to the scaffold; for Dalzell had gone west to "settle that country," a work which, he declared, "I am confident is not possible to do without the inhabetens be remouet or destroiet": he, at least, was always consistent in ferocity. In Glasgow the prisons overflowed with "meane beggarlie fellowes, but stubborn in their wicked and rebeleous way." Rothes wrote despairingly about them, and their kith and kin, that "the Barbadoes does not in the least terrify them, damn'd ffulls!" He too, as his letters to Lauderdale prove, had been angered by the revolt into a revenge which was pitiless. "It is not possibell sum of us can be more vayolent aganst those dogs than I am and has been alredie," he boasted, and he added that he was employing a "perffit severatie and spearing non." On the 17th of December he informed the Secretary of State that "upon tyousday nixt four of the villands will be heangied"; and he continued, "Godcnous it is not my inclinasione to be crouall, ispeseallie as to the teacking of layffs, bot I ashour you all thir persons and all that ar of ther opinion ar abshulatlie incorigabell in ther uay, and for teror to them heanging must not be sun giffin over; . . . and remember, I tell it you, thir pipill will never be quayiett till thay be totallie reuined." Three days later, having travelled in the interval from Glasgow to Ayr, his mood was in no degree softened: "Altho I thought this cuntrie uer all phanoticks, yett I never did expeckt to have found them so perverse in their prinsapells. . . . Befor the Lord I beliff thay wold joayn with turcks to feaght aganst the King and his guffernment; bot I hoip severatie agaynst them, and carfull uatching over them, will prevent all dangier, which I am shur I shall go about with all the phaculties of my soull." Rothes was as unforgiving as he was uneducated. In ruddy lifeblood, the blood of men who asked nothing except freedom to worship God as their consciences bade, the Pentland Rising was choked and quenched.

CHAPTER XII.

EPHRAIM MACBRIAR OR SIR GALAHAD?

"WHEN great talents are abused,"—it is Dr. Thomas M'Crie who criticises Sir Walter Scott—"when they are exerted to confound the distinctions between virtue and vice, to varnish over oppression and injustice, and to throw ridicule upon those who resist these scourges of society, they ought not to screen the possessor from condemnation and censure. He is doubly criminal: he sins in patronising a bad cause; and he sins in prostituting to its support those talents which, by the very law of his nature, he was bound to use for an opposite purpose."

The verdict is sharp and heavy; and through the whole *Review of the Tales of My Landlord* the fencer uses a foil without the dulling button on its point. He has a complete mastery of his keen-edged weapon. The great magician, "whose worst," as William Hazlitt says, "is better than any other person's best," and whom it is not a joy merely but a liberal education to follow, stands convicted of partialities and prejudices which have sometimes warped his judgment and made him an advocate rather than an historian. He has allowed his antipathies to turn him from the straight road into devious bypaths, and the castigation he received is not unmerited. If we may believe trustworthy witnesses, he winced under it, and was half-ashamed of some of the things he had written.

The swordsman whom he had encountered was, in this instance, more perfectly equipped than himself.

In the pages of *Old Mortality*—and, despite the injustice which marks its portraiture of the blue-bonneted Whigs, it ranks among the supreme books of literature—there are three incidents in which the Rev. Ephraim Macbriar is chief figure. He, with those ridiculous brethren of his, Gabriel Kettledrummle and Peter Poundtext and Habakkuk Mucklewrath, comes before the reader as Scott's impersonation of what the ministers of the poor and disagreeable Covenanters must have been like. Poor and disagreeable indeed! For, says John Graham of Claverhouse to Henry Morton, "there is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors." Among the demagogues Ephraim Macbriar has the place of honour; and Ephraim Macbriar is Sir Walter's delineation of Hugh Mackail. No doubt, Mackail had run his brief race thirteen winters before Drumclog and Bothwell Brig were fought; and it is round Drumclog and Bothwell that the persons and events of *Old Mortality* are grouped. But we offend against the liberties of the realm of imagination, if we demand strict chronology in the chapters of a romance. Hugh Mackail, there can be little question, was the original of the young preacher who pursues his active and dogmatic and eloquent way through the engrossing and misleading tale.

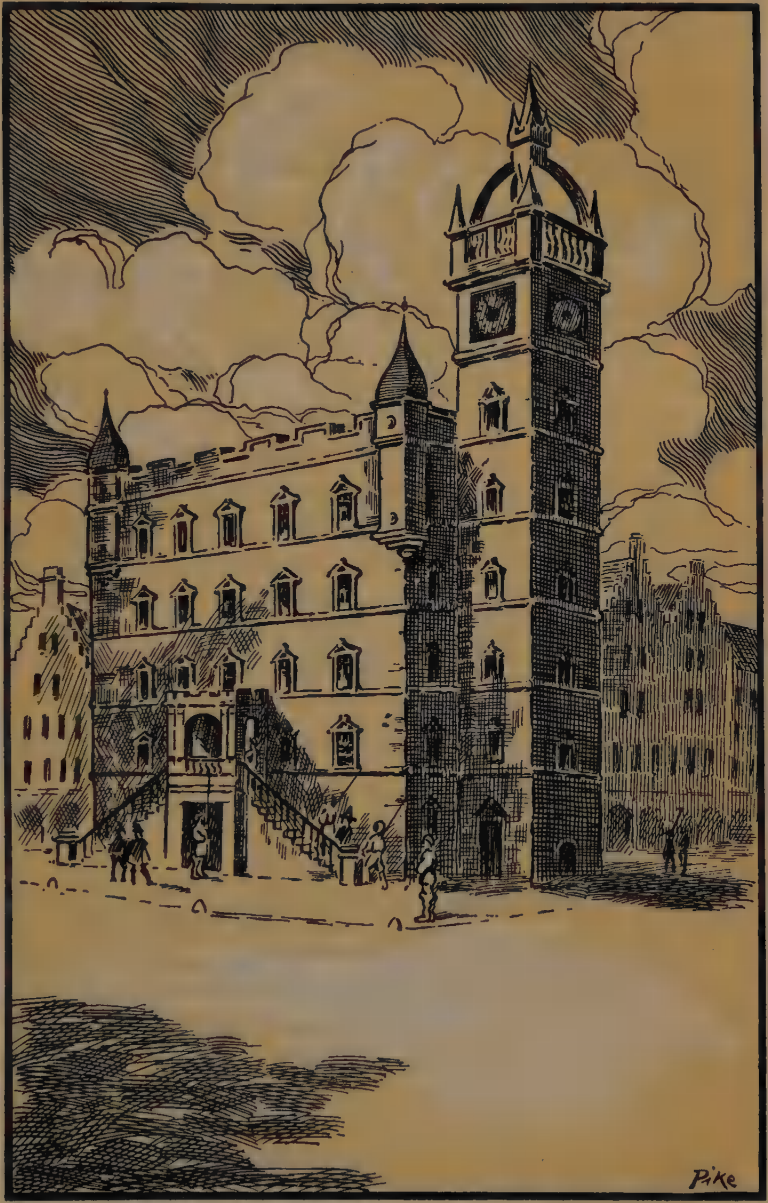
We are confronted first with Ephraim Macbriar after the Covenanters have gained the day at Drumclog. Hardly twenty years old he is; but already, though he is half an invalid, he has gone through the vigils, the rigours, the imprisonments of a veteran. He throws his faded eyes over the multitude and across the scene of battle; and a light of triumph rises in his glance. His hands are folded, his face is raised to heaven, and he is lost in mental prayer before he addresses the people. His sermon follows, a sermon outlined not ungraciously. If he is not free from the coarseness of his sect, he is an orator who understands how to compel masses of men. He paints the desolation of the Church. She is like Hagar, watching the waning life of her boy in the fountainless desert; like Judah, mourning the ruin of her Temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children. He fans into new heat the souls of the men who have just returned from pursuing Claverhouse. Every one's heart is to be as the heart of Maccabæus, every one's hand as the hand of Samson, every one's sword as the sword of Gideon which turned not back from the slaughter. There are false notes here and there; but there is no deliberate injustice. We see the wounded forgetting their pain, the hungry their privations, as they listen to truths which identify their cause with that of God Himself.

It is different when we meet Macbriar again. He is a murderer, in effect and purpose, although his wicked intention is happily frustrated. We are in the house at Drumshinnel, after the rout at Bothwell; and "the pale-eyed and ferocious zealots" are gathered in conclave; and Henry Morton has unwittingly placed himself in their power—Henry Morton, who fought for them a few hours before, but whom they regard as a man spurning the light. There is no relenting, no gentleness, in their souls. It is Macbriar who pronounces the Laodicean's doom. "This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run." Dr. M'Crie grants that a scene so gruesome might happen in connection with those less religious spirits who sometimes forced themselves into the battalions of the Covenant—men hurried by suffering into desperation and madness. But it is a perverse caricature to ascribe such revenges to the Presbyterian ministers. The extremists among them would not have dreamed of staining their hands with Henry Morton's blood. Least of all, would Hugh Mackail have stooped to the atrocity, for he was as humane as he was earnest.

One other glimpse of Ephraim Macbriar is given us. No fault can be found with it; for now the painter reproduces the facts of the history. It is the terrible and yet splendid recital of how Mackail was tortured, and bore his intrepid testimony, before the Privy Council in Edinburgh. When the scene becomes so lofty and so woeful, Sir Walter is a partisan no more; none can be honester or more generous; and we see him at his best.

But we linger, when we ought to be cultivating the friendship of the young Covenanter himself.

The men who went to the scaffold for their share in the Pentland Rising are all worth knowing. Their courage was fed from a personal religion of the most vital sort. There is a kind of unstudied melody too, a rhythm and a cadence, in their last utterances. Thus Captain Andrew Arnot, one of ten executed on the 7th of December, sang his swan-song: "I confess that unexpectedly I am come to this place, though sometimes I have had some small thoughts of it; and I do account myself highly honoured to be reckoned amongst the witnesses of Jesus Christ, to suffer for His name, truth, and cause; and this day I esteem it my glory, garland, crown, and royal dignity to fill



THE TOLBOOTH OF GLASGOW.

up a part of His sufferings." Or let us listen to Alexander Robertson, probationer for the ministry, who ended his battle seven days later: "I bless Him that gave me a life to lose and a body to lay down for Him; and, although the market and price of truth may appear to many very high, yet I reckon it low, and all that I have or can do little and too little for Him Who gave Himself for me and to me." Or this is how a Glasgow merchant, John Wodrow, who is to fight his last fight side by side with Mackail, writes on his dying day to his wife: "O my heart, come and see, I beseech you! I thought I had known something of my dearest Lord before. But never was it so with me as since I came within the walls of this prison. He is without all comparison. O, love, love Him! O, taste and see! and that shall resolve the question best." Or it is John Wilson, who lauds his Friend of friends ere he goes to look into His face: "I assure you Christ is a good Master to serve; if ye knew Him rightly and His Cross, it is sweet and easy; for He maketh death to be life, and bringeth light out of darkness. I desire to follow the blessed Captain of my salvation through weal and woe." In a famous passage, Joubert contrasts Jansenist and Jesuit. "Les Jansénistes," he says, "semblent aimer Dieu sans amour, et seulement par raison, par devoir, par justice. Les Jésuites semblent aimer Dieu par pure inclination, par admiration, par tendresse, enfin par plaisir." If the antithesis is to be accepted, the men who suffered for what they had done at Rullion Green were of the family of the Jesuits in one respect—in the glowing ardours of their affection for their divine King. They were poets in the moment and article of death. Every one of them sang unto the Lord a new song.

But Hugh Mackail was prince of the little company. He was the son of Matthew Mackail, who was parish minister of Bothwell, until he had to leave his pulpit in 1662. From the first the boy had been an exceptional child. There was a delicate beauty about his looks, which he never lost, and which stirred the compassion of the spectators as he passed along the High Street to die. He had the instincts of the scholar. While he was only a lad, he could speak with a warm eloquence which touched those who heard him. Better still, he was consecrated to God from the beginning; "all his heart was drawn above." There was about him the indescribable gift of charm. When he was taken all too early from the Church and land, verses were written in praise of this Lycidas of the Covenant.

> Some great thing sparkled in the blushing face;
> Integrity that lovely brow did grace.

And, behind forehead and features, the mourners had descried endowments more desirable—

> A sprightly mind, and unacquaint with guile,
> Which with no baseness did itself defile;
> A divine soul, not made to vice a drudge,
> A palace where the graces chose to lodge.

Young Lycidas indeed, who "hath not left his peer."

In 1661, when he was twenty, the Presbytery licensed him to preach. Previously he had been tutor, and he still continued chaplain, in the household of Sir James Stewart of Coltness, one of the laymen to whom the cause of the Covenant was dear. The boy-preacher was not to have many opportunities of public address. His last sermon was spoken in St. Giles, in September 1662. In it he denounced the statesmen and prelates, who were robbing Christ's sheep of the shepherds in whom they trusted. Some of his words were never forgotten by his friends, and never forgiven by his adversaries. "The fountain," he said, "whence violence flows, may be great power, which the Church cannot reach. The Scripture doth abundantly evidence that the people of God have been persecuted, sometimes by a Pharaoh upon the Throne, sometimes by a Haman in the State, sometimes by a Judas in the Church." Men and women were not tardy in assigning the names to the persons whom they fitted; and that of Judas was instantaneously apportioned to James Sharp. But Sharp was an antagonist who, when he was angered, knew how to bide his time, and then struck his blow with fatal effect and once for all.

Whether or no Hugh Mackail had in his mind such special applications of his words, he learned quickly that he must suffer the consequences of his temerity. A party of horsemen was sent to Goodtrees, Sir James Stewart's house near Edinburgh, to apprehend the chaplain. He escaped, "upon almost no more than a moment's advertisement"; and, after hiding for a time with his father, he managed to cross the seas to the Continent. We have no certain information of his whereabouts for three years; but one may guess that his home was in Rotterdam, the city of Erasmus, and the shelter for most of the refugees from the moss-hags of Clydesdale and Galloway. Here he would be able to converse with John Livingston, and with Robert MacWard, exiled for a sermon preached in the Tron Kirk of Glasgow, and with John Brown of Wamphray, whose writings form a library in themselves. Here, too, he could worship on Sabbaths in the Scots church, with the congregation to which, twenty years before, Alexander Petrie had come from his Perthshire manse. These months were a growing time in Mackail's history. "During all this space," the quaint old *Memoir* avers, "he was most seriously exercised in the study of piety and true knowledge, wherein, as he greatly advanced above all his equals, so at length he became most eminent and exemplary." As St. Paul did in Arabia, and as St. John did in Patmos, he climbed steadily upward.

He is back in Scotland, when next we light on him. Somewhere in the west, he joined the insurgents who were marching to disaster in the wet November of 1666. He was physically weak. There was always that hectic flush on his cheek which the victors at Drumclog saw on Ephraim Macbriar's ; and of late it had grown brighter and more prophetic. In Ayr, William Veitch says, "the worthy Hugh Mackail would have fallen off his horse, if one had not laid hold of him and kept him up." But on he pressed with the fated army, through the pelting rains, over the miry roads and sodden fields, when he should have been resting in some Chamber of Peace. At Colinton, however, before the battle began, he was compelled to give in ; the strain on his sensitive constitution had proved too terrible. Leaving the encampment, he was making his way across the open country to Liberton, where his father had found a temporary home. But on the road he was taken prisoner. It looked as if, had he been desirous, he might have avoided the danger. "It is indisputable that, had he but retained and observed the least of that advertency and caution wherein at other times he was known to be both ready and very happy, he might, without either hazard or trouble, have escaped." Doubtless there were heavenly reasons for another issue. "God did thus, by his simplicity and folly, prepare the way for His Own glory and His servant's joy and victory." It was the faith of the Covenanters that nothing can fall out by chance.

But they were scorching fires into which Hugh Mackail was cast. His friends had fought at Pentland, and had lost the day. The Earl of Rothes was beside himself with rage. The insurrection, he concluded, was part of a cunningly planned scheme of rebellion; he shared the opinion which Dalzell expressed in a letter to Lauderdale that, if the rising "had not bein mystimd," it would have "bein much moir terible"; and he swore that he would probe the conspiracy to its roots. So, when the preacher was brought before the Council, he had recourse to a horrible expedient. He examined Mackail under the torture of the Boot. "The executioner," says Sir Walter Scott, "enclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron case, and then, placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A surgeon placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President glanced his eye around the Council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush on the brow and the cheeks of the sufferer." Although it happened two centuries and a half ago, we read the record with almost a cry of indignation.

It was not once only that the awful wedge was driven down. Displeased that he did not receive the information he wanted, Rothes kept demanding "one touch more." Eleven times the mallet descended, until the poor limb was shattered and shapeless. "I protest solemnly in the sight of God," the martyr cried, "I can say no more, though all the joints in my body were in as great anguish as my leg." Then they carried him, bleeding and spent, to his dungeon.

Endeavour after endeavour was made to secure his release. Highborn ladies interceded for him with tongue and pen. His cousin, Dr. Matthew Mackail, sought out Archbishop Sharp, first in Edinburgh and then in St. Andrews, to entreat his pity for a life so young, so innocent, so full of promise. But the Archbishop recollected who had spoken about a Judas in the Church; and, when he had read the letters which the doctor brought, he looked up and answered callously, "The business is now in the hands of the Justiciaries, and I can do nothing." "Can!" Matthew Mackail might have retorted; "nay, not can, my lord, but will! I will do nothing."

Technically his Grace of St. Andrews was right. After the infliction of the torture, the prisoner had been ordered to the Court of Justiciary, which ratified the decisions of the Privy Council; but he was prostrated by his sufferings, and begged for delay. "I am," he wrote, "in a great distemper and fever, and am wholly unable to walk or stand." This was on the 11th of December. A week later, on the 18th, "being indifferently recovered," he was examined by Lord Renton, the Justice Clerk, and by Sir William Murray. He admitted that he was "one of that afflicted party and persuasion called Presbyterians"; that he had been with the insurgents, in Ayr and Ochiltree and Lanark; that, when he was captured, he had a sword in his hand. It helped him nothing to urge that he had left the armed men before the actual fighting took place. The Lord Advocate, Sir John Nisbet, retorted that, even though he was absent from the battle, his treason was indisputable; for all keeping company with those in revolt against His Majesty, although it were "only for the space of half an hour," was a capital crime. He was pronounced a rebel, and was sentenced to be executed at the Mercat Cross on Saturday, the 22nd. "The Lord giveth life, and the Lord taketh," he exclaimed when he heard the verdict; "blessed be the name of the Lord!" Through the lines of the Guards he was borne back to the Tolbooth, the people weeping over the pathos of his fate. But his own face shone. "Trust in God!" he said—"Trust in God!" Then, catching a glimpse of a dear friend, "How good news it is," he cried, "to be within four days' journey of enjoying the sight of Jesus Christ!"

Yet during these four days he was visited by two different griefs. One arose from an overscrupulous conscience. Had he not done wrongly, when he abandoned the wayworn troops for whom calamity was waiting? And was it not doubly criminal that he should press his pusillanimous departure as an argument why he ought to be pardoned by his judges? The "ayenbite of inwyt," as the old English has it, was poignant and troublesome; but the self-accusations were wholly undeserved. The other pain was child of the affections rather than of the conscience. His father came to see him. The two loved without reserve. "Hugo," the older man sobbed, "I called thee a good olive-tree of fair fruits, and now a storm hath destroyed my tree and its fruits. I have sinned; but thou—what hast thou done?" But the son could not hear the father charge himself with fault without bewailing his own misdeeds. "Through coming short of the fifth commandment," he confessed, "I have come short of the promise that my days should be prolonged in the land of the living. And God's controversy with thee," he added, "is for overvaluing thy children, especially myself." It is an instance of how the saints deal most unsparingly with their own white and royal souls.

These, however, were passing shadows. Before he listened to the death-sentence, Hugh Mackail had amused himself in his prison by composing Latin verses; his were the recreations of the student. In epigrammatic lines he had portrayed the uncertainties and embarrassments of his position—

> Distrahor ambigui dubio discrimine fati:
> Aeger enim jaceo; sin revalesco, cado.

Now that he knew the worst that men could do, his speech rippled with humour. Some one asked how the outraged leg was faring. "Oh!" he responded merrily, "the fear of my neck makes me forget my leg." "I am not so cumbered about dying," he protested, "as I have often been about preaching a sermon." On the Friday night he went to bed a little after eleven, and his cousin the physician lay beside him, and related afterwards how well he slept. At five in the morning he rose, and awoke his comrade, John Wodrow, saying with a smile, "Up, John! You and I look not like men going this day to be hanged, seeing we lie so long." Yet there were serious thoughts too. "Now, Lord," he prayed, "we come to Thy Throne, a place we have not hitherto been acquainted with. Earthly kings' thrones have advocates against poor men; but Thy Throne hath Jesus Christ an Advocate for us. Our supplication this day is not to be free of death, nor of pain in death, but that we may witness before many witnesses a good confession."

The prayer had an abundant answer. Scottish martyrology can point to a hundred glorious deaths, but to none more glorious than the exodus of this confessor and conqueror of twenty-six years. When he reached the spot, " he appeared, to the conviction of all that formerly knew him, with a fairer, better, and more staid countenance than ever they had before observed." The sorrow was not on his side ; it was on that of his friends : " scarce was there a dry cheek in the whole street or windows at the Cross of Edinburgh." To the last he bore his testimony with a kind of glad defiance ; the persecutors might arrest the life of the body, but they could not modify by a hair-breadth the convictions of the soul. " Although I be judged as a rebel among men," he said, " yet I hope to be accepted as loyal before God. Nay "—and the trumpet became more remonstrant as it proceeded—" nay, there can be no greater act of loyalty to the King, as the times now go, than for every man to do his utmost for the extinction of that abominable plant of Prelacy, which is the bane of the throne and of the country." But soon the note was gentler. " I praise God for this fatherly chastisement, whereby He hath made me in part, and will make me perfectly, partaker of His holiness." Then, after prayer, he raised himself to his full height ; and, lifting the napkin from his face, he continued, " I hope you perceive no alteration or discouragement in my countenance and carriage ; and, as it may be to your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself, and I will tell you the reason of it. As there is a great solemnity here, of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out at windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom. Again, this is my comfort, that it is to come into Christ's hands, and He will present it blameless and faultless to the Father, and then shall I be ever with the Lord." Mr. Edmund Gosse has described what he calls "the Renaissance attitude towards death." In the best men of that time, he says, dying was boldly picturesque; it was a piece of public tragedy, performed with an intention half-chivalrous and half-hortatory. So Philip Sidney died at Arnheim, with the musicians playing his own poems at his bedside. So Bernard Palissy died in the Bastille, dramatically defending his beliefs against Henry the Third. So John Donne died in his deanery of St. Paul's, with the portrait of himself in his shroud keeping him company for weeks. So holy George Herbert died at Bemerton, singing to his lute such hymns and anthems as he hoped to sing in heaven. Splendid captains in God's army these were; but there seems something too elaborate and self-conscious in their home-going. Hugh Mackail had the better of them. His death was as powerful a sermon and as veritable a triumph; but there was nothing in it deliberately decorative—its victory was spontaneous, natural, irrepressible, complete.

His final words are famous. They were the Farewell and the Welcome which, in varying versions, the later martyrs frequently repeated. "Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord. Now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations! Farewell, the world and all delights! Farewell, meat and drink! Farewell, sun, moon, and stars! Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant! Welcome, blessed Spirit of grace, God of all consolation! Welcome, glory! Welcome, eternal life! Welcome, death!"

Is this the Ephraim Macbriar of that hateful conclave in Drumshinnel? Ah no, we must crown him with another name—

> He looked as young and pure and glad,
> As ever looked Sir Galahad.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLOT OUT HIS NAME THEN.

COMMISSIONER ROTHES and Sir Thomas Dalzell, with James Sharp to instigate and encourage, had established their reign of violence and avarice. They followed Rullion Green with wickednesses which proved how strong their wish was to exterminate "the wandering and weather-beaten flock of Christ." Not only were the fines doubled and trebled, and not only were there in Edinburgh and Glasgow and Ayr the public executions of the ringleaders, but, up and down the country, when the survivors of the unhappy rising were caught by the troopers, they were shot at their own doors. There was many a pathetic incident in connection with "the evils, extortions, cruelties, and exactions" of the time. Thus we read, in *Naphtali,* of a country boy of sixteen, who was bidden renounce the Covenant which he had taken at Lanark. He had no skill in spiritual matters, no wisdom such as the more advanced scholars of Christ have reached, and no full assurance of his personal salvation. He fell into great anxiety, for he was not prepared to die, and yet he could not redeem his life with the price which the persecutors proposed. But, before the end, all the windows of his heart were opened to the day. After the prayers and conference of some who saw him in his prison at Irvine, he went to his doom "leaping and praising God." Through all the west, and over most of the Lowlands during the winter of 1666 and 1667, the Covenanters could never tell from what lurking-place swift death might spring out on them.

But the tormentors went too far. The man who broke the power of Middleton three years before, and to whom Rothes protested an unchangeable affection, was watching them. Lauderdale saw that, if he would keep his credit, the blundering policy of a merciless severity must be modified in Scotland. He detected, too, a movement against his own supremacy—a movement in which the Commissioner, despite his fervent assurances, and the Archbishop, who avowed his loyalty in obsequious terms, and Dalzell, and the Duke of Hamilton, all had their share. The prelates—for Alexander Burnet of Glasgow had his finger in the matter as well as his Grace of St. Andrews—and the military party both alike wanted to humble the lordly statesman, who meant to be the Grand Vizier of an autocratic King. Evidently it was time for Lauderdale to bestir himself.

He did it with much effect. First he brought James Sharp in cringing humility to his feet. Aided by Sir Robert Moray and the Earl of Tweeddale, men of honour in whom he could absolutely trust, and men of compassion who hated the unmitigated brutalities which had been in vogue, he frightened the domineering Churchman into abject submission. So completely did Sharp desert his ally Dalzell, that, one day, the "Muscovian beast" turned on him with a growl: "Whensoever the Bishops are stoned, you deserve to be the first." There were no limits either to the Primate's recantations or to his misgivings; he was sure that the end of his pomps and plots had come. On a July afternoon in 1667, Tweeddale had gone to him, and had spoken some unpalatable truths about the sore displeasure of His Majesty's Secretary at Whitehall. In his eyes, as he heard the distasteful message, " stood a bak watter " ; and then his apologies began, and he " reflected upon all the kindnes and faivours he had receaved from you," and affirmed his conviction that from the first " you had dealt generously and nobely with him," and protested that " you and your frinds wold doe mor for the settelment of the Church than those they had trusted mor." And as for those troublesome people in the west, he feared nothing now from them, for they were quite broken, and it would be sufficient to secure their peace-keeping in the future to have one or two persons of influence stationed among them who should be responsible for their behaviour. A few days after Tweeddale's visit, Sharp, apprehensive that his star was setting never to rise again, addressed the lowliest of entreaties to Lauderdale himself. " I shall yet more presume upon your Lordship's patience," he wrote, " by saying that, as I doe lament that unhappie breach betwixt your Lordship and me, which I beleeve mistake and false suggestions have caused, so I am most desirous, and it would be very acceptable to me, to find that I am restored to and rightly stated in your Lordship's good opinion and friendship, which shall be preserved on my part with all inviolable fidelity and devotion to your service." But his patron did not see fit to release him immediately from his solicitudes ; the Archbishop's perturbation was too satisfactory and too amusing, and he kept him waiting through six weeks for his answer. When it was sent, it was an answer which was partly a rebuke—" I expect yow will no more suffer grundles jealousies nor clatters to draw yow off "—and partly a restoration—" If bygones may be bygones, and faire play in time to come, I am sure we shall continue good friends." At length, when the humiliation had been carried sufficiently far, and the knave had "gotten the second sight through experience and not for nought," Lauderdale became more explicit still, and ordered him to rise from his knees. But even yet he was scared. Sir Robert Moray pleads laughingly that his master will induce the King to "write two lines to him with his own hand"; for nothing less will "raise his heart, which is bemisted and lodged in his hose." So Charles, at his minister's prompting, writes the two lines; and then the winter of the Archbishop's discontent becomes glorious summer. "His Majesty's hand," he says, "with the diamond seal, was to me as a resurrection from the dead." The whole transaction flashes a searchlight into the dispositions of the men who were principals in it: Lauderdale, with quiet masterfulness, with perfect temper, with ready unscrupulousness; and Sharp, who can be bullied and cajoled with ease, and who is certain to be found on that side which promises success to himself. Among the Church's oppressors, none is more to be dreaded than the first, and none more to be despised than the second.

Rothes, with his coarse and glaring sins, had not the Primate's craven spirit. Yet Lauderdale had decided that he, too, must be rendered harmless. He persuaded the King to transfer the Earl from the position of Royal Commissioner to that of Lord Chancellor, vacant since the death of Glencairn three years previously. In his new office he would have a dignity quite as stately as in the old; but his opportunities of working mischief would be at an end. Rothes himself was frankly averse to the change. When Sir Robert Moray went to tell him about it, he had to talk for hours—"it was 8 a clock ere wee parted"; and, even then, the negotiation had made meagre progress. He had no ability, the Earl declared, for such work as the Chancellor's; he was not a lawyer; he knew little Latin; he was ignorant of statutes and precedents; how could he state a question as it should be stated? He "opposed his youth, his humour, his way." And always, like the needle quivering back to the pole, he returned to his unwillingness, "which hee expressed to be high and insuperable." Moray had need that day of all the cleverness and patience with which he was dowered: "to every point hee said I found replyes, that still enervate them to my thinking." What purpose, he asked in the end, could there be in prolonging the resistance? The King's resolution was fixed, and it were much handsomer that Rothes should yield at the first than at the last. Of course, there was but one termination to the debate, though it was resumed again and again. Rothes had to surrender, and Lauderdale's agents were determined that he should do so without undue delay. Especially was it necessary, they believed, that the Earl's dignities should be demitted before he went up himself to Court. For he was a prime favourite with the monarch, and "had a soft and insinuating address," and who could tell what seductive influences he might exert over His Majesty?—"You know it is not easy for the King to say bleak things," Moray explains, "even though there may be sweetening prefaces made to them." The conclusion of the unequal struggle came on the 24th of September 1667, when Rothes wrote to Lauderdale, laying down his Commissionership, and requesting the all-powerful Secretary to express to King Charles his "pasionat desayr to cis his hands."

And who was to be the new Commissioner? Who,

JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

After Sir Peter Lely.

but Lauderdale in his own person. He would take the reins himself, and would vanquish the mettlesome and recalcitrant steed. Or let us adopt Lord Tweeddale's metaphor. "The news pleas me well," he said, "that the keyes shall hang at the right belt." For nearly a decade and a half Lauderdale governed Scotland with a proconsul's absolutism; from Galloway to the Grampians his wish was law. We must look, a little more carefully, at the man who wielded a sceptre so potent.

John Maitland, the Earl of Lauderdale, was a "lost leader." He deserted the allies of his early years. In the old days, none had seemed more zealous than he. When the Kirk had its highest honours to confer, he was one of its chosen. Back in the December of 1643, when he was in his gracious youth, Robert Baillie wrote with emphasis of "the very great sufficiency and happiness of good Maitland" as a Commissioner to the Westminster Assembly. It is true that he never had been a Protester, like his fellow-delegates, Rutherfurd and Wariston. He brought away the Engagement from the Isle of Wight; but only mournful necessity, he explained, led him to meddle with such compromises; he told his Covenanting associates "how sore against his heart he went the road now he was in." By and by, when the moderate men were broken at Preston, he expressed before the courts of the Church his penitence for having lowered that flag which he should have been proud to carry aloft. The leaders of Presbytery took him unquestioningly into their confidence again, and he remained their "loving friend." He was so, when, after Worcester, the English Government threw him into confinement, first in the Tower, and then in other southern gaols; and, during the years of his incarceration, there was never a suspicion of his lealheartedness. From prison he sent to Scotland letters which spoke the dialect of Zion, letters full of tranquil courage and acquiescence in the will of God. His correspondents rejoiced in a helper so convinced and ardent. Was it a long drawn-out imposture? Dr. Osmund Airy, who is at home in the Second Charles's reign as a man is at home in the house where he has lived for years, says Yes. Lauderdale, he believes, assumed this zeal, like a player putting on his stage accoutrements; he hoodwinked the Kirk he disliked, until the opportunity came for escaping from the meshes of its net; he was a conscious hypocrite. One wonders whether that is the only solution of this problem in personality with its "abysmal deeps." Perhaps there is another answer. John Maitland may have deceived himself as well as his brethren in the camp of the Covenant. Shrewd and sagacious men have sometimes misread their own souls, and he may have been of their fellowship. He may have dreamed that his Presbyterian comrades were right, when they assured him, in the plenitude of their faith and hope and love, that he would "go to the saints."

But, however we interpret the early section of his biography, the Restoration awakened Lauderdale, and led him out from the world of illusions to the world which was his own. The true man had full play now. There was nobody who enjoyed such intimacy with Charles, and nobody who kept the friendship unshaken through so long a period. Clarendon, to whom the King's debt was deepest, was disgraced; but Lauderdale, of whom Clarendon felt an invincible distrust, remained to glory over his rival's abasement. An uncouth-looking favourite he was. "He made a very ill appearance," Bishop Burnet says; "he was very big; his hair red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous." His portrait, although Lely's consummate art has done for it everything which could be done, attests the accuracy of the gossiping Bishop's delineation. The forehead is low; the cheeks are loose; the lips are thick and insatiable; the body is huge and brutish. The sovereign, well aware of his own ugliness, felt some satisfaction, it may be surmised, in the reflection that his confidant and boon-companion was uglier than himself. But, concealed behind the unlovely features, there was an alert brain. We are told that, in all companies, Lauderdale had much to say; he was full of ideas and expedients. Buckingham's epigram, "He is a man of a blundering understanding," may have had its side of truth; but his was an intellect capacious and fertile and resourceful. He matured his plans with calm coolness, and he never lacked the courage required to carry them into effect. He was utterly cynical in his judgments of men and things, as hopelessly cynical as his royal patron. Year in and year out his selfishness kept watch, and no fair words or plausible professions lulled it into slumber. "He was," his Grace of Salisbury bears witness, "the coldest friend and the violentest enemy that I ever knew." In his treatment of Middleton, and in his victory over Sharp and Rothes, we have seen how he could choose the psychological moment for winning a personal triumph. He showed keen penetration, also, in the agents whom he gathered about him; he knew, an intimate said, "how to make use of a knave." But yet there was a magnetism, which men higher in the moral scale than himself were forced to own; he was helped by public servants who were "very perfit gentil knights." Bad or good, they found him a despotic master. He employed them just so long as they furthered his interests; but, if they should contradict, he bade them good-bye without a regret and with no thanks. His King and himself—these were Lauderdale's deities, the Great Twin Brethren; and they occupied thrones of equal dignity. He would take a cartload of oaths, he declared, as irreconcilable as it was possible to conceive, rather than forget His Majesty or forfeit his own power.

The man is a medley, a bundle of opposing qualities. There were few scholars in Britain more versatile; there was none in the precincts of the Court. To his "deare Robin"—that Robert Moray who, if he had allowed it, would have been his good angel—he writes from Holyrood in July 1663, and this is a sentence in the letter: "Send with him," with Lord Dunfermline, "my little octavo hebrew bible without points, which lyes in my little closet at Whitehall." Other things are to be despatched, too, which have a different aroma —"the glasses of spirit of roses which yow will finde in the middle drawer of my walnut-tree cabinet"; but here is a student who shares John Milton's partiality for the Old Testament in the original tongue. He was as conversant with the Greek and Latin classics, and with ancient and modern history. He had a Scotsman's delight in theological discussion and speculation. His weary imprisonment assisted him to accumulate these stores of learning; but not one captive in a hundred would have compelled the years of durance to yield so rich a harvest. And yet, side by side with the culture, what spiritual degeneracy there was! Lauderdale was as rank a sensualist as could be found in Charles's palace of misrule. His vices were notorious.

It was difficult for him to speak without an oath or a lie. A frequent exercise of his humour was to make puns on the verses of Scripture, or to mimic the accents and gestures of the Covenanting preachers to whom he had listened in his more honourable youth. There was, moreover, an element of superstition, which all the intellectual attainment could not banish. He never liked James Sharp. He said to Lord Melville once, Wodrow relates, that he knew the Archbishop would come to a violent end. Asked why, he answered that he had detected infallible tokens of catastrophe in little tricks of gait and demeanour which he observed about the obnoxious priest—" happing, when he walked, like a pyet ; and winking with one eye ; and keeping the thumb in his fingers when he spoke." " My lord," added the King's Secretary of State, " I never saw one that had these signs who died an ordinary death." Is he not a marvellous conglomerate—scholarly, capable above nine-tenths of his contemporaries, familiar with the truth, and yet the slave of passion and profaneness and credulity ? There is a word of the divine Teacher which is peculiarly applicable to John, Earl of Lauderdale. It is that word which smites like a sword and saddens like the Arctic winter, *If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*

The friends of the older time were aghast at the change. A few months before his own death, Robert Baillie, once so assured of Lauderdale's devotion, sent him a letter of brave and touching reproof. " My Lord, you ar the nobleman in the world I love best and esteem most. I think I may say and writ to you what I lyk. If you have gone with your hert to forsak your Covenant, to countenance the Reintroduction of bishops and books, and strenthening the King by your advyse in thes things, I think you a prime transgressor and liable among the first to answer to God for that grit sin, and opening a door which in hast will no be closit, for persecution of a multitud of the best persons and most loyal subjects that ar in the thrie dominions." It is certain, indeed, that the quondam member of the Westminster Assembly did not approve of the bringing back of Episcopacy. People said that to the close of his life he was a Presbyterian at heart; and Burnet depicts him accurately when he tells us that privately the Secretary urged Charles against the treachery. But in public he interposed no obstacle. If he "would never have advised, he forbore to curb"; and that, in a man with his antecedents and his influence, was a crime. And, besides Baillie, there was another friend whom his evil behaviour cut to the quick. Richard Baxter had hoped great things of him. His were among the books which the captive studied in his various dungeons, "reading them all, and taking notes of them, and earnestly commending them to his kinsman, the Earl of Balcarres." In fact, when his hour of glory came, Lauderdale, as we learn from the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,* had desired to carry the author of *The Saint's Rest* north to Scotland, and to give him a bishopric there; and the great Puritan had difficulty in evading his importunities. But now the preacher was filled with pity and indignation and fear. A noble letter survives, written about 1670, in which he begs the recreant to turn and live. "God forbid that you should lose in prosperity that which you gained in adversity! and that He Who was near you in a prison should be put far from you in a Court! If our hearts once say to Him, *Depart from us,* it's a sad prognostick that we may hear from Him at last, *Depart from Me.*" . . . "My Lord, I am not persuading you for the securing of your soul to leave the Court, that you may escape temptations. I know, if all good men should do so on that pretence, they would but desert their trust and the commonwealth and the interest of Christ; as cowardly soldiers that will quit the field for fear of being wounded, or slothful workmen that will quit the vineyard for fear of doing their work amiss. This were to give up all as deplorate. But, I beseech you, Watch, and Walk with God!" . . . "It were a miserable life that should imprison your soul in smoky vanity, and shut you out from your communion with God. This were to be debased below those poorest Christians, that in a cottage and in rags have daily access to Him in prayer and holy meditation. It were a miserable honour that should depress you, and a miserable gain that should bring upon you so great a loss." These are among the yearning sentences in an appeal, a *concio ad cor,* remarkable for its fidelity and its love. Lauderdale could not allege that he had received no warning of his declension and danger. The best men whom he knew followed him, as he went deeper and deeper down, with regretful eyes and with prayers that he would bethink himself before it was too late.

But he never did. He was determined to be indispensable to Charles. He was as drunken and vicious as the Earl of Rochester. His wit, if it was heavier, was more mordant. He could talk in Latin, in Italian, in French, even in Hebrew. All these were endowments which commended him to the King. In London, from 1660 to 1667, he courted his master with such assiduity that no presence was so essential as his; and by 1667 he was the real ruler of Scotland. Thus John Maitland, once the hope of the Presbyterians, mounted higher and higher in magnificence, and sank lower and lower in manhood and grace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BLINK.

LORD LAUDERDALE had taken the control of Scottish affairs, because Rothes and his colleagues were spoiling everything by their vulgar violence. Odd as it seems to find any relaxation of their sorrows coming from such a source, it was to be expected, therefore, that the Covenanters would have something of a breathing-space. And so it happened. The three or four years which followed are known in the literature of the persecuted by the quaint title of *The Blink.* Through the brooding clouds a few rays of sunshine forced their way, and the hearts of the down-trodden folk were warmed. In greater numbers than ever they met for worship on the hill-sides and in the fields, crowding to hear the preachers who gave them the living bread and the water which has "refreshment for all thirst." The mercy, we shall see, was mingled with new misery; and fresh causes of contention sprang up among the faithful. But, for the time, there was an easing of their burden.

One improvement was the removal from military command of two officers who had gained an undesirable repute. Of the two Sir William Ballantyne was the more savage; he "hath all this time," wrote Moray to Lauderdale, "been exacting monney and bonds, driving cattle, and harassing the innocent as well as the guilty." His reign of extortion was terminated.

He was fined and ordered to withdraw from the country. From Paris he sent an angry little letter to the King's Commissioner. "I intend to som place where I may have the occasion to ffollow arms till yowr Lordship's displeasor be removed; hoping such is yowr justice yow will not desire without cawse utterlie to rowine a poore gentleman." But death met him before he saw Scotland again. He was at the siege of a beleaguered town in the Netherlands; and, as he walked one day too near the hostile guns, a comrade called out to warn him of his risk. "Cannon-balls kill none but fey folk," was his contemptuous answer. The word had just crossed his lips, when a ball shot him through the heart; and his bravadoes were ended for ever. The other officer, whose tyrannies had a summary conclusion, was Sir James Turner, the author of the Pentland Rising and its attendant wretchedness. He protested eloquently that a punishment which he did not deserve was being inflicted on him; he was "precondemned," he told Lord Tweeddale, who presided over the Committee of Inquiry, "with vigour enough, yet with very much discretion and civilitie," which sweetened the bitter pill the culprit knew he was to swallow. He marvelled, moreover, that any complaint about him should have gone directly to London, since none had been lodged with the Privy Council in Edinburgh, to whose jurisdiction it belonged to take notice of such affairs: it was "not ordinaire to runne to the King *per saltum,* in contempt of that authoritie which he had established in Scotland." But he was answered that in these things the Sovereign did as he pleased. There was ample cause for his degradation. Sir Robert Moray has an illuminating tale of one of his "feats of warr." He had ten horsemen, who helped him to levy his Church fines. They rode forth in twos, and in every place where they halted the two exacted quartering for themselves and for eight cavaliers more, threatening loudly that, if their demands should be refused, they would send instanter for this octave of desperate companions, although the octave had an existence as unsubstantial as the riches of Alnaschar in the fable. "Thus by a more solide kind of arithmetick than the scholear reckoned 2 eys to be 3," Sir James Turner had the skill to "multiply ten horse to fifty—*egregie quidem!*" But, added Moray in a sentence as shattering as the reckless foot which dissipated Alnaschar's visionary store, "there are more ways than one taken to bring all such pranks to a hearing." Turner lost his place in the army; and, if he escaped exile, he had to live in privacy for the rest of his days.

But the chief feature of these years of the Blink, when milder men and milder measures were uppermost, was the granting of the two Indulgences—the earlier in June 1669, the later in 1672. The Indulgences had a kindly look; but they added immeasurably to the troubles of the Church. What was it that they did?

The parish churches, abandoned to the lifeless curates, were almost empty. The people discovered methods of listening to their own ministers, the friends whose adoption they had tried. But, if this state of things continued, one of three consequences must ensue: either the worship of God in the ecclesiastical buildings of the land would become obsolete; or a system of persecution must be inaugurated, more unsparing in its sternness and more prolific in its results; or else some degree of toleration must be extended to the Presbyterian preachers, and a way of return must be devised for them to the offices they had filled before Middleton's black Act of Glasgow drove them to proclaim their message under the open sky. The last was the course preferred by the governors of the country; and thus the Indulgences came into being.

They were a permission to the outed ministers to reoccupy their charges. Those who declined to go for sanction to the Bishops were not to have the stipend, but only the manse, and were to receive an annuity from the nation. The ministry of those who refused to attend the Episcopal Synods was to be restricted to the parishes over which they were set. None was to admit to the sacrament of Baptism or of the Lord's Supper any one from a congregation outside his own parochial boundary. The Indulgences were thus the King's authorisation to Covenanting ministers to take up afresh, under certain stringent conditions, their dearly loved work of preaching the Gospel of Christ. Again, if they chose, their voices might be heard within the walls of those houses of prayer that were hallowed by innumerable sacred recollections. But the Government would watch, would superintend, would control their language and their action. How thoroughly it did so we may gather from a letter written by the Earl of Kincardine, in the August of 1669. He pictures with shrewd humour a little ceremony enacted before the Privy Council, in which he had himself some share. Twelve ministers were ushered in, to "receave their orders." Every one had his warrant read over to him by the Clerk, before it was delivered into his own keeping; and it was "a peece of pagentry" to see them make their bow. Then they had to listen to the Act that detailed the pains and penalties to which they would be subject in case of misbehaviour. "And when all this was done, Mr. Hutchesone made a very discreet and pertinent little speech in their names; telling that he was desyrd by them to returne their most humble and most hearty thankes, to His Majestie in the first place, and then to the Councell that hade remembered them in their low condition, and hade granted them a libertie to preach the gospell." So, praying God in handsome terms to bless King Charles and their Lordships, he left the room with his train, "which some rogues, because they were twelve in number, cald the Twelve Apostles of the Councell." One feels that Kincardine himself, although he approved of the new policy, and had played an active part in initiating it, cherished only a modified respect for the subservient souls that welcomed its provisions. And this State regulation was the fatal blot on the scheme, in the judgment of the majority of the men for whom it was designed. They had cause, they felt, to fear the Greeks, *et dona ferentes.* To their authors the Indulgences appeared politically wise, and they were granted with some graciousness; but a freedom so cabined and guarded, a virtue so cloistered, was not what the Covenanters had suffered in order to secure. If they accepted it, they would allow to civic dignitaries the right of interference in the thrice-holy region of the Church: they would yield up to an external power the prerogatives which pertain to Jesus Christ alone.

Nor was this likely to be the only melancholy result. Other harvests of mischief lay in the perilous seed. For example, who could prophesy to what lengths the intrusion of the State might go? Having once invaded the spiritual realm, she would return with a demand for new benefactions, and would assert her domination in yet more offensive ways. Moreover, the Indulgences could not be welcomed without dividing the adherents of the Covenant. It was useless to expect that every one would see in their niggardly promises a boon so rich that at any cost it must be coveted and grasped. There would be many soldiers of Christ too jealous of their Master's honour to reap comforts for themselves at His expense. And thus those who took the liberty proffered them would put a sundering chasm between themselves and their brethren. It was a contingency to be contemplated with dismay. There was yet another evil which could be foreseen. Compliance with the King's proposals would only prove an incitement to Charles and his advisers to afflict the conventicles more mercilessly than before. What justification was there for conventicles at all, the statesmen would ask, when the doors of the churches had been thrown open, and Presbyterians were in the pulpits again? Look at it in what light they would, most of the Covenanters saw something ensnaring in the bribe held out to them; and they declined to profit by it.

Singularly enough, Lauderdale found his first Indulgence vigorously condemned from the opposite side of the ecclesiastical world. Alexander Burnet, the Archbishop of Glasgow, was a resolute High Churchman, much more zealous than James Sharp for the independence of the spiritual realm. That the Privy Council should arrogate to itself the power of admitting the ejected ministers to their old places was in his eyes a wound inflicted on the Church; for it was she who ought to be intrusted with such duties, and no Court of the nation could lawfully trespass on her domain. He did not conceal his convictions. He ventured to prepare and to publish a formal Remonstrance—a paper whose strong and militant words could not be misunderstood. "Wee cannot forbeare to Resent," so the contumacious words ran, "that some have entred to preach publickly and avouchedly, who were before censured with deposition by us upon weighty grounds agreeable to the standing lawes of the Kingdome."

The offenders had been cleared from blame, and restored to duty, "yea, and exempted from the jurisdiction which Wee should have over them." This was an Erastianism, his Grace declared, which must not be endured in silence, and from which a flood-tide of harm would proceed. "Thus the authority of an Archbishop and Synod, once venerable, is become despicable." It was the favourite argument of the Protesters, the quick-sighted Commissioner averred, enunciated by a man to whom the Protesters were as the abomination of desolation. "Nor was the Archbishop of Glasgow more innocent," said Sir George Mackenzie, "than James Guthrie, for both equally designed to debar the King from interposing any way in the affairs of the Church." But Burnet—*Longifacies* is the nickname by which he is known in the coterie of Lauderdale's bosom-friends—won nothing but a mitigated martyrdom from his attachment to principle. Charles himself decreed his doom in a document of State inscribed to the monarch's "Right Trusty and Right entirely beloved Cousin," John Maitland. The transgressor was to be summoned before the Council, and there he was to be publicly informed of the King's "resentments," felt against him on account of many misdemeanours, but especially because of "his accession to that paper so dangerous in nature and consequence." His Majesty, he was to be told, might reasonably have accused him of guilt which merited the severest dealing; but, in his royal clemency, he would be "content to accept of a Dimission and Resignation of his Bishoprick." Yet there must be no reluctance or postponement, and, if there were, the King's Advocate was forthwith to institute a process before the judges of the land. So, at the Christmas of 1669, the too plain-spoken diocesan was compelled to retire from his see. " I, Alexander, Archbishop of Glasgow," he wrote, " being sensible that my service in that province hath not beene so acceptable to His Majestie as I could have wished, and that I cannot expect my continuance therein can be so usefull to the Church as the necessities thereof at this tyme require ; and intimation of His Majestie's displeasure being made to me by My Lord Commissioner, his grace the Earl of Lauderdaill ; I doe in all humility make a surrender thereof." Whether it were prelate or peer or presbyter who stood in the dictator's path, he was overtaken soon by chastisement ; and the autocrat went on his regal way undisturbed.

There were forty-two of the banished ministers who availed themselves of the gate provided by the Indulgence back into the churches from which they had been expelled. If, to borrow a phrase from Samuel Rutherfurd, they preferred the lower road of the valleys to the higher road of the mountains, it would be easy to speak too harshly of men who were swayed towards compromise and concession by many appealing arguments. But the issues of pain and strife which their braver-spirited friends had predicted revealed themselves only too speedily. Their conduct was condemned by the bulk of Presbyterian people, as an acceptance of conditions ruinous to the privileges of the Church and to the headship of Christ. Kirkton sums up the more consistent view in a single pregnant sentence ; the Indulgence, he says, being derived from the King's authority, " was judged a bitter fruit from a bitter tree." Henceforward there was a new breach in the Covenanting host. It was sore enough to have Resolutioner and Protester regarding one another with suspicion, and winging their controversial arrows at each other instead of at the common foe. But now a second cause of heart-burning had arisen. Indulged and Non-indulged manifested a too scanty affection, and were frequently engaged in verbal strife, during the years to come.

A fatality clung, one sees, to Lauderdale's gifts, and the boon became a bane. But probably the intention was not unfriendly. For, during the Blink, he had for advisers three men, whose names it is a gladness to recall, and who stand out in bright relief from the sordid crowd of needy nobles and ruthless soldiers and haughty churchmen. They lent character and refinement, for one or two quickly fleeting years, to the cause of absolutism. And they had within them what Middleton and Rothes and Sharp never had, or else had killed and lost—a heart of compassionateness and magnanimity.

One of them was the Earl of Tweeddale. In the Parliament which condemned James Guthrie to die, he had the courage to vote against the capital sentence; "not but that I thought he deserved it, but some circumstances—as the disorders of the times, the general distractions of men's minds, and the fact that the restraining power of the laws was too sadly abated and the execution of them loosed—did incline me to another punishment." For his boldness and humanity he was thrown into prison in Edinburgh; and for nine months, from September in 1661 until May in 1662, the dungeon shut him in. Ordinarily a man is seen either at his best or at his worst in his own home; and, if we subject Lord Tweeddale to this test, our liking for him is increased. In a delightful letter written to Lauderdale, whose one daughter was married to his son, he discloses most naturally and winningly his affection for children and grandchildren. He has returned to Yester after a period of absence—to Yester, "wher I found them all weal, and was qwikly encompassed with children striving who should be most mead of. Charles is grouen ane mighty kind child, and left all his frowardnes, and, I think, squints noe mor then he did. I asked Jhon if he knew me; he said, 'Ay, ay,' and clapid my cheek, and kissid both of them, and asked for his grandfather at London. Ann is grouen a pleasant and bewtiful child. My littel dawghter Jean, when she saw me mak mor, as she thought, of the rest than hir, said, 'I am a bairn too.'" Such a letter opens a window into Tweeddale's nature; and, when we look through the window-panes, we see what is inviting and tender.

Another of Lauderdale's counsellors was Alexander Bruce, second Earl of Kincardine, a statesman of insight and of integrity. It was his wish from the first to deal liberally with the Kirk; and if clemency could be shown, without seeming to be extorted through the alarm of the Government and the acknowledged strength of the Covenanters, he was prepared to show it. "I am, in my privat opinion, for a qualified toleration," he declared, "but I wold have it given and not taken; and I thinke it is not to be given so long as they thinke themselves so considerable as to oblidge the grantting of it." It would have been a rich benefit to the distracted country if Kincardine, with his rectitude and forbearance, had remained longer in office. He did continue with Lauderdale, from whose guidance of affairs he hoped for many reforms, after the other two had been forced to go. But at length his patience was worn out, and he broke with the Commissioner, whose despotic exercise of authority and gross personal sins had grown repugnant to his own purer mind and sweeter temper.

But the most attractive of the trio is Sir Robert

Moray. The wonder is that so chivalrous a gentleman, Evelyn's " deare and excellent friend," and the comrade of comrades to whom Thomas Vaughan, the Silurist's philosophic brother, left all his papers, because he knew no one else whom he could trust with such fidelity—the wonder is that he should be found in conjunction with the persecutors at all. In truth, it was against his will that he engaged in the drudgery of politics, and was dragged away from employments and companionships more congenial. He loved his books, his chemical retorts, his music, his medical researches, and those familiar intimates to whom he could unbosom his heart with none of the diplomatist's concealments and equivocations. He was happier in his Presidency of the Royal Society than in his toils and worries and disappointments as Privy Councillor. The Earl of Kincardine knew him well; the two had been as brothers during their season of exile before the Restoration; and no speck of cloud ever crept over the serene sky of their fellowship. One may read the beautiful letters which Moray sent to Alexander Bruce, while the one was in Maestricht and the other in Bremen; and whoever reads them will become a thrall to the enchantments of the fascinating scribe—they are luminous with wisdom, with humour, with wide literary culture, with unassuming religion. Experiment and scientific study are much more to the writer than all the intrigues of princes and parliaments. " Here I stopt," he says, breaking off in the middle of a story, " to blow the coals in the stove under my feet, though I be sitting at the cheek of a furnace will gar your eyn reel when you see it." He describes, with the enthusiast's devotion, his " three fiddles hanging on the wall " ; but there, in the foreign country, he can extract little satisfaction from their melody: "to tell you truely, I am not much for cultivating of musick till God send me dayes of joy and mirth, if at least He hath markt out any such for us." He has unspeakable rest and comfort in his knowledge that there is not a jar, not a jealousy, not a disquieting element, in that most satisfying alliance between his companion and himself. "I find it in my heart," he owns, "to set every word I get from you in diamonds." Even although his eyes do not meantime look into Bruce's, and although many miles of land and water may separate them, "you little think how long your armes are, and how exquisite my physical skill is grown. I feel your pulse here as well as if I were sitting at your elbow, and know as well what temper you are in when you write as if I had seen you." Does his correspondent entertain the slightest doubt of it? Then let him survey himself in his mirror after listening to Moray's description of him, and he will admit the correctness of the portrait and the clairvoyance of the man who has painted it. "I can see your cheeks beginning to get a little palish crimson again, your eyes their wonted vivacity, your legs their vigor, and everything fairly advanced towards your recovery. Nay, by a new science you do not yet know a name for, I find, by your beginning to crow, it is not far from day, and that the thaw is begun at Bremen, and I would almost think it were May instead of April." This was penned when his friend had been lying ill of ague; and how he busied himself in the effort to keep the sufferer amused, and to banish brooding thoughts! But he could be serious too, and climb to ethereal heights, and pass like a spy into the Land of Promise, that he might carry out some of its grapes of Eshcol to refresh the sojourner in the wilderness. He bade him remember the truest secret of consolation: "you know whatsoever your kind, wise, good, and powerful Father sends to you, or does with you, is the very best that can befall you, how dark soever His ways be to your grief, or His touches to your relish." Occasionally he would draw aside the curtain of the Temple, and would talk of his own spiritual longings and strivings: "I shall tell you it hath been my study now thirty-one years to understand and regulate my passions; the whole story of my progress in this, and God's dealings with me in it, will be as open to you as you would have it." Dr. Osmund Airy writes with fine generosity, but yet not too generously, of Robert Moray. "We do not wish," he says, "to describe him as a man of heroic rank; he reminds us rather of the advice in *The Betrothed*: he sat still while kings were arming, he spake not when the people listened, and he kept his fingers from the red gold. In the midst of social depravity he led a life such as is led by men of pure and lofty mind, and such as he led while in exile. Where, all around him, men schemed and lied for place, he went on his way 'placidly and securely.' When bribery and flattery and supremacy in evil living were the usual passports to success, this Scottish gentleman kept himself, so far as can be told, unspotted from the world. He touched pitch, and was not defiled." If further proof of it were needed there is the fact that a correspondent as cherished and reverenced as Alexander Bruce was his sister-in-law, Anna Mackenzie, Lady Balcarres, "exquisite alike in person and in mind." The man who could bind such friends to himself, and could hold them unchanged to the end, must have carried in him a crystalline soul. When 1660 came, and Charles and Lauderdale leaped from poverty to power, they compelled Moray, unambitious as he was, to give them his help. Let us record it to His Majesty's praise, when the witnesses to his discredit are legion, that he felt an extraordinary regard for one who had nothing in common with himself, except the pleasure in chemistry and the brilliance in conversation which they both shared. As for the nobleman, he made Bruce's companion his own Secretary, and consulted him always. In the summer of the Restoration year he sent him across to France, to secure from the French Presbyterians an opinion in favour of moderate Episcopacy. And now, in his personal rule over Scotland, there was none on whom he leaned more confidingly, or who better deserved his trust.

So long as such men got their will, there was little likelihood of excessive tyranny. But the Blink, after all, was but a blink ; it was not confirmed and abiding summer. Charles's prerogatives, sufficiently haughty and far-stretching already, were being steadily enlarged, in spite of the apparent mildness which prevailed. A new statute enunciated, with greater emphasis than ever, his ecclesiastical supremacy ; and, side by side with it, another statute gave him a militia of twenty thousand men. Lauderdale was proud of the double achievement. "The first makes you Soveraigne in the Church ; you may now dispose of Bishops and Ministers, and remove and transplant them as you please—which, I doubt, you cannot doe in England. The other setles you 20 thousand men to make good that power. Never was King soe absolute as you are in poor old Scotland." And, as early as 1670, there was a fresh bit of savagery, the outcome of the Indulgence of the previous year, to which Tweeddale and Kincardine and Moray were somehow constrained to yield their consent. This was the Act against conventicles. The ministers who persisted in remaining without the Church were forbidden to pray and preach except in their own houses and among the members of their own families. If they dared to conduct a service of religion in a home not their own, they were imprisoned until they gave proof of their willingness not to offend in the like fashion again, and, if the proof were not forthcoming, they were compelled to leave the country. Those who had attended the service were heavily fined, the master or mistress of the house being required to pay a sum the double of that exacted from others. But the full weight of severity fell on the meetings held in the fields. The preacher there, or even in a building so crowded that some were standing out of doors, was to be punished with death and with the confiscation of his goods. Any one arresting him was to receive a reward of thirty pounds, and to have a free pardon if, in performing his disagreeable duty, he had killed the minister or some of the obstinate and misguided listeners. Those who had been present at a field-preaching were liable to fines extravagant and crushing in their amount. And, under the terror of these exorbitant dues, the people were commanded to repair regularly to the worship conducted by the curates or by the indulged preachers inside the churches. It was the advent of winter once more—" no roses but only thorns to-day" ; and again the sons and daughters of the Covenant were out under a frowning heaven.

It is almost inexplicable that high-minded and gracious men, like the three into whose faces we have looked, should have stained their consciences and tarnished their fame by agreeing to the unjust Act. We can only account for it by remembering the stronger will behind them, which employed them as its exponents and agents. In fact, their brief and clement mastership was soon to be ended. Lord Lauderdale and they were to part company and go their separate ways. It was a woman's hand which sundered the ruler of Scotland from his best friends. His first wife, poor Anne Hume, died in 1671. He had sent her to France, ostensibly for the benefit of her health, but more probably that he might enjoy the freedom which her absence would afford. Her last letter to him was written from Paris. It is a pathetic little epistle, asking him to see that a house which he owned in Highgate should be repaired, before it fell in ruins to the ground. He had filled the upper rooms with those multitudinous books of his, and it was unable to sustain so great a load ; for what was it but a slim and paltry erection of paper ? If he would not do so trifling a service for her sake, let him do it, she begs, for his own ; for the place would belong to his family when she was gone. "I have wreiten menei leters to you," she concludes mournfully enough ; "I shal deseir an anseur." Death came to rescue the Earl of Hume's daughter from the slights and sorrows of years, and to liberate her ungentle husband from the trammels of a union of which he was tired. In 1672 he married again. His new bride was Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, a woman with plenty of brains but without any heart, who had a bad history behind her, and who for the future was to act Herodias to his Herod. She did not love him ; she used him as a convenient tool to bring her money and applause. If he had been overbearing before, he became tenfold more so under his wife's evil influence. He "lowered to her level day by day," until, as she was destitute of all that is holiest in woman, he lost all that is strongest and most righteous in man. It was a pitiful degeneracy ; but there seemed no chance of checking its progress. Lady Dysart's jealousy drove Moray from Lauderdale's side—Moray who had known how to touch pitch without being defiled. In a dignified little note, whose very brevity contrasts with his franker and more unfettered confidences—a note dated from Whitehall in January 1671, before the wedding had taken place, but after the lady's supremacy was firmly established—he closed the correspondence of years. The construction he had put on the Earl's last messages to him was, he said, "very natural"; and he went on, "As I was sorry to be forced, for my own sake, to such a returne as then made, soe am I willing not to reply upon the answeres you here give, least it might continue a Dispute which I doe not desire to intertaine with your Grace." That was all, and Robert Moray "gave his bridle-reins a shake," and rode away. By and by there was a hopeless quarrel with Tweeddale. In a few years more, Kincardine, too, said his farewells. Then, with these ministers of conciliation and worth removed from the councils of the nation, "hard came to hard," and the Covenanters passed anew into an era of "boots, thumbikins, and fire-matches, the bloody rope to the neck, and bullets to the head." But the wise student of the time will be sorrier for their oppressor than he is for them.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIELD PREACHER.

IT is a foolish, but not an uncommon, mistake—the notion that the men of the Covenant were all of lowly and plebeian birth. The dedicated army, with its banner of blue and its passion for the kingly rights of Christ, may have drawn most of its recruits from the peasants and shepherds of the countryside and from the traders in the towns; and these homely warriors, as they fought their spiritual battle, showed as fine a courage as any paladins of the Court. But there were men and women of higher degree proud to associate themselves with the cause of Presbytery. Some of the wise and mighty were called, and with promptitude they answered the call.

John Blackader is one of the gentlefolks who rallied to the defence of the Kirk. He was the scion of a famous family. The original home of his kindred was in Berwickshire; and among his forebears there were figures valorous and picturesque. In the middle of the fifteenth century, "the Black Band of the Blackaders," father and seven sons, each of them swarthy in complexion, had, time and again, beaten back the invading English; "weakness was not in their word, weariness not on their brow." They did not restrict their exploits to Scottish soil and to the defence of their own castles and crofts. Like Job's warhorse, they scented the battle from afar. Those were the days when the southern kingdom was rent by the contentions of York and Lancaster; and Cuthbert Blackader with his dauntless seven marshalled themselves under the standard of the Red Rose. But, if they reaped renown in England, they found dule and death waiting for them too. On Bosworth field the veteran and three of his Black Band were slain; and the survivors came home grieved for the flowers of the forest that blossomed at their side no longer. Yet, because they had been so brave, James of Scotland, granted them and their heirs the privilege of carrying on their shields the two Roses, Red and White. Their crest was a right hand holding aloft a broadsword, and their motto ran, "Courage helps Fortune."

In later years a sea of troubles overtook the Blackaders. The Homes of Wedderburn were at feud with them, and in the strife they fared badly. Ultimately the Berwickshire branch lost its commanding position, and the honour of maintaining the household name passed to younger sons who had come by marriage into the estate of Tulliallan in Perthshire. Our field preacher is of the Tulliallan stock. He was born in the December of 1615. But, although he had "some claim to distinction," as his *Memoirs* say, because he was "the representative of an ancient and once opulent house," his was to be a different and a holier fame. He was, his student son Robert wrote in 1686, when his father's race was run, "a good soldier and servant of Jesus Christ, who esteemed his Master's reproaches greater riches than all the treasures and pleasures of this Egyptian world." Old Cuthbert Blackader, trusty as a tree, was not more unbending than John Blackader, the minister of the Covenant.

After being trained under his uncle, William Strang, Principal of Glasgow College, where "Sion became the rival of Athens and Rome," he went up and down the country preaching the Gospel. One is at some loss to understand why he was so long in finding a charge of his own; not until 1653, when he was a man of thirty-seven, was he ordained over the parish of Troqueer, in the Presbytery of Dumfries. But it was well that he came to his work in the maturity of his powers. His parish was sadly backward. The people were ignorant, some of them living in scandalous sin, many inclined to popish beliefs and ways. He had an uphill road to travel, and it took time to gain the topmost ridge. First he reformed the eldership, and then gradually changed the face of the congregation and of the whole neighbourhood. Twice every Sabbath he preached, and once, too, every Tuesday, "except in the throng of seedtime and harvest." In his sermons he explored and explained the whole territory of saving knowledge. All who could read he exhorted to provide themselves with Bibles, and those who could not were enjoined to seek out some family where, round the altar set up on the hearth, they might listen to the Word of God. In spring, and again in autumn, he catechised his parishioners. It was a duty performed in no perfunctory style. He "took inspection into their behaviour." He had many a searching question. Did they remember secret prayer? Morning and evening, did they kneel together at the throne of their Father and King? Was the Sabbath a delight? Did the parents instruct their children in the truth? If they had servants, did they "curb profanity in any whom they found to miscarry"? Somewhat rigid the old-time oversight of the flock may seem; but it bore a salutary harvest. Troqueer and its minister and session may have been one of the places which Bishop Burnet had in his thoughts, when he penned his tribute to the Presbyterians of the Commonwealth: "They had brought the people to such a degree of knowledge that cottagers and servants would have prayed extempore; they had a comprehension of matters of religion greater than I have seen among people of that sort anywhere."

For nine years John Blackader pursued his calling, till the advent of Middleton's Glasgow Act; and, as we should expect, he was among the faithful who could not bow the knee. On a November Sabbath, with the noise of sobbing heard through the church, he took his farewell. The dragoons from Dumfries were there; but meantime they did not meddle him. During the week which succeeded, from sunrise until far in the night, he moved from family to family, praying in each farm-kitchen and cottage, and commending to God every separate soul. Then, on Saturday, he rode away to Glencairn, to seek a place of safety beyond the bounds of his presbytery. His wife and children were to follow. But no sooner was he gone than the soldiers returned. They attacked the manse, and behaved with cruelty and insolence to its defenceless inmates. One of the boys never forgot the wild "Blew-benders," nor the adventures of the critical day. "Bag and baggatch, we who were the children were put into cadgers' creels, where one of us cried out, coming throw the Brigend of Dumfries, 'I'm banisht! I'm banisht!'" The Troqueer ministry had an ending both sudden and sore.

John Blackader did not commence at once to preach in the fields. If he was fervent of soul, he was cautious in action; the epitaph on his tomb celebrates the balance and equipoise of his nature—

Zeal warmed his breast, and reason cooled his head.

As long as might be, he refrained from giving provocation to the authorities. And so there were some who held conventicles before he went out to hillside and glen. There was Gabriel Sempill, for instance, also the son of a noble house. And there was John Welsh of Irongray.

We must tarry over Welsh's name ; he is one of the kings of the time. His father and his grandfather were ministers before him ; he was himself the great-grandson of John Knox ; and he inherited the godliness and the manliness of his progenitors. He had been a co-presbyter with Blackader, and, like him, had been driven out by Middleton's folly. In his case, too, the importunity and the affection of the parish pursued the preacher, and would scarcely let him go. His horse waited for him at the Water of Cluden, and he had to dash into the stream and gallop rapidly away. Even then, through the wintry little river, men and women followed him, not turning back while he remained in sight. It makes us think of a similar scene in a different place and time. When Sir Henry Lawrence left the government of the Punjab in 1853, grief was written on every face. Old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and civilians, Englishmen and natives, felt that they were losing a friend. Strong men, like Sir Herbert Edwardes, might be seen weeping like children. A cavalcade of Sikh chiefs accompanied the departing ruler, some for five, others for ten, others for twenty or twenty-five miles. It was a long, living funeral possession from Lahore nearly to Umritsur. None knew Sir Henry Lawrence but to love him. And it was the same with John Welsh.

In one respect the members of his flock were happier than their neighbours at Troqueer. He continued their pastor in a sense, although he was not allowed to speak within the church walls. In defiance of every hostile edict, he returned again and again ; sometimes he was back, in valley or in wood or in meadow, once a week for successive months ; there was not a child whom he did not baptize ; often the familiar voice was heard proclaiming the familiar message. But now it might be said that he had taken all the Lowlands for his diocese. Summer and winter he was engaged in field meetings. "The boldest undertaker"—the most audacious lion-heart—"that ever I knew a minister in Christ's Church" : it is James Kirkton's tribute. "For, notwithstanding the threatenings of the State, the great price of £500 set upon his head, the spite of bishops, the diligence of all bloodhounds, he maintained his difficult task of preaching upon the mountains of Scotland, many times to many thousands, for near twenty years." "I have known," his biographer adds, "Mr. Welsh ride three days and two nights without sleep, and preach upon a mountain at midnight on one of the nights. He had for some time a dwelling-house near Tweedside ; and, when Tweed was strongly frozen, he preached in the middle of the river, that either he might shun the offence of both nations, or that two Kingdoms might dispute his crime." We catch glimpses of him, too, with a bodyguard of twelve gentlemen in scarlet, whom he had bound to himself in a loyalty as devoted as that of the Gittites to David, journeying hither and thither on horseback, through the green trees of the woods, and among the fields of the Lothians and Fife. There were the vivid colours of romance, and the charm of mystery, and the poetry of peril, about a minister's life two hundred and fifty years ago.

John Welsh's word was with power. Once, when he was chased unrelentingly, he hardly knew where to flee; but, relying on Scottish hospitality, he knocked at the door of a landlord, bitterly opposed to the field preachers and to himself in particular, although he had never actually set eyes on him. The stranger, being unrecognised, was received with kindness. In the evening's talk reference was made to Welsh, and the host complained of the difficulty of capturing him. "I am sent," the visitor said, "to apprehend rebels; I know where he is to preach to-morrow; I will put his hand into yours." Overjoyed, the gentleman agreed to accompany his informant on the next morning. When they arrived at the appointed spot, the congregation had assembled. The people made way for the minister whom they trusted and for his comrade. Welsh desired his entertainer to sit down on the solitary chair which had been provided for himself, and, to his companion's utter bewilderment, took his own stand beside it, and rang out the story of sin and salvation. The Spirit of God was there; and the landlord was heart-broken. When at the close, Welsh, fulfilling his promise, gave him his hand, that he might do with him whatever he wished, he said: "You told me that you were sent to apprehend rebels; and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day."

But let us return to John Blackader. He continued in his Galloway retreat, until, by a fresh onslaught of persecution, he was driven forth into the wider sphere of work. Early in the winter of 1666, Sir James Turner and a party of soldiers came looking for him. Happily he was himself absent in Edinburgh; but again wife and bairns suffered at the hands of the "rascally ruffians"; and, again, we have the best account of what happened in the artless words of one of the children. He tells how, about two o'clock in the morning, the dragoons surrounded the house, "cursing on the Whigs to open the door"; how, when they got in, they went to stools and chairs, and demolished them with their swords, to make a fire; how they "stabbed through beds and bed-clothes," to find the man for whom they were in search; how they "threw down his books from the press upon the floor, and caused poor me hold the candle till they had examined them; and all they thought whiggish, as they termed it—and brave judges they were!—they put into a great horse-creel, and took away"; how they "climbed up to the hen-bauks, where the cocks and hens were, and, as they came to one, threw about its neck, and down to the floor wi't, and so on, till they had destroyed them all." Glad at heart the boy of ten was, when he managed to elude his tormentors. "Naked to the shirt," he ran through the darkness to "the Brigend of Mennihyvie"; and there, discovering that the inhabitants were still deep in slumber, he climbed to the uppermost step of the village Cross, and fell fast asleep. "Between five and six, a door opens, and an old woman comes out; and, seeing a white thing upon the Cross, comes near it; and, when she found it was a little boy, cries out, 'Save us! what art thou?' With that I awaked, and answered her, 'I'm Mr. Blackader's son.' 'O, my puir bairn! what brought thee here?' I answers, 'There's a hantle of fearful men with red coats has burnt all our house.' 'O, puir thing!' says she, 'come in, and lye down in my warm bed.'" And the child did as he was bidden, and it was the sweetest bed ever he met with.

It was this rude visitation of Turner's soldiery which compelled Blackader into his larger bishopric. He

THE MARKET CROSS OF MENNIHYVIE OR MONIAIVE.

tried no longer to conciliate masters who were so barbarous. He became one of the chiefs in the great conventicles of the time; John Welsh and Gabriel Sempill and he were "the Three First Worthies." "He was another indefatigable Paul," says his soldier son, Colonel Blackader, "travelling through most parts of Scotland, except among the Highlanders, whose case he sadly regretted; for I heard him many a time say he would be content to go a thousand miles on foot to have had the Highland language." The "intolerable craving" to save shivered through him, like a trumpet-call.

We must think of him, in the years which ensued, having his headquarters in Edinburgh, but hastening everywhere on his divine errands. Through trustworthy channels messages were sent to him, to inform him that a crowd of those who were hungering for the Bread of Life proposed to meet at this selected spot or that other; and then he and his good horse would sally forth in time for the gathering. Thus, in September 1668, "there came a man from Dunlop parish" to Newmilns, where the preacher was lodged for a few days. "So he rode about nine miles of very bad road, and came to the place very weary, expecting to have gotten rest that night. But the people had trysted the parents with their children, so he behoved to address himself to the work, and went about eleven o'clock at night to a great meeting; where he preached an hour and a half; and thereafter baptized forty-two children, dividing them, the one half at one time, the other afterwards, because they could not get all conveniently stood together; and, after this was done, it was hard on break of day." In January 1669, he is at Fenwick, with its memories of William Guthrie, where there has been no Presbyterian preaching since the defeat at Pentland. But, by his too abundant toils, he has made himself ill ; and for sixteen weeks he is imprisoned in the sickroom. No sooner is health restored than the work is resumed. At Bo'ness he establishes a new congregation. At Paisley he has a multitude of twelve hundred listeners. At a burnside, in the moors near Livingstone, where his text was the tender word, *The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost,* an assemblage from many parishes hangs on his lips. "The people seemed to smell him out in spite of his caution" ; like his King and Friend, he *could not be hid.* Living so much in the sun and the keen air, facing the weather in heat and cold, he discovered that his sight, employed hitherto in quiet reading and study, was being much impaired. But he did not grieve over the loss. "The eye in the heart that lies" grew clearer with every year.

Some of the conventicles in which he played a principal part were very noteworthy. There was, for example, the gathering on the Hill of Beath, near Dunfermline, in the midsummer of 1670. It was a district where ignorance and profanity were prevalent ; and, "for the more solemnity and upstirring of a barbarous people," the preacher took a colleague with him. John Dickson was his companion. Having crossed the Firth of Forth on Saturday night, and having slept for a few hours at Inverkeithing without putting off his clothes, Blackader rose early, and went in quest of the meeting-place. Already the congregation was there, for worship was to begin at eight o'clock. First Dickson lectured, standing in the mouth of the tent, and addressing the crowd which thronged the braeside. Then John Blackader preached from that favourite text of Covenanting ministers, *He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.* It was eleven o'clock ere he finished; and there was to be an interval of rest before the work of the afternoon. But there had been signs that those present were not all friends; and now, when the preacher started anew, things looked threatening. A lieutenant of militia dismounted from his horse, and came in among the people massed on the minister's left hand. Fortunately Blackader's second discourse had the wooing note in it. It was "composing and gaining, holding forth the great design of the Gospel, to invite and make welcome all sorts of sinners without exception." The lieutenant could find no fault; he "stood a space, and heard peaceably." Yet there might easily have been a conflagration. For, when the officer lifted his foot to the stirrup to ride off, some tried to prevent him, and he thrust them back; and there was prospect of tumult, and perhaps of bloodshed. But Blackader saw it, and interrupted his sermon, and went to the soldier's assistance. Calming the angry men with wise words, he spoke to the officer: "Let me see, sir, who will offer to wrong you. They shall as soon wrong myself; for we came here to do violence to no man, but to proclaim the Gospel of peace. If you be pleased to stay, you shall be as welcome as any; but, if you will not, you are free to go." The lieutenant escaped scatheless, and the services proceeded until late in the day. Very tired the minister was, before he reached his Edinburgh home next morning. At Queensferry he could not induce a boatman to row him over the Firth, and he had perforce to ride the long way round by Stirling. He was seven hours in the saddle, after all the mental and spiritual exertion of the memorable Sabbath. Were not his campaigns as exacting as those of his fighting ancestors?

The Dunfermline conventicle is worth remembering for another reason. It was one of the first to which many of the worshippers came armed. In 1670 the Blink was almost over, and Lauderdale's administration was again becoming pitiless. So the Covenanters did what they had not done before, but what they repeated frequently in subsequent months—they carried sword and pistol with them to the hill where they sang their psalms and presented their prayers and hearkened to the Evangel of Christ. We cannot blame them for a precaution to which they were forced in self-defence, even if this conjunction of the weapons of a carnal warfare with "the melodies of the everlasting chime" should seem in some degree incongruous. In desperate times the men are guiltless who resort to desperate measures.

But more remarkable and more beautiful than the ordinary conventicle was a Communion in the fields. John Blackader will describe to us one of these, which he, in company with "Mr. Welsh and Mr. Riddell," superintended and enjoyed at East Nisbet in the Border country. After relating what means were adopted to shield from interruption and alarm those whose rendezvous, however fit it might be, was "by the lions' dens and the mountains of leopards," he goes on with his tale—

"We entered on the administration of the holy ordinance, committing it and ourselves to the invisible protection of the Lord of Hosts, in Whose name we were met together. The place where we convened was every way commodious, and seemed to have been formed on purpose. It was a green and pleasant haugh, fast by the waterside. On either hand, there was a spacious brae, in form of a half round, covered with delightful pasture, and rising with a gentle slope to a goodly height. Above us was the clear blue sky, for it was a sweet and calm Sabbath morning, promising to be indeed one of the days of the Son of Man. The Communion tables were spread on the green by the water, and around them the people had arranged themselves in decent order. But the far greater multitude sat on the brae face, which was crowded from top to bottom.

"Each day, at the congregation's dismissing, the ministers with their guards, and as many of the people as could, retired to their quarters in three several country towns, where they might be provided with necessaries. The horsemen drew up in a body, and then marched in goodly array behind the people, until all were safely lodged. In the morning, when they returned, the horsemen accompanied them. All the three parties met a mile from the spot, and marched in a full body to the consecrated ground. The congregation being fairly settled, the guardsmen took their stations as formerly. They secured the peace and quiet of the audience; for from Saturday morning, when the work began, until Monday afternoon, we suffered not the least affront or molestation from enemies: which appeared wonderful. The whole was closed in as orderly a way as it had been in the time of Scotland's brightest noon. And, truly, the spectacle of so many grave, composed, and devout faces must have struck the adversaries with awe, and been more formidable than any outward ability of fierce looks and warlike array. We desired not the countenance of earthly kings; there was a spiritual and divine Majesty shining on the work. Amidst the lonely mountains we remembered the words of our Lord, that true worship was not peculiar to Jerusalem or Samaria —that the beauty of holiness consisted not in material temples. We remembered the Ark of the Israelites, which had sojourned for years in the desert, with no dwelling but the tabernacle of the plain. We thought of Abraham and the ancient patriarchs, who laid their victims on the rocks for an altar, and burned sweet incense under the shade of the green tree.

"The ordinance of the Last Supper was signally backed with refreshing influence from above. Few such days were seen in the desolate Church of Scotland, and few will ever witness the like. There was a rich effusion of the Spirit shed abroad in many; their souls breathed in a diviner element, and burned upwards as with the fire of a pure and holy devotion. The ministers were visibly assisted to speak home to the conscience of the hearers; they who witnessed declared, they carried more like ambassadors from the court of heaven then men cast in earthly mould. The tables were served by some gentlemen and persons of the gravest deportment. The communicants entered at one end, and retired at the other, a way being kept clear to take their seats again on the hillside. Solemn it was and edifying, to see the composure of all present; and it was pleasant, as the night fell, to hear their melody swelling in full unison along the hill, the whole congregation joining with one accord. There were two long tables, and one short—across the head—with seats on each side. About a hundred sat at every table. There were sixteen tables in all, so that about three thousand two hundred communicated that day."

It is a long quotation; but it portrays a noble scene in noble words. The preacher, who could delineate the solemnity so fittingly, never halted in his missionary journeys; for some fifteen years, except when illness chained him to his house, he expounded the counsel of God. We meet him and his pony in

Fifeshire, in the Lothians, in Lanarkshire, in Carrick and Cunningham, in Annandale, among the hills of Galloway. Once he halts to baptize a poor man's child by the moss-side, and a crowd collects, and, as they appear to be poor innocents, who rarely hear his sort of preaching, he accompanies the ceremony with a short lecture. Once, in his old parish of Troqueer, he intends holding the meeting on a knoll amongst the trees; but the day is windy, and there is such commotion of leaves and branches that the people cannot hear, and so they go to a green and open expanse near the Laird of Dalscarth's house. Once, at Dunscore, it is a time of deep snow; and among the white snow a chair is set for the minister; and the men and women pull bunches of heather, and sit hearkening on the moor. There are a hundred exhilarating incidents which cluster round the name of John Blackader. He missed no fruitful chance that came to him; until, early on an April morning in 1681, his enemies seized him in Edinburgh, and sent him to close his toiling and suffering and rejoicing days in the prison on the Bass Rock.

His fathers fought for the Red Rose, and won it for their crest. But surely his own crest was not the Red Rose so much as the White—the White Rose not, indeed, of York, but of Heaven. We recollect Martin Luther's words: "I took for the symbol of my theology a seal on which I had engraven a Cross, with a Heart in its centre. The Cross is black, to indicate the sorrows, even unto death, through which the Christian must pass. But the Heart preserves its natural colour, for the Cross does not extinguish nature—it does not kill but give life. The Heart is placed in the midst of a White Rose, which signifies the joy, peace, and consolation that faith brings. But the Rose is white and not red, because it is not the joy and peace of the world but that of spirits."

This was the flower, supernal and undying, which John Blackader carried on his shield and in his soul.

THE CATHEDRAL OF DUNBLANE.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE SEEMED IN A PERPETUAL MEDITATION.

TWEEDDALE and Kincardine and Sir Robert Moray had all helped to usher in the broken sunlight of the Blink. But there was another agent whose part must not be forgotten. He was not a statesman but a churchman, one of those churchmen who are innocent of craft, and round whose brows the halo of heavenliness shines. Robert Leighton's name is already familiar, as one of the four bishops consecrated at Westminster in the last days of 1661. Being always most humble—did he not sign himself "one of the unworthiest caitiffs in the world"?—he had selected the diocese of Dunblane, the smallest and quietest of the four. But about 1670, when Alexander Burnet had been compelled to resign his high position in Glasgow, it seemed desirable that Leighton should be sent to the west. The Covenanters had their headquarters there, and there the most vigorous spiritual life was found; and who was likelier to wield an effective influence in these surroundings than the Episcopalian leader who was a scholar and a gentleman and a saint? This was the time, too, of Archbishop Leighton's Accommodation, as the peace-making and amiable scheme was called.

He had ever been a lover of concord, and a friend at heart to the Presbyterians whom he had left. In Dunblane he had preserved the old machinery of the

Kirk, and had opposed innovations in ritual. He would not permit any to address him as "My Lord"; no right reverend father was he, but a brother perpetually aware of his shortcomings. He resembled one of John Knox's Superintendents rather than a diocesan ruler and prince. The same conciliatory temper governed him in Glasgow. No doubt, the politicians urged him to draw together the sundered factions; but he needed no urging: this was the goal of all his prayer and labour. The Accommodation simply gave embodiment to the yearnings of its author's charitable spirit. It proposed that the Church courts of former days should be retained, and that in them bishops and ministers should act in concert, the bishops having no dignity beyond that of constant presidents or moderators; that the Covenanting members should have liberty to declare that they tolerated the bishop merely for peace's sake; that ordinations should not take place without the concurrence of the Presbytery; that, in every third year, provincial Synods should be held, before which the bishops might be arraigned and censured, if their administration had been negligent or arrogant or unworthy. That these Synods, with the spear of Ithuriel in their hands, were not unnecessary was Leighton's persuasion; he knew that some of his brethren had little title to respect. "The truth is," he wrote to Lauderdale, "I am greatly ashamed that wee have occasioned so much trouble, and done so litle or no good, now these seven or eight years since your restitution of our order, and after so many favours heapt upon us by His Majesty's Royal goodnesse. . . . Hee that can sit down content with honour and revenue without doing good, especially in so sacred a function, hath, I think, a low and servile soul." The Accommodation was a genuine effort to reconcile those who were drifting more and more apart.

But it failed. It could only fail, although an angel from heaven preached its value. Conferences were held with the ministers, whom Leighton was desirous to gain. Six of the leading men amongst them were summoned to Holyrood House, to meet several of the Members of Council and Gilbert Burnet and the Archbishop of Glasgow. Sharp would not come in person; but he sent one of his subordinates to watch the proceedings. Lauderdale was there, and spoke of the King's great condescension and His Majesty's wishes for a complete unity and harmony. Leighton appealed to his hearers in both armies to work together for the peace of the Church. But George Hutcheson replied for the Presbyterians that they must have time to consider propositions fraught with so much significance, and to consult with their brethren about their answer. Lauderdale, with his hot and imperious temper, was angry. "He made us all dine together," says the author of the *History of My Own Time*, "and came to us after dinner; but could scarce restrain himself from flying out" against the Covenanting preachers, "for their behaviour seemed both rude and crafty." The parleyings went on during the five last months of 1670; but, a few days after the New Year, the end came. The ministers would have none of Leighton's charming. In the constant moderatorship they saw the embryo of all Prelacy. And they remembered that his colleagues on the Episcopal bench were wholly different from the dove-like man who brought the olive-branch; they knew that most of them disapproved of the overtures of friendship. "No," they said, "we cannot receive your Accommodation. It is a cloak under which tyranny will pursue its way unsuspected. It is a drug to bewitch our own vigilance into sleep." Their intractableness may appear too dogged and a trifle discourteous; but, unless they had been willing to sacrifice the convictions of a lifetime, a negative reply was unavoidable. Burnet acknowledges that even Leighton, whom that unbending Presbyterian, Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, once called a "Nathaniell" without guile, scarcely meant his concessions to be permanent. "He went very far to the extenuating episcopal authority; but he thought it would be easy afterwards to recover what seemed necessary to be yielded at present." It was a wise distrust which prevented the Covenanters from entangling themselves in the net.

Even yet Leighton did not lose hope. He chose six of the best preachers among his clergy, and sent them to the parishes whose Whiggism appeared most pronounced and stubborn—"the Bishop's Evangelists" men dubbed them. Gilbert Burnet, formerly minister of Saltoun, now Professor of Divinity in Glasgow, by and by chaplain to William of Orange and diocesan of Salisbury, was one of them. James Nairn, of the Abbey Church in Edinburgh, was another, who "read the moral philosophers much and turned it all into melting devotion," but who "pitied the Presbyterians as men of low notions and ill tempers." Laurence Charteris, of Yester, was a third—Laurence Charteris, who "loved the mystical divines," and "hated controversies and disputes as dry and lifeless things," and was himself "a very perfect friend and a sublime Christian." And a fourth was James Aird, of Torryburn, "commonly called 'Mr. Leighton's ape,'" as Kirkton mischievously reports, "because he could imitate his shrug and grimace, but never more of him"; and yet, surely, there must have been something spiritual and fine in James Aird's soul, for Leighton could address to him the most beautiful letters he ever penned :—once, for instance, he sends him "two little pieces of history" which he thinks his correspondent will relish, Paulus Nolanus and his Life of Martin of Tours, and Valerius Maximus and his selected examples ; and then he goes on, "But, when all is done, there is only one blessed story, wherein our souls must dwell and take up their rest ; for amongst all the others we shall not read, *Come unto Me, ye that are weary and heavy laden.* And never any yet that tried him, but found Him as good as His word. To Whose sweet embraces I recommend you, and desire to meet you there." The Bishop's Evangelists were the flower and crown of the Episcopalians. But either the people refused to hear them, or showed that they understood their Bibles too well to be moved by their pleadings. "We were indeed amazed," the most famous of them admits, "to see so poor a communality so capable to argue upon points of government, and on the bounds to be set to the power of princes in matters of religion. Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread amongst even the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants." It was a case of the bruised reed proving itself "amply tough to pierce the shield of error through" ; and thus, although his missionaries "stayed about three months in the country," and witnessed a momentary "stand in the frequency of conventicles," the peacemaker had again been defeated, and his heart was sadder than ever : he spoke of it as filled with the "peevish humors of a melancholy monk." Less and less had he any faith in his fellow-prelates. "I beleev," he said, "'twere litle damage either to Church or State, possibly some advantage to both, if wee should all retire." In a few years, worn out by what he described pathetically as "a drunken scuffle in the dark," he gave up his own archbishopric, and withdrew to spend "the remnant of his time in a private and retired life." The strife of tongues was abhorrent to Robert Leighton.

"Over all that noble face lay somewhat of soft pensiveness"; and let us look into its gracious features. Bishop Burnet, who does not usually pierce far beneath the surface, kindles into the eloquence of the heart when Leighton is his theme. "He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself." "He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper that, in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion, but upon one single occasion." "He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile." "And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word." "His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible." Thus the panegyric passes from point to point, doing honour to him who penned its enthusiastic sentences, but investing with yet higher glories him who could inspire a reverence so deep.

In Leighton's soul the master-power was the hunger for holiness. "Reverend brethren," he wrote to his curates in Dunblane, "truly I think it were our best and wisest reflection, upon the many difficulties and discouragements without us, to be driven to live more within; as they observe of the bees that, when it is foul weather outside, they are busy in their hives. If the power of external discipline be enervated in our hands, yet who can hinder us to try and judge and censure ourselves, and to purge the inner temples, our own hearts, with the more severity and exactness? And, if we be dashed and bespattered with reproaches abroad, to study to be the cleaner at home?" A passage like this discloses at once his defects and his grandeurs. It was his weakness that, in the confusions of the time, he felt himself paralysed; he could wrestle with God in his chamber, but not with men on the fierce-fought battlefield; the summons to energise and die in the conflict was too hard a counsel for his neutral heart. But, on the other hand, there have not been many who, with Leighton's simplicity and continuousness, beheld the Father's face. The little notes, axioms and quotations and prayers, which he jotted on the margins of his books, are proofs that he never wandered more than a mile or two from his first Love. Now it is: *Suavissima vita est quotidie sentire se fieri meliorem,* "This is the sweetest life, to feel that daily I am becoming a better man." And now: *Leve est sua relinquere, seipsum relinquere gravissimum,* "It is easy to leave one's things, most arduous to leave oneself." And again: *Qui veut vivre après la mort, faut qu'il meure devant la mort,* "Who wishes to live after death must die before death comes." Here we have all Professor James's visible and practical marks of saintliness: the asceticism, which prompts to self-immolation; the strength, which lifts the man above personal motives; the purity, which keeps character and conduct unspotted; and the charity, which has shifted the emotional centre away from self to others.

That Robert Leighton was an expert in the science and art of holiness may be learned from the influence wielded by his writings. It would be vain to seek to enumerate the readers, whom his books have led into those ivory palaces which are redolent with the perfume of aloes and myrrh and cassia. The dialect of absolute sincerity is heard in every sentence. He praises Christ, because the King has bound his own soul with unbreakable fetters. He bids us long for heaven, because all his nature is domiciled within it. He commands us to forget and forgive, and we are left in no dubiety about the thoroughness with which he forgives and forgets. If we are not permitted to think of him as having already surmounted the white and rosy Alps, we see him pressing to them with a patience which never flags. It was his meat and drink, his business and pleasure, to do the will of God; and he awakens in men and women who hearken to him the same absorbing purpose. One instance of his success will be remembered. Henry Martyn burned out for God with the intenseness and the rapid blaze of phosphorus. Each prayer of his soul was, what he said prayer ought ever to be, a visit to the invisible world. During the six brief years of his residence in the East, he was an unresting missionary, a translator of the Bible, a follower of Christ without rebuke. When, after his death, his portrait was sent to Charles Simeon, the preacher declared that, whenever he saw it, it said to him, "Be in earnest! Don't trifle! Don't trifle!" And, next to God, there were two teachers who moulded Henry Martyn into his spiritual greatness.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

They were David Brainerd and Archbishop Leighton. To Leighton's *Rules and Instructions for Devout Exercises,* he confessed that he owed a debt which he could neither compute nor repay. We may comprehend the older man's consecration, when we stand afar off and marvel at that of his son in the faith.

Those books of his, with their vision of the Unseen, their subjection of the temporal to the eternal, their mystical heights and ardours, their moderate and gentle Calvinism, were the product of the Presbyterian period of his life. It was then that he preached the sermons which compose his Commentary on St. Peter. It was then that he drew up the *Devout Exercises,* for which Henry Martyn gave him untiring thanks. Mr. West, the latest and best of his editors, comments upon the strangeness of the phenomenon—this exposition of the broadest and deepest and sweetest truth proceeding from the heart of the stern-featured and sorely molested Kirk. Perhaps the apparent anomaly has part of its explanation in the fact that Leighton, who in his youth had resided at Douai and made many friends "among the quiet priests that pray in chapel low or chancel dim," was always a lover of the devotional literature of the Roman Catholic Church. "When Mr. Dickson was Professor at Edinburgh," Wodrow says, "and Mr. R. Leighton was Principall there, the Principall urged that the Professor might either teach, or, at least, recommend Thomas à Kempis to his students; and told him he regarded it one of the best books that ever was writt, next to the inspired writers." We have frequent echoes of *The Imitation* in *The Rules and Instructions.* Here is the old familiar accent: "Whoever thou be, let this voice of God be still in thine ear, My son, return inwardly to thy heart, abstract thyself from all things, and mind Me only." Here, too, speaks a disciple of the recluse of Mount St. Agnes: "Fix thy mind on thy crucified Saviour, and remember continually His great meekness, love, and obedience, His pure chastity, His unspeakable patience, and all the holy virtues of His humanity." And this, again, might have come from the little corner where Thomas Hämerken sat and brooded and wrote: "Draw thy mind, therefore, from all creatures unto a certain silence and rest from the jangling and company of all things below God; and, when thou canst come to this, then is thy heart a place meet and ready for thy Lord God to abide in, there to talk with thy soul." But the anomaly is only apparent, after all. Within many a Covenanting breast, in spite of the serious and iron words the lips might have to utter, and the steep mountain-sides the feet climbed unflinchingly, there dwelt from January to December an unruffled peace. Men who, unlike him, were keen controversialists carried as truly as Leighton the secret of God; and one or two were able to unfold that secret as musically as he did. Professor Flint certainly goes too far, when he declares that "his works are worth many times over all the writings of all his Scottish contemporaries." They are fragrant with more than Sabæan odours. They are beautiful "as if a fair flower of Paradise had dropped amidst the thorn and thistle." But so are the Letters of Samuel Rutherfurd, and so are some of the paragraphs in *The Christian's Great Interest* of William Guthrie. Leighton is not the single and solitary Presbyterian who, in those grim and ill-conditioned years, spoke as if he lived habitually in the third heaven.

There is a vexatious mystery in his biography. He became a traitor to the Church which for years he had been content to serve. His father was the unswerving Puritan on whom the Star Chamber inflicted horrors, the bare recital of which makes us shiver; we might have imagined that filial loyalty would prevent him from conforming to Episcopacy. He had himself been minister for eleven summers of the Kirk of Newbattle; and, if he preferred to preach to eternity rather than to the times, he swore the Covenant with his own lips, and he imposed it on his people. When the Midlothian parish was left, he had been Presbyterian Principal of the University of Edinburgh, prelecting once a week to the students in Latin, and imparting as much spiritual blessing as intellectual stimulus. Then, with the Restoration, he turned his back on the traditions bequeathed to him by his parent, on the Kirk whose spokesman he had been, on the Leagues and Covenants he had vowed to defend. He was in some respects more pliable than James Sharp, although he could have no intimacy with a man so worldly and sordid. For, when Sharp was disposed to stand out against the ceremony of ordination as a deacon and a priest, Leighton gave way, salving conscience with the verbal protest that, if he accepted such prelatic sanctions, the orders he had formerly received from his fellow-presbyters were not thereby annulled. It is a backsliding which puzzles us—a disappointment to rouse unappeasable regrets.

We have found him kindly to the last towards the comrades whom he had forsaken; perhaps, after a season, there were compunctions in his soul that he had severed his path from theirs. But why did he take the false turning? Why, as the poet of *The Bishop's Walk* states the question, "should a servant of God range himself on the devil's side, in the great conflict of the age?" We cannot unriddle the problem; but some of his reasons we may surmise.

There was the sinister influence of his brother, Sir Ellis Leighton, the Mephistopheles in his life-drama—Sir Ellis, the courtier, the pervert to Roman Catholicism, the schemer who wished to promote his private ends when he introduced his relative to the King. There was in Leighton himself an inclination towards the outward beauty of Episcopalian worship—its liturgy, its ornate service, its seemliness. Deeper still was his recoil from the din of ecclesiastical strife, his craving for a place of rest and room. Probably, too, he had the hope, a hope which those rugged Presbyters were to shatter, that he might prove a reconciler, persuading the contending parties into goodwill. Then, also, being high-strung and cultured, he was apt to distrust the common people, and to look askance on their activity in the affairs of the Kirk; he had none of Rutherfurd's brave confidence in the democracy. Dr. Dugald Butler thinks, moreover, that, as the years went on, he came round to the position which the Marquis of Montrose had assumed in 1643: that, while he never resiled from his approval of the National Covenant of Scotland, he began to regard the Solemn League and Covenant as unconstitutional and rebellious —"rashly entered into and now to be repented of." Putting these things together, we discern some of the causes for conduct which, viewed from the vantage-ground of the later day, seems mistaken and wrong.

Robert Leighton realised soon that, in a Church which James Sharp ruled, he could have no congenial home. It is related that, on the journey from London, at Morpeth, he left the coach which was carrying the four prelates to Edinburgh. Already he was wearied of the earthliness and the unspirituality of his comrades, and he had no desire for the pomps which they anticipated with childish avidity. The breach widened with the years, until, in 1674, he laid down all his offices, and went away to live in the manor-house of Broadhurst, in Sussex, the dwelling of his sister, Mrs. Lightmaker, and of her son Edward. It was a hostelry on the road to Jerusalem; but Jerusalem itself was the magnet which allured his eyes and his spirit. "Therefore Good-night is all I add," he said at the ending of a letter; "for, whatsoever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I that it is still night; but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends." Years before he retired to Broadhurst, death had entered the mansion in spite of the struggles of love to keep him out, and had called away a child altogether dear. Nothing could be tenderer than his words of solace to his brother-in-law, words which uttered the home-sickness in his own breast. "Indeed it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your little Johnny was dead. Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying, and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling and all the sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years, this poor life being all along but a linked chain of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will quickly be past to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed as children used to do, and we are undressing to follow." There and not here, Leighton confessed, is the morning without clouds, and the perfect day, and the life which is life indeed; and our Father unclothes us that He may deck body and brain with the better garment of everlastingness.

In June 1684, he was persuaded to come to London on an errand of mercy. Lord Perth, as virulent a persecutor as any of the tribe, had arrived in the capital, to be invested with the dignity of Chancellor of Scotland, and, being troubled in mind, had spoken of his longing for an interview with one well-fitted to communicate the consolations of God. Bishop Burnet arranged the meeting. "I was amazed," he writes, "to see the angelic man look so fresh that age seemed as it might stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion." But, when his friend and disciple spoke of his own great joy at these appearances of unabated health, he was warned not to build his hopes on so unsubstantial a foundation. "He told me he was near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done." The forecast was strangely accurate. Pleurisy set in that very night, and within two days Leighton was dead. He had been accustomed to say that, if he could have the choosing of a place in which to die, he should select an inn, for that seemed most appropriate to a wayfarer hastening to his true home. God allowed the predilection to be fulfilled. In the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, the pilgrim parted with staff and wallet and sandals, and awoke from the dreams of the present within the City to whose light and love he had panted for many a year.

"When there was any overture or hope of peace" —few will forget the sentences in which Lord Clarendon depicts Lucius Cary, the young Viscount Falkland— "he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word, *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately protest that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart." The enviable tribute is as applicable to Robert Leighton as to the good knight who fell at Newbury. *Peace! Peace!* was the word he ingeminated as he looked across the distractions of Church and land, and none was more solicitous to press what might promote it: he seemed to carry concession to the verge of surrender. He was baffled in his enterprise, and he erred in his public career. But, when we gaze backward on those evil times, we see him moving through them "attired in brightness like a man inspired."

CHAPTER XVII.

SPOKESMEN OF CHRIST.

ROBERT WODROW tells a story which has many a time been filched from his entertaining pages. Let us read it again in his own words: "I hear there was a certain merchant came from London to Saint Andrews in Fife, where he heard first the great and worthy Mr. Blair preach; next he heard the great Rutherfurd preach. Next Lord's day he came to Irvine, and heard Mr. Dickson preach. When he came back to London, his friends asked him what news he had from Scotland. He answered, he had very great and good news to tell them. They wondered much what they could be, for he was before that time a man altogether a stranger to true religion. He told them he heard one Mr. Blair preach at Saint Andrews; and, describing his features and the stature of his body, he said, 'That man showed me the majesty of God'—which was Mr. Robert Blair's peculiar talent. 'Then,' added he, 'I afterwards heard a little fair man preach'—Mr. Rutherfurd—'and that man showed me the loveliness of Christ. Then I came and heard at Irvine a well-favoured proper old man, with a long beard'—which was famous Mr. Dickson—'and that man showed me all my heart'; for he was most famed of any man of his time to speak to cases of conscience. And they say that Englishman became an excellent Christian. The whole General Assembly of

ALEXANDER HENDERSON'S CHURCH, LEUCHARS.

the Church of Scotland could not have given a better character of these three men than that man gave."

And perhaps we could not give a better character of the preaching of the Covenanters, first and last, than by contenting ourselves with the repetition of Wodrow's anecdote. The majesty of God, the loveliness of Christ, and the sins and sorrows of the human heart : these were the central and commanding themes unfolded by the ministers of the Kirk in the seventeenth century. Whether they lived and died and got away home to their Master's presence during the happier years of Cromwell's ascendancy, or were driven from their parishes after King Charles returned to change the face of everything, or must be counted amongst the hunted and perfervid Hillmen of the Killing Time, their sermons express a wondering and worshipful adoration of the Lord Who is high and lifted up, and mount into perpetual praise of the beauty and sufficiency of the Saviour, and bewail the poverty and condemn the disobedience of the soul of man. And he who has such subjects, and can speak of them with lips which God Himself has opened, now sounding a blast of warning, and then appealing with urgency and tenderness to the conscience of his hearers, and by and by soaring into strains of reverent thanksgiving and delighted rapture — surely he scarcely needs any other topic ; he has a message of tremendous moment and perennial interest and abundant variety.

But, for a little, we may linger among the auditors of the old preachers, and may try to gain a somewhat fuller understanding of their teaching. We must not expect too much from them. It is easy to ridicule the quaintnesses of their style, a style of homespun rather than of broadcloth. They rise, every now and then, into genuine eloquence ; and their sentences, leaving "the pains of prose," become psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. But, even in their loftiest moods, all is unstudied, spontaneous, unelaborated. As John Howie of Lochgoin says, with a tang of sarcasm in his remark: "Their language was never designed for the reflections of critics, nor calculated to please the taste of those who affect scholastic phrases and grammatical oratory, with flights of fancy and terms of art, pronounced in a South British accent." Unquestionably there is nothing of the Oxford manner about the ambassadors of the Covenant; one cannot rightfully demand it from men who had "no well-furnished rooms and large assortments of authors"—men "with little time to study anything, and ofttimes less to deliver what they had premeditated, being alarmed by the approach of a fierce, cruel, and bloody enemy." Surroundings such as theirs may impart an extraordinary intensity to the preacher's words. They will compel his admonitions and entreaties to blaze and burn. It "reminds us of rugged heart of oak, not a chip of white wood left on it," Thomas Carlyle declares of an Oliverian letter; and the homilies of the field-preachers are not undeserving of the eulogy. But the environment was unfavourable to the graces of diction and prettinesses of rhetoric; these are plants which refuse to blossom where the tropical sun of persecution is glaring its hottest overhead.

Yet, if there is no South British accent, we catch many a pithy and axiomatic phrase; the sermons are armouries filled with those *kentra,* sharp-pointed goads, which it was the aim of Pericles to leave rankling in the hearts of his Athenian listeners. In 1692, when King William was firmly established on the throne, and when there was toleration alike for prelate and presbyter, Randal Taylor, near the Stationers'

Hall in London, printed without its author's name that scurrilous satire of Robert Calder's, which is eagerly sought after nowadays by the collectors of rare editions. *The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence,* it was entitled, *Or, The Foolishness of their Teaching Discovered from their Books, Sermons, and Prayers.* It is the purpose of the vicious pamphlet, in which the reader has, packed into the space of one hundred and sixteen pages, the amplest quantity of mocking laughter and spiteful venom, to discredit in all possible ways the ministers of the Kirk—that "Proud, Sour, Inconversable Tribe, looking perfectly like the Pharisees, having Faces like their horrid Decree of Reprobation." Of course, this Lucian and Juvenal of the Covenanters derides unsparingly the homely nature of their public speech. We may believe that many of his instances are purely mythical; but, no doubt, there is a proportion which is authentic enough. Yet one does not find that they are so excessively amusing and so barbarously uncouth. The illustrations are chosen from among the "familiar matters of to-day"; but when the speaker who desires some floweret of imagery to brighten his argument is given the opportunity of selection between the daisy and the clematis, does he not, in nine cases out of ten, prove his wisdom by preferring the daisy? So, when Mr. Wedderburn, preaching in Irvine, says, "Lord, we have overfoul feet to come so far ben as heaven; but yet as broken a ship has come to land," we acknowledge the bitter truth of the condemning simile, and we are thankful for the consolation of the comforting one. Or when Samuel Rutherfurd, speaking in the Border town near which he was born, cries in sorrow, "These years the grass is grown long betwixt Jedburgh and heaven," it is probable that other obstructed thoroughfares will forthwith present themselves to our minds. Once, in the Tron Church of Edinburgh, writes this scourge of the Presbyterians, Henry Erskine, the father of Ebenezer and Ralph, took for his text the words, *Cry aloud, and spare not.* He told the people that there were three sorts of cries : that of the mouth ; that of the feet, as when it is said, *I will run the way of Thy commandments;* and that of the eye, as in the assurance, *They looked unto Him, and were lightened.* "If we would go to Heaven," Henry Erskine maintained, "we must not only cry with our Mouth, but likewise with our Hands, Feet, and Eyes." But the bold and pictorial figure creates an impression which no commonplace statement of the truth could have made. A critic has said of Raphael's wonderful cartoon, that the blind Elymas, whom the painter delineates, is not merely blind in the eyes, but blind in the hand, blind in the foot, and blind all over. We shall best escape the all-inclusive and fatal blindness by crying after that imperious and persevering and invincible fashion to which the Covenanting minister summons us.

Leaving the preacher's manner, however, we may turn to the substance of his discourses. It is but a hasty survey, superficial and imperfect, which we can take of a subject both large and interesting.

Face to face with his congregation the Covenanter was a soldier. There was the ring of battle, the stern joy of the warrior, in his utterances. He felt that he was struggling for a momentous cause, and for a Monarch peerless in His majesty and grace. The crown-rights of Jesus Christ—that was his watchword as he pressed into the strife ; and it is as good a watchword as any which has breathed bravery and patience into the fighter's heart. It was the distinctive, peculiar, and pre-eminent glory of the Scottish minister of that bygone century, that he was prepared to assert against all comers the claims of his heavenly Lord. In opposition to the sacerdotalists, eager to bring the Church under the thraldom of a haughty prelacy, he pealed forth his conviction that the only Ruler in the spiritual realm is He Who died to win His subjects, and Who lives and reigns to perfect their well-being. In opposition to the courtiers and King's-men, protesting that Charles Stuart was supreme arbiter in all causes civil and ecclesiastical, he advocated the sublimer royalty of Jesus over synagogue and senate alike. There was one Bishop of the soul, One only, to Whom he swore allegiance. There was one Sovereign, Who led him in triumph behind His chariot, and under Whose benignant sway he longed to see all his countrymen enrolled. In Whitehall and in Edinburgh he found potentates usurping the throne of Christ, and imposing their laws and ceremonies where His statutes should be paramount. That must not be, the preacher said. In things both national and sacred, Jesus is the real King, governing with an authority as undeniable as that of David, when he directed the affairs of the chosen people from his palace on Mount Zion. And, in the sphere of religion, Jesus is the solitary King; over the conscience of man, and over the house of God, there can be no depute headship, of pope or primate or magistrate. These were truths for which the Covenanter contended through good report and bad—truths on behalf of which he was glad and proud to die.

Andrew Melville belongs to the First Reformation, and not to the Second; but the men of the Second were his sons, agreeing with his fearless announcement of a principle to which they were always ready to witness. What Scot does not feel the blood move more rapidly in his veins, when he reads the narrative of the interview in Falkland Palace in September 1596, at which Melville used such manly freedom with King James?—it ranks in moral impressiveness and dramatic intensity with the greatest scenes in history. "Mr. Andro brak af upon the King in sa zealus, powerfull, and unresistable a maner, that, whowbeit the King used his authoritie in maist crabbit and colerik maner, yit Mr. Andro bure him down, and outtered the Commission as from the mightie God, calling the King but 'God's sillie vassall'; and, taking him be the sleive, says this in effect, throw mikle hot reasoning and manie interruptiones: 'Sir, we will humblie reverence your Majestie alwayes, namlie in publick, but, sen we have this occasioun to be with your Majestie in privat, and the countrey and Kirk of Chryst is lyk to wrak, for nocht telling yow the treuthe, and giffen of yow a faithfull counsall, we maun discharge our dewtie thairin, or els be trators bathe to Chryst and yow. And thairfor, Sir, as dyvers tymes befor, sa now again I mon tell yow, thair is twa Kings and twa kingdomes in Scotland. Thair is Chryst Jesus the King, and His kingdome the Kirk, whase subject King James the Saxt is, and of whase kingdome nocht a king nor a lord nor a heid, bot a member. And, Sir, when yie war in your swadling-cloutes, Chryst Jesus rang friely in this land in spyt of all His enemies.'" Melville had many descendants prepared to echo these words, through which the cannons seem to blaze and boom; and they were not ordained ministers alone, but shepherds from the fields, and struggling shopkeepers in the towns, and young girls from quiet cottages in the country. Covenanting Scotland shared his jealousy of any diminution in the dignities of Christ.

We encounter the same note in one of the sermons of William Guthrie of Fenwick. Speaking in the August of 1662, he said: "Always I thought it had been true loyalty to the Prince to have kept him in his own room, and given him his own due; to have kept him subordinate to Christ, and his laws subordinate to the laws of Christ. *Fear God and honour the King,* I judged that had stood well in all the world; but there is a generation now that has turned it even contrary, *Fear the King and then honour God.* I never thought that that was true loyalty yet. They make the rule all wrong that put the King in the first place; he will never stand well there." Those are avowals throbbing with magnificent courage; and they are as true as they are courageous.

It is when we listen to such clear-sounding calls that we appreciate the lofty patriotism of the Covenanters. They would have been scrupulous in their fealty to the Stuarts, if the Stuarts had allowed them. But when the earthly laws clashed with the heavenly; when Charles's road deviated from the highway of another King, one Jesus; they vindicated at any cost the prerogatives of the better Monarch. They hungered to see the country which was dear to them bound about the feet of Christ. Sovereign, nobleman, merchant, farmer, student, the lady in the hall, and the servant in the kitchen: they would have every one kneel before Him, Whose kingdom is not of this world, yet Who must be followed through the world's throngs and temptations and vicissitudes and cares.

> Best by remembering God, say some,
> We keep our high imperial lot;
> Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come,
> When we forgot—when we forgot:

the creed of the modern poet gained no countenance from them ; they clung to the "lovelier faith" that, whether fortune comes or goes, Jesus Christ is to be obeyed by the commonwealth no less than by the individual. At its core, and in its essence, the Covenant was simply the linking of the nation, fast and firm, with the Throne of the Lord of lords.

But the covenanting preacher was Temple-warden as well as soldier. One recalls the lofty boast of ancient Ephesus that she was Neokoros to Artemis, the sweeper of the floors in the shrine which was the city's ornament and glory. The minister of the persecuted Kirk was Neokoros too, not to Diana but to Christ. Every stone of the Temple which he served was the object of his fervent affection. The Church was often in his thoughts. Again and again he would explain to his hearers what the Church is in itself, and who those are whom it embraces.

On two truths he was accustomed to lay special emphasis. One bulked more largely in the public speech of the Scottish ministry in the earlier part of the Covenanting period. The other rose into prominence in the later and sadder section of the history, when the fightings without were fiercer and the fears and debates within had been redoubled.

The former is the inspiriting truth of the unity of the Church. The thinkers and defenders of the Covenant were not narrow in their sympathies. They were large-hearted. They took wide views of the range and scope of that empire whose affairs are guided by Christ. It appeared to them to be a vast spiritual region, within which separate congregations and national religious bodies were like so many townships and provinces : over the whole region one blood-red banner flew, and throughout its various communities

OBELISK ON SKEOCH HILL, NEAR IRONGRAY.

the statute-book of the same incomparable Ruler was sole authority. The Reformed Church in Scotland had its own characteristics, which distinguished it from the Churches in France and the Netherlands and Germany; but, for all that, it must not be conceived as pursuing its course in isolation, and, still less, did it stand in opposition to its neighbours; it and they had *one Lord, one faith, one baptism.* This conception, as Dr. James Walker writes in his memorable lectures on *Scottish Theology,* enabled these preachers to "meet the Church idealism of Rome, in many ways so grand and attractive, with a nobler Church idealism. They could throw back the charge that Protestantism dismembers and breaks up the Kingdom of God upon earth, with the reply that Protestant unity is as much a reality as Roman unity, only that the centre of it is in heaven, not on the banks of the Tiber." None prayed more earnestly than the Covenanter for the golden hour when, as there is one Flockmaster, so there shall be but one flock. For demonstration of it, we may hearken to young George Gillespie, who died, as we have seen, at thirty-five, twelve years before Charles came back, but who has left behind him an unforgotten name. His brothers would have said Amen to his short, decisive, wholesome affirmations. "There is but one Christ," he declares. "Is there so much as a seam in all His garment? Is it not woven throughout, from the top to the bottom? Will you have one-half of Israel to follow Tibni, and another half to follow Omri? We shall be one in heaven; let us pack up differences in this place of our pilgrimage the best way we can. Brethren, it is not impossible. Pray for it. Endeavour it."

The other truth is that of the purity of the Church. There is no reason why it should not be maintained simultaneously with the doctrine of the Church's unity. But the pitiful fact is that frequently the two have appeared contradictory, and that those most zealous for the white stainlessness of the family of God have thought themselves compelled to forget, in theory and in practice, the brotherhood of the saints. It was so in Covenanting story. With revolving years and darkening skies divergences entered, suspicions crept in, strifes sprang up in the camp where there was utmost need for co-operation. The enemy offered the outed ministers the Indulgence, permitting them to return on certain conditions to the pulpits from which they had been expelled. But the Indulgence was an apple of discord. A few accepted it. And then, amongst the faithful who refused the bribe, the question arose: Was it right to have intercourse with men who had lapsed from the perfect standard? Some chose the method of kindliness; but others thought and said that fidelity must keep them apart from those who had parleyed with the foe. The melancholy divisions multiplied; for soon the enthusiasts for the Church's sanctity shrank from fellowship with the brethren of gentler spirit who could not wholly excommunicate the Indulged. The adoption of such positions indicates a change of view. The idea of purity has been exalted, while that of unity is correspondingly lowered. There must be no slightest discord in the orchestral music, no speck of dark in all the firmament of blue.

It ought to be possible so to publish the Church's catholicity that no hurt shall be inflicted on her holiness, and so to insist on her holiness that her catholicity shall yet remain unimpaired. The men who can give its due place to each of these essentials will be the best wardens of the Temple.

The minister in Covenanting times was a teacher also. And it was a great field of truth, whose treasures, when he had first found them for himself, he displayed and commended to others. He led his people through the spacious country of the Bible, going down before them into its shadowy ravines and climbing its towering heights, shepherding the flock in the green pastures and by the side of the waters of quietness.

Nothing, indeed, is more noticeable about these preachers, although it is a feature as marked in their Puritan contemporaries in England, than their anxiety that the congregation should understand the Word of God, in the breadth of it and the length of it. They were expositors. They delighted to move patiently and leisurely through entire books of Scripture, chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, verse by verse. They missed nothing. *The stones thereof are the place of sapphires,* they would have confessed with the miner of whom Job speaks, *and it hath dust of gold.* There are Scottish libraries in which the favoured visitor may see whole sets of portly volumes in closely written manuscript, five of them or six, containing the pulpit commentary of a Covenanting divine on a single Gospel. It was a liberal education for the listeners to travel thus intelligently and carefully through some section of the Holy Land of revealed truth. Dr. George Adam Smith was right in saying that such expository lectures, for which the pulpit of Scotland has been renowned ever since Reformation times, "could be sustained only upon a continuous tradition and habit of scholarship"; and the instruction communicated by the preacher made the auditors in the rough unpainted pews men and women who loved to grapple with the profoundest problems, and who, if they knew nothing of the fairy tales of science, were at home among the deep things of God. Much was necessarily wanting—the results of modern research, and the conclusions of a believing and reverent criticism. But, according to the standard of their day, the spokesmen of Presbytery were students and exegetes; and they trained a generation whose members were well able to give a reason for the hope that was in them. This regular and prolonged search into the contents of the Bible could not, of course, be carried forward when the fires of the Persecution were blazing most warmly. It would be foolish to look for it at the conventicles and through the agonies of the Killing Time. Then the word of the preacher had to be swift as a flash of lightning, sharp as a two-edged sword, and sweet as the dropping honey in the forest which Jonathan sipped when he and his were fainting in the day of battle. But, ere those sifting years arrived, the people had been braced to meet their demands and sorrows by the wisdom and the strength they had accumulated from the Book of God.

Calvinism was the system of truth which speaker and hearers found in the Scriptures they explored together, the Calvinism which teaches that the high decree and the regal sceptre and the majestic dominion of the Lord God Almighty extend to everything that happens in the universe. They made less of His Fatherhood than we do, and they lost by the omission; but they made more of His Sovereignty, and they were energised by the remembrance. Calvinism, it has been said by one who is an impartial witness, "is a theory that might have been expected to sink men, crouching and paralysed, into the blackest abysses of despair; and it has in fact been answerable for much anguish in many a human heart. Still it has proved itself a famous soil for rearing heroic natures

On the black granite of Fate, Predestination, and Foreknowledge absolute, the strongest of the Protestant fortresses all over the world were founded. Well might it have been anticipated that fatalism as unflinching as this of St. Paul, Augustine, and Calvin would have driven men headlong into 'desperation, and wretchlessness of most unclean living.' On the contrary, it exalted its votaries to a pitch of moral energy that has never been surpassed; and those who were bound to suppose themselves moving in chains inexorably riveted, along a track ordained by an unseen Will before time began, have yet exhibited an active courage, a resolute endurance, a cheerful self-restraint, an exulting self-sacrifice, that men count among the highest glories of the human conscience." Little needs to be added to Lord Morley's eloquent tribute, except this, that the Calvinistic training of the Covenanters helped them not only to heroism but to beauty of character. The theology which ascribes all good in man to the grace of God, which reveals the measureless distance between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the Spirit, and which bids us sing, "Thou must save, and Thou alone," has certainly been the parent of princely and winsome lives. It did more than gird the souls that believed in it for Drumclog and the Grassmarket; it clothed them in the splendid garments of children in the household of that King Who is eternal and immortal and invisible.

The preacher was bondman too—bondman of a Master without spot. We do him injustice if we denounce his religion as one of dry speculation, of metaphysical dogma, of mere political and ecclesiastical controversy. He was smitten with reverence for the

Son of God. He bent low before the matchlessness of Christ. He was of one mind with Christina Rossetti: "O Jesu! better than Thy gifts art Thou Thine only Self to us." His language winged its flight into the empyrean of rapture and poetry, when his Lord was his theme. Among the books of the Old Testament, *The Song of Solomon* had a singular fascination for him, because he spiritualised its vehement and affectionate verses, and saw in them, as in a mirror, the consummate face of Jesus. "When they speak of Christ," says the railing scribe of *The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence,* "they represent him as a Gallant, Courting and Kissing, by their Fulsome Amorous Discourses of the mysterious Parables of the *Canticles.*" But the castigator had not that satisfying vision of the divine-human Lover which had captured the hearts of the ministers he ridiculed; if it had dawned on him, he would have understood them better, and would have sat humbly at their feet.

"Christ's absence," cried John Welwood, "is so bitter that no earthly thing can comfort folk; no corn and wine and company. Nay, not only so, but duties and the fellowship of the godly can do no good. No, till He come, angels and apostles cannot comfort." Samuel Rutherfurd, the devotee of the "white and red" in the one only Rose of Sharon, tells us the same. "The wife of youth, that wants her husband some years, and expects he shall return to her from over-sea lands, is often on the shore; every ship coming near shore is her new joy; her heart loves the wind that shall bring him home. She asks at every passenger news: 'O, saw ye my husband? What is he doing? When shall he come? Is he shipped for a return?' Every ship that carrieth not her husband is the breaking of her heart. The bride, the Lamb's wife, blesseth the feet of the messengers that preach such tidings, *Rejoice, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments; thy King is coming.* Yea, she loveth that quarter of the sky that, being rent asunder and cloven, shall yield to her Husband, when He shall put through His glorious hand, and shall come riding on the rainbow and clouds to receive her to Himself." This plenitude of joy in Christ, this thirst of yearning for Him, may require to be expressed in other phrases in our time; but the preaching is dead, through which the kingly King does not move continually with pierced and shining feet.

The Covenanter boasted in Christ because of His own unparagoned perfection. But he never forgot that the beginning of acquaintanceship with the sufficient Lord is at the Cross. The Atonement, rather than the Incarnation, to which later thinkers have inclined to give the foremost place, was the centre of his preaching. He taught its necessity: how God, being so invincibly just and holy, could not pardon sin until satisfaction had been rendered to His broken law. He taught its efficacy and completeness: how believing men were condemned and crucified, when their Substitute was condemned and judged and crucified; how they have paid all, because their Surety has paid all. He taught its unbounded value: how, even if the testament of the dying Saviour actually takes effect in the case only of a limited number, the legatees are sinners without exception, and every one is entitled to put in his claim. Never did he allow the vessel of the Church to lose sight of "the red light of Golgotha, and shining lamp of the Holy Sepulchre of Him Who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification"; he knew that she would drift to ruin and wreck if she did. Long ago, as Sir

Thomas Malory relates, when Bors de Ganis was riding through the woods, "he looked up into a tree, and there he saw a passing great bird upon an old tree, and it was passing dry, without leaves; and the bird sat above, and had little birds, the which were dead for hunger. So smote he himself with his beak, the which was great and sharp. And so the great bird bled till that he died among his birds. And the young birds took the life by the blood of the great bird. When Bors saw this, he wist well that it was great tokening." The spectacle of the One Who bleeds and dies for the many—the knights of the Covenant wist well that it was great tokening, and that no other spectacle so merits attention and praise. There was one of the *Gude and Godlie Ballates* of the previous century which, we may believe, must have been particularly dear to them—

All my Lufe, leif me not,
  Leif me not, leif me not;
All my Lufe, leif me not,
  Thus myne allone:
With ane burding on my bak,
I may not beir it I am sa waik;
Lufe, this burding fra me tak,
  Or ellis I am gone.

With sinnis I am laidnit soir,
  Leif me not, leif me not;
With sinnis I am laidnit soir,
  Leif me not allone.
I pray thé, Lord, thairfoir
Keip nocht my sinnis in stoir,
Lowse me or I be forloir,
  And heir my mone.

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
  Leif me not, leif me not;
With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
  Leif me not allone.
I was sauld, and thow me bocht,
With thy blude thow hes me coft,
Now am I hidder socht
  To thé, Lord, allone.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE'S CHURCH, AT FENWICK.

I cry, and I call to thé,
  To leif me not, to leif me not;
I cry, and I call to thé,
  To leif me not allone.
All thay that laidnit be,
Thow biddis thame cum to thé;
Then sall thay savit be
  Throw thy mercy allone.

At the preacher in one other aspect we may glance. He was a fisher of men, filled with consuming eagerness to catch souls for life and not for death.

He was solicitous to enlarge and deepen the consecration of the Christian. It was no slipshod godliness which he inculcated; he urged his hearers to rise to something better than the conventional religion of the crowd. On the evening of a Sacramental Sabbath in the Maytime of 1659, John Livingston spoke from that pregnant command, *Remember Lot's wife.* She had been brought up and educated in good company, he said. Moreover, she was half-way to Zoar, and had left Sodom burning behind her. And her sin might be accounted but a little fault; for she did nothing more heinous than look back with curious eyes and with thoughts of her old and bad companions. Yet let every one who reckoned himself a pilgrim to heaven remember her, let him see this woman turned into a pillar of salt, "whereby God made one stone of another; because her heart was growing hard as a stone, and so must the other parts of her body become stone-like too." Three days before he was killed at Ayrsmoss, in the summer of 1680, Richard Cameron preached his last sermon on the banks of the Kype Water. "The Word of God by Cameron thundered," James Grahame writes; and the young Elijah of the Covenant could thunder when he chose. But he left the world with a message of exceeding gentleness on his lips. His text was, *Be still, and know that I am God.*

He might have been one of the Mystics proclaiming the need for stillness—for that which Madame Guyon described as the Prayer of Silence. "Are ye not in love with this, *Be still! Be still?* . . . Without being still, there is no right going about duty. Without it, we cannot wrestle, pray, or praise. How can ministers preach, or people hear? How can there be reading or praying aright, without being still? The man that is disquieted is unfit for any duty. He is a prey to every temptation. There is a proverb, 'It is good fishing in troubled waters.' The devil labours to confuse men, and then he easily catches them. He busks his hook, and takes by one temptation or another. So that the thing to be understood is, to be patiently waiting on God." Thus the watchmen on the walls of the Church were alert in scrutiny, and vigorous in rebuke of what was wrong, and anxious to rouse the listless into purer aspiration and more diligent effort. They would have no disciple sacrifice the delicate bloom of his Christliness.

But even more controlling was their desire to lead dying men to the Good Physician. Of one of their number it is written that "he would have stolen folk off their feet to his Lord before ever they were aware." It was not that he made the gate into life too accommodating and elastic. He iterated and reiterated the terrible risks of self-deception. Esau "grat his fill, but he never grat himself into repentance." Judas "was admitted to come far ben, before he betrayed his Master." Even into Peter's faith "Satan sought to put a skail-wind"—a wind which should disperse all Peter's trust and hope. And yet men must not linger, before subjecting the Deliverer to trial, until their own feelings and frames are everything they could wish. "The business is not desperate or past remedy, so long as there is so much softness of heart as to perceive or take up the hardness of our hearts, and to be capable of regretting it before God. Hard softness, as we may call it, is not the worst kind of hardness." Indeed, the motive may be far from high, and yet the seeker will not be sent away; he will be loaded with a largess for which he has never asked. The sick, who appealed to Jesus in Galilee for physical health, found that He enriched their spirits as willingly as He cured their bodies. "Some came, as it were, to buy a needle. 'But stay,' said He, 'I will tell you that there is not a whole shirt upon your back.' In this way He made many a bargain with poor souls." Any one, far off or near, publican or Pharisee, might "lippen for a good turn at the hand" of One so bountiful. Only let bankrupt men "threep it on Him"—press the sorrowfulness of their case with pertinacity—and, soon or late, they must know "His blinking in upon their conscience," the lovelight in the Bridegroom's eyes; and then, ere long, they would enjoy "approven homeliness" with the very King of heaven. Again and again the ministers protested that the subtlest and worst unbelief is that which pronounces sin too dark and heavy to be condoned by the merciful Lord. "What!" they exclaimed, in amazement and almost in anger, "will you dare to say that you durst not adventure on His perfect righteousness for your everlasting belief?" With a persistence which never flagged they besought all who heard them to make peace with their Prince Emmanuel, Whose friendship is the chiefest good. "For," they said, "they have small skill that seek after a greater ferlie," a more astonishing wonder, "in all the world, than Christ."

It is the crowning distinction of the preachers of the Covenant that there quivered through them the passion to redeem, and that they could themselves have perished for the saving of others. "Let me beseech you," each of them would have cried, as a prince in their company did cry, "draw aside the lap of time's curtain, and look in through the window to great and endless eternity, and consider if a worldly price—suppose this round clay globe were all your own—can be given for one smile of Christ's godlike and ravishing countenance." To allure sinners to the Saviour they had almost been content, with St. Paul, to forfeit the meed of saints and to be counted *Anathema* for ever.

But the spokesmen themselves were often their own most persuasive and victorious sermons. Their lives, quickening and enlivening and prevailing, illustrated and confirmed their words. It does not matter where or how we meet them, robed in the crimson and purple grandeurs of the scaffold or within their homes and amongst their intimates;—everywhere and always they followed those things which are true and honourable and just and pure and lovely and of good report. They were not flawless, indeed; and their religion erred both on the side of defect and on the side of excess. But they lived as worthily as they knew how to die; and is it possible to say more in their praise?

One cannot fail to remark that their piety had little asceticism in it. They were free at least from those unnatural developments of creed and practice, which we witness in saints whose surrender to one aim and end rebukes our desultoriness, but whose crucifixion of self was pushed to an abnormal and unrighteous extreme. They would have honoured Blaise Pascal, and learned much from him; but they would have refused to wear the girdle of iron, which he kept next to his skin, and the sharp points of which he pressed closely whenever he thought himself in any spiritual danger. They did not scourge and lacerate their flesh, as Henri Lacordaire did after his triumphs in the pulpit. They could never have snapped and destroyed the tenderest ties of family and kin as unshrinkingly as Francis Xavier, who went away to his distant apostolate without so much as a farewell to his father in Navarre. The fires of domestic love were not damped by their devotion, but were fanned into a warmer flame. Their household affections were strong, and they made no attempt to repress and thwart them. And they were themselves men not angular and gloomy, but human and genial and sometimes full of laughter. Their faith was marked by a dogmatic unyieldingness, and their worship by a steadfast stringency; but, along with these, went a brotherliness, an abundant sympathy, even a rippling humour, which are beautiful to see.

We shall meet no better gentlemen than some of the preachers of the Scottish Covenant. Is it Mr. John Carstares? "He was nobly well-bred towards every person he had to do with. He was very neat in wearing his cloaths. Ye would have knouen him to be weel-born by his courteouse carriage." Is it Mr. John Baird, "of a thin small body, with little flesh"? Yet how "great a spirit" inhabits the fragile frame!—"a man eminent for piety, gravity, and learning, and a man of a rare gift of popular discourse." He is happy, like many of his compeers, in his wife. God "took Margaret Bruce by the heart" when she was but six years old, and, in her matronhood, she is "a most proper, comely, tall woman, and can converse with the greatest and with the meanest in a nation." Is it Rutherfurd, so fierce in controversy and so seraphic in aspiration? There could not be a faithfuller or more helpful friend. James Guthrie and he would examine one another how they spent their time; and "Mr. Rutherfurd would say to Mr. Guthrie, 'I think it would be a good recreation after dinner for you to go out and visit three or four families in the toun.'" Is it Guthrie himself, the fearless confessor who could not bow? His was the merriest heart up to the last. At midday, on that first of June when the gallows waited for him at the Mercat Cross, he dined as composedly as if he had been in his Stirling manse; and seeing the cheese at the end of the table, a delicacy which his doubtful health had compelled him to abjure, he said, "Ye may give me a good piece this day, for *it* will not now be my death." Or is it his cousin, William Guthrie? There is no surer shot on the Ayrshire moors, or cleverer fisherman by the side of a burn where the trout leap and dart and hide. Occasionally his amusements exposed him to the criticism of the godly. In East Lothian, under the shadow of the Abbey of Haddington, he once spent a night and a day with a poor man, rich in faith, "who had been under great depths and distress and was got out of them." He listened to his host's experience, and thanked him for the history; and then, the following morning, so soon as breakfast was over, he "proposed to go to the fishing." The mistress of the cottage would have restrained him by a discouraging text; "Solomon says," she ventured to remind the minister, "*He that loveth pleasure shall be in poverty.*" But, notwithstanding the reproof, her guest and her husband set forth for the tempting stream; and, when they came in again, William Guthrie was so far from showing any penitence that he was "very facetious in conversation." In a few minutes, however, they sat down to family worship; and at once the angling and the argument and the banter and the plain little house were forgotten, and they were in the secret place of the Most High. To men such as these both earth and heaven seemed dear and pleasant; and their souls were stiff and perdurable and "dour," only if conscience was threatened, and if the rights of Christ were denied.

Or, if we wish to know the tendernesses of their homes, where shall we read a more gracious and touching story than this, which has James Wodrow for its hero, the father of the annalist of the Sufferings, and himself a sufferer? "He was much affected with his worthy son, Mr. Alexander Wodrow's, death, it being somewhat suddain and surprising. Yet he carried very Christianly under that sharp dispensation; for one day, when he was sitting alone and musing, they asked him, What he was doing. 'I am even,' sayes he, 'adoring holy, spotless, and absolute Soveraignity.' He went down to the place where his son's corpse was. He stayed some time there. They enquired at him, What he had been doing there. 'I was,' sayes he, 'thanking God for thretty-one years' loan of Sandie, my dear son.'" The Stoic's impassiveness, and the aloofness of the hermit from the joys and sorrows of our chequered life, were far removed from James Wodrow's broken and comforted heart.

The messengers were themselves the best commendation of their message. "As the night-wind brings up the stream murmurs and scents of the infinite sea," the dangers and conflicts of their histories kept them always close to the solemnities of eternity. Yet they were strangers to moroseness and melancholy. They enjoyed their lives, if they were willing to let them go. For they understood the great secret which Augustine unfolds in an exquisite sentence, "*Habet omnia qui habet Habentem omnia.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARE WINDLE-STRAWS AND SAND-LAVEROCKS BETTER THAN MEN?

WE left the Earl of Lauderdale wedded to the Countess of Dysart, and severed through the mischief of her influence from his wisest friends. But now we must speak of him as Duke, and not as Earl; for, by the favour of his Sovereign, he had mounted higher in the peerage. It would be hard to say to what extravagant heights his Duchess and he aspired. In their progresses through Scotland they were liker royalties than subjects. They demanded pomps and splendours, a deference and a dignity, with which the monarch himself would have been content. They imposed taxes which grew more abnormal with every year. The country groaned under their rapacity, but could find no road out into the free air. Always the chains were fastened more tightly, and the emancipation day seemed to retreat into a more hopeless distance. In truth, if Lauderdale himself had been disposed to manifest any compunctions, these would have been instantly and rudely negatived by Elizabeth Dysart.

> For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
> But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.

There was nothing that concerned his government in which she did not claim to participate. Many of those who had hitherto corresponded with him began to direct their letters now to her, as if recognising that she wielded the more potent sceptre. For example, we find the Earl of Atholl writing to her in the last week of August in 1674. He is amazed at the temerity of the Convention of Burghs in Edinburgh. "Those silly insignificant fellowes" have dared to make complaint to His Majesty of the Duke who dominates Scotland, and is dominated in turn by his Duchess—"such vermine" as they are. He can only hope that the King will resent their boldness as he ought, and will signify his royal displeasure in a manner that "may reduce them to ther first principles, which is worse than nothing." He has some additional gossip for her Grace. From Lord Ross, as honest a gentleman as lives, he has heard recently concerning "that rogue Welsh." There are six men in disguise, "taking all the paines that can be to aprehend the vilaine"; pity it is that the rascal should give such a world of trouble, and should still succeed in foiling all the cleverness and diligence of his would-be captors. Finally, his Lordship longs mightily to know how the Duke does "after the watters," and trusts in God that they have brought much good to him and to his Lady. It is an illustration of how, after his second marriage, the nation which Lauderdale misruled had to reckon with two despots instead of one.

Efforts were made, indeed, to shake off the tyranny. In November 1673, Lauderdale opened one of his Parliaments in Edinburgh; and then, more distinctly than before, he became aware of the opposition to his policy and himself, which had quietly been gathering strength, and which was never to cease so long as he continued master of Scotland. It was an opposition which filled him with displeasure. The leader was the Duke of Hamilton, a tactician, as it proved, of no little skill. When the Parliament assembled, he declared that the King's letter ought not to be answered until the sorrows of the country were redressed. The Earl of Morton rose and said that he adhered to this motion. The same short speech was made by the Earls of Eglintoun, Cassillis, Roxburgh, and Queensberry. The Earl of Dumfries delivered a longer and more emphatic address; he wished a Committee for Grievances to be named there and then. Sir Francis Scott had "a formall wise set speech," in which he maintained that Scotsmen were treated worse than strangers. The Laird of Polwarth was most wrothful of all; he would have it put to the vote whether they were a free Parliament or a herd of dumb, driven cattle. An experience like this, Lauderdale confesses, "tempted my patience." It was often to be tempted anew in the years that succeeded. "The Party," as it was known in the politics of the time—"the Faction," as he styled it somewhat more contemptuously—established itself more and more firmly; and the repression and cruelty of his dictatorship constantly added fuel to the persistent fires of the revolt. Lord Tweeddale, once his familiar counsellor, joined the malcontents soon; Lord Kincardine was to follow after a time. The heavens, one perceives, were beginning to threaten and gloom over the Duke's head.

But, for many a day, the antagonism was to end in the defeat of the assailants and in the increase of his own prestige. The reason was that, through good report and bad, the King stood by him. Charles found him essential to his schemes, and never failed in his support. In January 1674, when an onslaught was made in the House of Commons on Lauderdale's extortion and high-handedness, His Majesty hastened to comfort the harassed minister. He wrote him an autograph letter, which begins: "You may easily beleeve that I do not want businesse at this time, but yett I could not lett this expresse go to you without a line under my oune hand, to assure you of the continuance of my kindnesse to you, which nothing shall alter." A few years later, there was proof of attachment more significant yet. The distrust of the Duke was profounder, and the hostility to his person and methods more outspoken. A new attack had been directed against him in the House. Now it was that, for the only time in his life, Charles, who could always disguise the tempests of his soul under smiling looks and polite phrases, lost his temper outright. Henry Saville, one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, had presumed to give his vote against Lauderdale. He was the solitary man in the royal household who showed this independence. There were those, of course, who immediately reported the matter to the King. At night, Saville entered his master's room. But, "upon the first sight of him," Charles "fell into such a passion that his face and lipps became as pale almost as death, his cheeks and armes trembled, and then he sayd to Saville, 'You Villayne! how dare you have the impudence to come into my presence, when you are guilty of such basenes as you have showne this day? I doe now and from henceforth discharge you from my service, commanding you never to come any more to any place where I shall happen to be.'" So the courageous gentleman "was sent a-packing, with a vengeance to him"; and Lauderdale has the singular honour of being the one man in Britain for whom the loveless monarch cared enough to flame forth in hot defence.

In those dreary years the iron was driven deeper into the bleeding Church. More sadly than ever, the conventicle became the target for the fiercest darts of those in authority. Let a Covenanter absent himself from the homily of the ignorant curate, and immediately he was reduced to beggary by the fines exacted from him. Let him go out to the open air to listen to the Gospel preached in the accent of his fathers, and he was assisting at a conventicle ; and for such complicity he must be thrown into a prison at home, or sold as a bond-slave in the far-off plantations. No master might engage a servant suspected of Whig ideas. No landlord might keep, in farm or cottage, a tenant who held the beliefs of the hunted folk. Worst of all was it to be a minister. If pride in Christ and pity for men forced any to speak to the people in the fields, the crime was capital and the sentence was death. Preacher or hearer, his movements were dogged by spies. In the smallest company an informer was perhaps present, the wolf in sheep's clothing. The offender might be dragged before the Secret Committee of the Privy Council, a Committee responsible to no superior Court, and swayed neither by mercy nor by justice. What was more odious still, men and women were shut out, by the penalties pronounced against Intercommuning, from the common hospitalities and relationships of life. Neighbours must shun them. Their next of kin must close the door in their faces. They were as much isolated as the leper was under the old Jewish law. And their only leprosy was their love for an unseen Master, Who had bound them by His vows, and to Whom they must be true although the firmament should fall.

George, Lord Ross of Hawkhead, of whom the Earl of Atholl has told us something already—one of those needy nobles who "fished best in troubled waters"—was particularly active in scattering the field meetings and in hunting and punishing the field preachers. He never appeared to relax his wakefulness, or to dream of tempering his severities with mercy. At one time it is to Charles Maitland that he pours out his complaint: how "yesterday at the house of one Simion Pickerscalls in Glasgow, the which he holds of the toune, and which he has disposed in forme of a Church, ther wes ane nomerows conventickell wher ther wes publicke colections and all the ordinary marks of ther contempt to King's awthoritey." Again, about nine months later, he goes directly to Lauderdale himself with a narrative of the zeal displayed by his troop in suppressing one of the obnoxious gatherings. The scene was a meadow in the parish of Bathgate, the time the last Sabbath in February 1675. A large company had assembled for worship; but, when the soldiers approached, the congregation broke up, and its members retreated to a marshy piece of ground, whither the cavalry could not follow them. A few, however, had lingered behind, and these the horsemen surrounded, hoping to discover and entrap their minister. The sight of the danger to which their brethren were exposed immediately brought many of the others hurrying from the marsh; and, when the King's officer charged them to disperse, two or three of the more venturesome among them fired their pistols by way of defiant answer. They did no harm; but their bravado provoked the Royalists into retaliation. The soldiers fired back on the crowd. One Covenanter was killed, and the rest turned and fled. Fifteen were taken prisoners, and were securely lodged very soon in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. And thus, unceasingly and unpityingly, Lord Ross, wedded although he was to one of the Cochranes of Dundonald, some of whom were in friendly intercourse with the Whigs, did his endeavour to terrorise the Kirk.

Through such arbitrary dealings as these, things had come to a sad pass towards the end of 1676. In so great a fight of afflictions, the Covenanters might have been forgiven if they had imagined that

> God is gone,
> And some dark spirit sitteth in His seat.

For a few months the conventicles were abandoned; and Lauderdale enjoyed the satisfaction of looking over a Scotland stricken and silent. In *Eothen,* Mr. Kinglake relates a surprising thing which befell him in the desert between Palestine and Egypt. On the fifth day of his journey, the air lay dead, and all the earth that he could reach with his keenest sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless. The sun shone fiercely down. He drooped his head under the glare, and fell asleep for how many minutes or moments he could not tell. But soon he was gently awakened by a peal of church bells, his native bells, the bells of the village of Marlen, which never previously had sent their music beyond the neighbouring hills. His first thought was that he remained under the spell of a dream. He roused himself by a determined effort. But still the Marlen bells rang on, steadily, tenderly, till slowly their tones died away. It was a peculiar experience, which he ascribed to the great heat of the sun, and the perfect dryness of the air, and the deep stillness all around—causes which rendered the hearing organs liable to tingle under a passing touch of memory in that interval of sleep. We may say that, in their deserts, the Covenanters had until now been attended by the grave, sweet melodies of the churches they had loved in happier times. For them the old bells rang in moorland spots and among lonely hills, where such music had never been heard before. But, for a season, Lauderdale frightened even these chimes into muteness; and there is no testimony to his unholy power more unequivocal and surprising.

But "the panting, huddled flock whose crime was Christ" quickly recovered itself. The King's Commissioner had returned from Whitehall to Edinburgh, in the summer of 1677. In October, Lord Dundonald reported to him that again there were field-preachings in Carrick, and that their former practices were being resumed by the Presbyterians of the west. In November, the Duke wrote to the English Prime Minister, the Earl of Danby, for whom at first he had entertained a cordial dislike, but with whom now he lived on terms of apparent friendship, informing him of a momentous step which he had just taken. We have come, in fact, to the darkest of his many sins against the Church in whose bosom he was nurtured.

The news which he communicated to Lord Danby was this, that he had given orders to assemble a Highland force, "in case the phanaticks should rise in arms," and, moreover, that the gentry of the disaffected shires had been called together: "not that we expect much from them, but to try their puls and render them inexcusable." The two Highland lords, Atholl and Murray, he went on, had already mustered fourteen hundred men, and tidings were looked for from other chieftains in the north. Some ominous sentences follow: "In the meantime they doe not rise in armes in the west. How soone they may take armes no man can tell; for, as I have often said, they are perfitely fifth-monarchy men, and no judgment can be made upon the grounds of reason what they may attempt; and therefore all preparations possible are to be made in case they rise. For the game is not to be played by halfes; we must take this opportunity to crush them, so as they may not trouble us any more in hast, or else we are to expect to be thus threatened by them next year." Lauderdale was positively setting himself to foment disturbance in the western counties. He desired a pretext for letting slip the dogs of war, and for sending ruin on the men whom he hated; and, in order to awaken the rebellious spirit in them, he took the initiative, and quartered his rough Highlanders on a peaceful country. It was nothing short of an atrocity in the man intrusted with the guardianship of the realm.

He found too many ready to encourage him. There were necessitous and half-bankrupt noblemen in the north, who expected to be generously paid for lending their clansmen to the King's Commissioner, and who were full of eagerness to abet him in his wicked purpose. James, Earl of Perth, was one of these. Before twelve months were past, he would be enrolled amongst Lauderdale's fieriest antagonists, but just now he saw an opportunity of winning favour and gold by compliance; and, as personal advantage was the chief motive by which his actions were controlled, he professed himself ready and anxious to assist. He had only waited, he said, to notify his Grace of the anxiety, until he should have sounded his followers on the subject; but at length he could promise for them, for they were as willing as he was himself "to complye with a thing so much tending to ther honor, and so necissarly ther duty." The sole regret he felt was that he could not contribute a more numerous band. "If my pouer were equall to my zeal for the advancement of the Royall Interest, I should yeeld to no mortall." But at the moment the family fortunes were at a low ebb, and great matters were out of his reach; and yet "a Mite in charitie, if it be all one's living, outvies the largest sums of the richer offerers."

Lord Perth's letter, sent from Drummond Castle in December 1677, is a singularly instructive document, in its sycophancy, its outspoken and unblushing selfishness, and its frank and contemptuous disregard of the public weal. It will not prosper with Scotland, one may confidently predict, when he becomes Lord Justice General in her courts, and by and by Chancellor of the kingdom.

The battalions were raised; but through all the suspected parts no signs of revolt were visible. This new army, turbulent and ill-disciplined, must be employed; to keep it standing idle would endanger the peace of the State. It was marched forthwith into the districts where the Whigs had their stronghold. Our anger burns at the whole transaction, and not least at the help given to it by the Bishops. The lords over God's heritage had their "suggestions" to make. This is one: "That the forces setle first at Aire, having rested some few days at Glasgow, Aire being the centre of a great circle of the disaffected; and after having reduced Carrick, and censured the conventiclers in those parishes which are served by Indulged ministers, they may goe to Lanerick and Clidsdale, and so forward to the stewartrie of Kirkcudbright and the shyre of Galloway; in which places, since the forces are to have free quarters, particular care wold be taken that the burthen therof may be upon the guiltie, and thus the innocent and orderlie people will find themselves eased and encoraged to continue in their orderlines and obedience." The kindness of ecclesiastics has sometimes a cutting edge and a wolfish bite.

Some six thousand Highlanders there were, and some three thousand of the militia from other parts. In February 1678 they entered Ayrshire. For many of the Gaels it was a first excursion beyond their native glens. In those days Celtic and Lowland Scotland were separated, as if the sea, *dissociabilis Oceanus,* rolled between them. The Highlander had no sympathy with the character and pursuits of the Sassenach. He was himself as untutored as his own Garry, the river which comes roaring down over its rocky bed. In most cases his heart was no less savage than his looks. Numbers of the clansmen were armed, not with sword and matchlock, but with spades and picks. Their leaders, rumour said, brought the shackles with which they meant to fetter their prisoners, after they had once succeeded in extorting some incriminating confession. But in one sense the invaders were completely disappointed. They met no enemies anywhere; their weapons, they found, were unneeded; the impetuous rush with which they carried so many of their battles was never to be practised in this strange and gratuitous campaign. On every side they were amongst farmers and ploughmen and shepherds, not one of whom offered to oppose their advance. In their hearts they must have resented the insults to which they were subjected; but they refused to be tempted into an insurrection like that of eleven years before. They took the spoiling of their goods, if not joyfully, at least with meekness and patience.

But if the visitors from beyond the Grampians were denied the sterner delights of the warrior, there remained the satisfaction of the riever and bandit. Their sojourn was a carnival of robbery. Not pleased with the simple food placed before them, they compelled the people to bring them brandy and tobacco. They fell upon the travellers whom they met on the country roads. They considered themselves authorised to enter every house. They bullied and overawed any whom they supposed to be hiding money from them. There were worse rudenesses, too, as we should anticipate from men a century behind their victims in the decencies and delicacies of life. Their pillage enriched them marvellously. "When the Highlanders went back," Robert Wodrow says, "one would have thought they had been at the sacking of some besieged town, by their baggage and luggage. They were loaded with spoil. They carried away a great many horses, and no small quantity of goods out of merchants' shops, whole webs of linen and woollen cloth, some silver-plate bearing the names and arms of gentlemen. You would have seen them with loads of bedclothes, carpets, men's and women's clothes, pots, pans, grid-irons, shoes, and other furniture." One suspects that the caterans, like the Cretans, whom Epimenides and St. Paul stigmatise, were "evil beasts" and "idle gluttons."

All this was disgraceful enough; but there was more. Lauderdale's Government put in force, against those Covenanters in the west who were of higher rank, an old Scottish enactment known as the "Letters of Law-burrows." If a person feared that some one else meant to injure him, he could guard himself against his dangerous neighbour by procuring these Letters. They bound the troubler to keep the peace. They threatened him with pains and penalties if he caused any annoyance. But, in this instance, it was the executive of the country which posed as the aggrieved and terror-haunted party. The rulers feigned themselves to be plunged in alarm by the subjects, and from the subjects they demanded security by means of the Law-burrows. Were the landlords in Ayrshire and Lanark and Galloway prepared to sign a bond that every one resident on their estates would conform to His Majesty's wishes in Church affairs? If they were not, if they pleaded that the promise was extravagant and impossible, then the King's ministers and Privy Council were imperilled, and must take legal steps to shelter themselves. Up in London, the Duke of Monmouth was amazed when he heard of the remarkable expedient. Many affirmed, he said, that it was against all equity to hold a master responsible for the opinions of his tenants, and against all generous dealing to command him to part with them, and so to forfeit the rental which they brought, even if he understood that their tenets did not square with what the legislature expected these to be. Moreover, the Duke added, he was persuaded that "the Law-burrows did not meet or quadrate with this affair." But Lauderdale's friends at Whitehall, Sir James Fowler and Sir George Mackenzie,—Sir George Mackenzie, who had not always been so obsequious in his attitude towards the Secretary of State,—argued with passion on the other side. And, as usual, Charles championed his proconsul. He said that "there was much reason for the bond for securing the peace, and that the alternatives were easy for the masters, and nothing hard in it." "You have in Scotland," he went on, "the best laws of any people in the world." Good laws, certainly, for a monarch heedless about the welfare of his citizens, if he contrived to get his own way.

But the King, though he was as indifferent as an Epicurean god to the doleful song which steamed up to him, had at last to listen. In the closing days of March, a paper of protest was handed to him by the Earl of Cassillis, a nobleman whose sympathies were with the Covenant, as his father's had been before him. Even yet Charles, seeing everything through Lauderdale's eyes, was indisposed to grant relief. Calling to him the Earl of Arran, he told him that, "for his part, he thoght it a very silly paper, and that he could make a shift to answere it himself, althogh he was no lawer, yet he knew Scotland pritty well." It was a strange thing, he said, "that he had been tormented for severall weeks with horrible complaints of the creuelty and outrages done in the west; yet he had done them faire play; and that he had now receaved a full account of the wholl proceedings, and that it was from persons he wold trust; that he found all to be false as hell, and that things were not pushed so farr as the law allowed; that, as he was a Christian, he did not see what els could be done, and that he thoght himself obliged in duety not to fall in a snare a second tyme, that he was now resolved to be beforehand with the Phanaticks, that he was sure they made use of religion as a pretence only, that he understood their desseins"; and so on, and so on. Unhappy Phanaticks! when will there be an ending to their contumelies and tears? But, in April, the Duke of Hamilton and some of his allies came to London, to renew their attempt to undermine Lauderdale's autocracy. Between the Party, backed as it was by Monmouth and the Opposition in the House of Commons, and the root-and-branch apologists for the tyrant—the English Government, the English Bishops, the Duke of York, and the King—a daily and desperate wrestle went on. Charles managed again to snatch his favourite from disaster; but he saw that something must be yielded. Not for the sake of the downtrodden west, but that he might steal from Lauderdale's foes the arguments they were plying too powerfully, he gave orders, on the 15th of April 1678, that within a fortnight the Highland troops must leave the countryside which they had laid waste. Once more the Covenanters could breathe more freely.

That such devastation should have been the work of a man, who had been "the good Maitland" of Principal Baillie, and a candidate in the belief of Richard Baxter for the saint's everlasting rest, is one of the most impressive proofs that history can furnish of the unstableness of human nature. "Better," Lauderdale cried, "that the west bore nothing but windle-straws and sand-laverocks"—dog-grass and larks—"than that it should bear rebels to the King!" Thirty years previously, his tone had been different, more patriotic and more godly.

END OF VOL. I.

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